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MUSICAL ANECDOTES





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A BOOK
OF
MUSICAL ANECDOTE,

From every available Source.

BY
FREDERICK CROWEST,
AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT TONE POETS."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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PREFACE.

MANY of these anecdotes are new, many old, some have been in print before, and some have not: they have been *on dits* in their time, and are as true as *on dits* in general; but—and this is the point—they are all characteristic of the persons of whom they are told, and they furnish a glimpse of the private or lay side of musical celebrities not often successfully brought out amid the hard and dry facts of their biography.

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BOOK I.
COMPOSERS.

MUSICAL ANECDOTES.



1.—AN UNPREJUDICED OPINION.

IN no class of music does prejudice take the place of just criticism more than in church music. The admirers of the Gregorian tones look upon Anglican chants much as Wagner would regard Donizetti or Verdi: churchmen with "single" chant views avow that there is neither beauty nor fitness in "double" chants: while the admirers of the Purcell, Boyce, and Gibbons school of church music are blind to any merit in the modern school of Sullivan, Smart, Tours, and Barnby. Doubtless if the truth could be told, there is merit, beauty, and fitness in all; but unfortunately ecclesiastical folks are anything but unprejudiced, and are therefore unqualified to judge. How completely prejudice may blind us is shown by Haydn's critique upon a composition which, to most church people and votaries of church music nowadays, is a standing example of all that is hideous and objectionable. It is needless to say that Haydn judged of it simply as music and by its effect. It happened that Haydn was in London at a time when the charity-school children were to be at St. Paul's on their annual festival. With true artistic

devotion, Haydn pushed in among the crowd and heard four thousand little lungs sing the following chant in unison :



which was composed by Mr. Jones, then organist of St. Paul's. On this chant, popular as it has since been, at a period which has been described as the very worst in the history of church music, and appalling as it is now to ears trained to a different style of melody, Haydn passed the following eulogy :

"This simple and natural air," said he, "gave me the greatest pleasure I ever received from the performance of music."

2.—A JUST REBUKE.

THAT "familiarity breeds contempt" is often found to be true in the case of singers, both solo and chorus. This is a pity: for the effect of familiarity is to induce carelessness and consequent injury to whatever work may happen to be "in hand."

This may be noticed with the chorus of the Opera-houses, when some such well-worn favourite as "*Il Trovatore*," "*Lucia*," or "*La Sonnambula*" is being performed.

Another direction in which this "familiarity" is even more successful in inducing carelessness is the church choir, where daily "matins" and "evensong" is the rule. Nor can we quite wonder at this. It is impossible to enter

into the appropriate sentiments, twice a day, year after year, of music so perfectly familiar, and so easy, comparatively speaking, as is church music. The result we know too well. It is too often a weariness and a boredom, resulting in an execution of the music which has become recognised as the "cathedral style." Perhaps the best remedy for the latter of the two instances we have cited will be found in a simple remark which once fell from Weber.

On May 26, 1826, was produced at the Argyle Rooms a work known as Weber's "Jubel Cantata"—a work by-the-bye, which, although known by all amateurs to be of especial interest, has yet found no conductor or manager with the courage to produce it here, since it was performed on the above-mentioned date under the conductorship of its composer. In the course of the work there occurs a beautiful prayer in the appropriate key of B flat. The chorus have to sing this, and on the occasion referred to, the singers, in spite of expression-marks, were singing it in the lusty "hammer-and-tongs" fashion peculiar to the "habitual" chorister. Suddenly Weber stopped them and reasoned as follows :

"Stay; not like that. Would you bawl in that manner in the presence of God?" words which we think might with advantage be emblazoned round Exeter Hall, and hung up in every choir vestry.

3.—*A LEG FOR A LIFE.*

LULLY lost a leg on this wise. The king of France, Louis XIV., was once ill and nigh unto death. He recovered, however, and the court musician was directed to compose a *Te Deum* in grateful celebration of the event.

On the night of its first performance the composer himself conducted, and finding that the band was getting a little unsteady, in his excitement he struck his foot with the *bâton*, with which he was conducting. The blow caused a blister, which became so violently inflamed that his physician advised him at once to have a toe taken off; and, after some days, his foot; and at last he had to lose the whole limb!

Now this is worth the attention of conductors. There is no prescribed style of conducting; a fact well known to all frequenters of concerts or operas. On the other hand, we all know there is all the diversity of styles that could be wished for. One conductor treats us to a definition of the circle in indicating common time, another patronises the statuesque style and goes through the whole performance "as cool as a cucumber," another is frantic or fearfully agitated, and taxes to the utmost the stability of the stool on which he sits. Between these two latter we may see every variety, and in making our choice of any one style we shall probably do well to avoid both extremes, not forgetting the warning of the consequences of Lully's over-vehemence.

While on the subject of conducting it will not probably be *mal à propos* to record an interesting anecdote concerning a "bat" and a "*bâton*," and a certain Barthélemon, whose name is known to all lovers of past musical history.

4.—THE BAT AND THE BÂTON.

OF all the interruptions and distractions which ever perplexed an orchestral conductor, perhaps the most ludicrous befell Barthélemon. He was engaged in conducting some concerts at the Cremorne of the period, the fashionable

Vauxhall Gardens. One night, when all appeared to be going on as "merrily as a marriage bell," an unexpected visitor appeared in the shape of a bat. Greatly to the amusement of the lively company, the bewildered creature dashed in and out among the coloured lamps and lanterns of the illuminated orchestra; and after making two or three circuits, flew straight into the conductor's face, with such force as to unseat him from his eminence on to the floor. He was picked up, with injuries not sufficient to prevent his joining in the chorus of laughter which followed this unique downfall, more hurtful to his dignity than his person.

5.—*NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.*

DR. ARNE once went to Cannons to assist at an oratorio performance which the "Grand Duke" of Chandos was accustomed to give in his magnificent chapel there; but such was the throng of the company on this occasion, that there seemed little hope of his satisfying his hunger at the Duke's residence. Arne accordingly turned his face to the Chandos Arms, at Edgware, and making his way into the kitchen, discovered a leg of mutton on the spit. This, however, the waiter informed him, was bespoken by a party of gentlemen. "Never mind, I'll have it," said the Doctor to himself, and pulling from his pocket a piece of thin fiddle-string, he cut it into very small bits, and lifting the cover, secretly sprinkled it over the joint. Then, waiting very patiently till the waiter had served it up, he heard one of the gentlemen exclaim: "Waiter, this meat is full of maggots; take it away." This was just what the Doctor expected. "Here, give it me."—"Oh, sir," rejoined the waiter, "you can't eat it; 'tis full of maggots."—"Nay, never mind," cried the Doctor, "fiddlers

have strong stomachs." So, bearing it away, and scraping off the catgut, the ingenious Doctor secured to himself, without the trouble of ordering it, a dinner more enjoyable, if less magnificent, than the Duke's mansion could have afforded him.

6.—*A DISCORD, PREPARED AND RESOLVED.*

FAMILIAR as we are with the gorgeous mounting of operas at our present theatres, the large stages and the perfect orchestras playing under the *bâton* of able conductors, we can scarcely realise what opera must have been like in the days when the accompaniments were played by the conductor himself upon the pianoforte of the period, which was placed upon the stage; and when distinguished members of the audience also claimed a right to occupy places upon the stage, and accompany the performances with a running fire of audible conversation, which the more modern arrangement has happily banished to the stalls and boxes: and which it is to be hoped an improvement in taste, if not in politeness, may one day silence altogether.

A curious picture of the theatre in former days is revealed in the account of the quarrel between Handel and Matheson upon the occasion of Matheson's "*Cleopatra*" being performed at the Opera-house, in which opera the composer acted the part of Anthony, while Handel directed at the harpsichord in the orchestra. After the death of Anthony, which occurred early in the piece, Matheson wished to resume his usual seat as director.

Mr. Handel, however, would not hear of this, and refused point-blank to abandon his post. A violent quarrel ensued, and as the two were leaving the theatre, Matheson gave Handel a slap in the face. Swords were

immediately drawn, and a duel took place before the doors of the house: luckily Matheson broke his sword against a metal button on Handel's coat, which put an end to the affair of honour, and the two composers were soon after reconciled!

7.—*ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.*

THE harmony pervading the souls of all true musicians frequently demands outward expression in "social converse;" and too often in the history of music, social status, or the deliberate choice of these harmonious spirits, has driven them to seek that solace in the questionable atmosphere of the tavern. The harmony, doubtless, varies widely between the glees and catches sung by the lay-clerks of Westminster in days of old at the Purcell's Head, and the "Jolly Dogs" chorus which is bellowed forth from the inner sanctum of the Cat and Scissors of to-day. But the sentiment and, alas! the consequences are identical, and in "drowning care" the combination of music, wine, and society frequently drowns other things, such as, the "better half," "time," and "the reckoning!" As a warning to oblivious lovers of such festal gatherings, the following incident of musical tavern life may be worth recording. Moreau, who succeeded Lully at the French Opera, was one of these festive souls, and so wedded did he become to his favourite resort that his inspirations, whether for operas and ballet-music or spiritual songs and hymns, were all alike sought and obtained at his house of entertainment. There he was always to be found, and past that house no member of the opera ever rode without going in to have a chat and a glass with Moreau.

One day two celebrated dancers—Létang and Favier—

left their horses outside while they went in for a *word* with the musician. Their *few* minutes gradually became some hours, during which the horses were quite forgotten. But patience has its limits, and these much-enduring beasts, incited no doubt by the usual tavern inscription alluding to "good entertainment" for the inferior as well as the superior animal, at last gnawed through their fastenings, and, in search for the stable, found their way into a ground-floor bedroom, where they devoured a good part of a straw mattress—a novel combination of "bed and board," which considerably astonished the dancers when they discovered the charge for a spoilt mattress included in their bill!

8.—A HAPPY INSPIRATION.

EVERY composer must, we suppose, have found how necessary it becomes to note down his "happy thoughts" when they occur to him. Haydn, we know, kept his neat little note-book for this purpose, while Tartini was in the habit of leaving his bed at midnight to try and jot down his themes—among others those of that sonata which he ascribed to Satanic suggestion. Therefore no one felt any surprise at a habit which Handel had of abruptly leaving company upon the pretext of sudden inspiration. But the reputation which he thus acquired for devotion to music was slightly damaged by an unfortunate incident which once occurred.

During the opera season, Handel (who had great respect for good cheer, liquid as well as solid) used frequently to invite his chief singers and instrumentalists to dine with him at his house in Brook Street, Hanover Square, and, strange to say, hardly one of these occasions passed by without his surprising the company by ob-

serving, "Oh! I have de tought," and abruptly retiring (as they supposed to write down the new idea). But on one occasion, whether the good composer managed it badly, and so excited the suspicions of the company, or whether some enthusiastic admirer was eager to see the maestro at work, certain it is that the key-hole was called into the service of curiosity, and astonished eyes beheld Handel in the adjoining room, not filling sheets of music-paper, but emptying an excellent bottle of Burgundy! The sensations of the guests, whom he had left under false pretences to discuss the more humble port which was all that he had provided for them, may be imagined.

But "amateurs," as well as "professionals," avail themselves of "odd moments." A friend of the writer's has informed him of an excellent clergyman, a fair musician, but no genius, who being dissatisfied with every existing setting of the "Te Deum," and goaded to the *cacoëthes scribendi* by constant performances of "Jackson in F," to which he was condemned to listen, set to work to compose a "Te Deum" of his own. It was finished, put into rehearsal, and conducted by the reverend composer. One passage succeeded another in various degrees of eccentricity, but the climax was reached at the words, "Thou art the Holy Ghost, the Comforter," and of course, this being the most peculiar and outrageous phrase in the whole, was the composer's favourite bit.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he at rehearsal, "observe this passage; observe how the music expresses the idea of comfort—now I assure you that was an inspiration—it came to me at night, and I jumped out of bed at two o'clock in the morning to write it down!"

It is sad to be obliged to add that an irreverent voice

was heard to reply, "I thought it was done at some *very* 'odd moment'!"

9.—UNFORESEEN RESULTS.

MUSICAL science frequently obliges composers to consider the sense of the words which they are setting as quite of secondary importance. If the composer expresses in his music the same sentiment as that which is given in the words, he must be forgiven if the arrangement of the words invite criticism. But when, as in much old church music, solemn words are used as a peg on which to hang a piece of ingenious counterpoint, it is to be feared that the composer must be content to base his reputation on musical skill more than on religious reverence or knowledge. Sometimes this defect verges on the ludicrous, and many absurd effects might be pointed out which are caused by unfortunate juxtaposition of words, simply for the serving of musical interests in the scientific necessity of associating certain themes or movements. And there are limits beyond which the thing becomes unendurable, and one such is recorded of Porpora, who, undeterred by a limited acquaintance with Latin, undertook to compose music to the "Creed." Using the words haphazard, he turned out a version in which a passage read thus: "*Credo, non credo, non credo in Deum,*" the sentiments of which would assuredly have brought upon him the terrors of the Inquisition had he not been able to convince his judge of his utter ignorance of Latin, and that no other cause but the demands of the music prompted him to propound so unorthodox a statement.

As a case in which the composer has stepped dangerously near the absurd, without of course in the least intending it, the writer ventures to cite a passage in

Mr. Sullivan's clever cantata, "The Prodigal Son," where in the duet for tenor and bass, the tenor (breaking in with the word "Father" upon the words, "My son is yet a-live," which the bass is concluding) produces the effect of a statement scarcely apropos to the situation, "My son is yet a Father."

We need scarcely remind the reader that there would be no great difficulty in making him smile over many instances where the demands of *fugue* and *imitation* in music, especially in sacred music, have produced some very questionable sentiment, but there is no need to do this.

10.—REAL AND IDEAL.

It may be doubted whether honorary distinctions were ever of much service to the votaries of art, while there is something incongruous in using the titles and decorations which are rewards of war as honours for those who have won their only claim to distinction in the arts of peace. That a man should be knighted for his achievements in painting or music is surely somewhat anomalous, while to many who deserve distinction, a title or a decoration would be undesirable. Titles bring no extra pupils, nor does a jewelled order ensure commissions or engagements. Ideal glory is not real comfort, at least in the musical world, and the true state of the case was once naïvely stated by Rameau, the French composer, on whom Louis XV. had bestowed the order of St. Michael. With the usual carelessness of the artistic mind, in reference to such things, Rameau had neglected to register it. Thinking that this omission was the result of Rameau's inability to meet the expense, Louis XV. offered to defray the necessary charges.

"I thank your Majesty," replied Rameau, "but let me have the money, I can find a much better use for it!"

The sentiments of Rameau might be re-echoed by many, and (as we might have expected) they find an exact parallel in the king of all composers—Beethoven himself. He was a man who cared but little for orders and other decorations, or he might have possessed more than he did. On one occasion the Prussian Ambassador at Vienna gave him the choice of fifty ducats or the cross of some order. Beethoven was not long in deciding. "The fifty ducats!" replied the musician, in his usual stern and obscure manner.

11.—*A RISE THROUGH A FALL.*

LULLY who did so much for music in general, but especially for the French Opera, was originally a *sous-marmite*, or under-scellion, in the back kitchen of Mdlle. de Montpensier, whose page he would have been, but that his appearance—for he was anything but handsome—stood in his way. What with his fiddling in the kitchen, however, and the offence given to his mistress by a song which he composed, and which became very popular at the court, Lully was expelled from the kitchen. Louis XIV. had compassion on him, and though he could not well put him into the court band, he commissioned Lully to form an orchestra of his own, which was named "*Les petits violons du roi.*" The body of little fiddlers soon rivalled the "big" ones, till ultimately it rose to be the court band. The ex-scellion became a great favourite with the King, and used to talk to him in a very off-hand manner. Thus, on one occasion the performance not beginning at the proper time, Louis XIV. sent a messenger to the composer to tell him to make haste.

"Tell the King he can wait!" was the reply sent back.

On a similar occasion much the same sort of reply was returned, which this time seriously offended the King, and do what he would during the performance which followed, Lully could not draw a smile from his Majesty. *Bon mots* were made, but all to no purpose. A favourite piece was put on, and by a pre-arranged emergency Lully volunteered the part of the hero, and exerted himself to his utmost, but yet no word or look of admiration passed from the King. Then as a final effort Lully rushed from the back of the stage and dashed into the orchestra in front, falling on the harpsichord and smashing it into atoms. This fall was the means of throwing the King into convulsions of laughter, and of Lully's once more gaining the favour of his patron.

12.—A MUSICAL SURNAME.

ROSSINI's memory was anything but retentive, especially in respect to the names of persons introduced to him. This forgetfulness was frequently the cause of much merriment whenever Rossini was among company. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough and at once greeted him, "Ah! my dear Mr.——" for the life of him he could get no further, but to convince him that he had not forgotten him, Rossini began whistling Bishop's glee, "When the wind blows," a compliment which "the English Mozart"—as Bishop has been called—recognised quite as readily as he would have done had his less musical surname been mentioned.

13.—A HINT.

BEETHOVEN has been too often accused of the fault of

leaving too much to be guessed at in the matter of expression in performing his works—a point, however, which it is quite well to consider from another view than that which superficial and fault-finding critics too readily adopt. Every other bar of Beethoven's music we will allow is not decorated with a mark of expression, nor are whole pages studded with signs as if they had dropped from a pepper-box; but throughout this master's works, it will usually be found that quite enough is explained as to time and expression in all the principal themes, and even more than we could well expect considering the enormous rapidity with which he wrote, how naturally averse he was to details, and how utterly unconscious he was that he was composing "not for an age but for all time." Some of his works are at first sight belaboured with expression and *nuance caractères*, thus leaving one with the impression that conductors and performers would do well to follow the composer, blindly even, and interpret him as he is—the result could never be to the composer's disadvantage. Take for instance the Overture in C, Op. 115—one of the three, by-the-bye, which Beethoven parted with to a London publisher for the paltry sum of £25. Here is a score remarkable for the care and anxiety bestowed upon the marks of expression. One sign alone—the *sf*—occurs more than fifteen hundred times throughout the score, besides which are marks of *p*, *piu*, *pp*, *f*, *ff*, *fff*, *sf*, *sfpp*, *cres*, *dim*, etc., each of them very frequently used. Those who have the interpreting of Beethoven's works will do well, before adding to them, to pause and reflect whether it be not best to follow them closely, and faithfully reproduce them as the mighty genius has left them. Does the above instance not prove the rule that it would be safe thus to deal with Beethoven?

14.—ANOTHER CHARACTER.

LULLY was once much concerned by a not very flattering remark which was addressed to him, to the effect that he should consider himself lucky in having obtained his nobility from the King without going through the usual routine of first being one of the King's secretaries, a post which he never could have obtained, as the other secretaries would not have received him into their company.

Not long after this, Lully pleased the King so much with some music which he had composed, and the King paid him such compliments, that the composer took advantage of the opportunity, and said: "May it please your Majesty, I have long been anxious for the honour of being one of your secretaries, but I understand that they would not receive me."

"Not receive you," said the King. "Go and tell the chancellor that it is my wish that you should be one of their body."

Like wild-fire the news spread that Lully, at the head of the Opera, was to be a secretary to the King.

The members of that honourable fraternity were dreadfully mortified to think that a "fiddler and buffoon" was coming among them. One of them went so far as to tax him with his impudence for aspiring to such a post, for which he possessed no other recommendation but that of making people laugh.

"*Mais, que diable,*" cried Lully; "wouldn't you do as much if you were able?"

However he was made a secretary, and on the day of his election gave a grand *déjeuner* to his *confrères*. In the evening they all attended the theatre where an opera of Lully's was to be performed, and it was an amusing

sight to see the front stalls filled with grave personages, with black cloaks, big wigs, and serious faces, listening to the comic music of their new colleague, the musician. After this the ill-humour was soon laid aside, and when the one who had taxed him for his impudence next met him, it was in the midst of a crowd of courtiers at Versailles, and whereupon he greeted "Impudence" in a most friendly manner with a "Good-day, brother!"

15.—*YOUTH AND AGE.*

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together,"

wrote the great poet of human nature, and truly enough they seldom have, at least very happily. With many people the fact of youth is held to imply a combination of all that is foolish and indiscreet, and next to madness; and to these folks it is only fair to say that in the vocabulary of the young the epithet "old" bears a like uncomplimentary meaning, and signifies prejudice and Philistinism.

Happily, however, these littlenesses of average people find some bright exceptions in great characters. One such exception shall be recorded here, and it is pleasant to find the actors in the scene to be two musicians whose characters and compositions will in every way bear the epithet "great."

It was at Vienna, in the year 1805, that Haydn, then seventy-three years of age, first met Cherubini, who though not a young man, still must have appeared so to the veteran composer, being thirty years his junior, and not having then composed many of those works which have since made his name so famous. But the very fact of his own seniority was made use of by the old man to

utter one of the most graceful compliments which could have been spoken for the encouragement of a younger worker. Handing to Cherubini one of his latest compositions, Haydn said, "Permit me to style myself your musical father, and to call you my son," words which made such an impression on Cherubini, that he could not keep back the tears when he parted with the aged Haydn.

16.—*A SHORT CUT.*

MENDELSSOHN and Meyerbeer were not unlike each other in several respects, but especially in outward appearance. Both of them wore their hair in the same style; both were proud of a Jewish cast of countenance; both of them could honestly say with Gascoigne, "My thighs are thin, my body lank and lean." Several ludicrous scenes are known to have occurred through the similarity of the two men, but nothing was more amusing than to see the complete discomfort which Mendelssohn displayed whenever any allusion was made to the likeness between the composer of "Robert le Diable" and himself.

His friends, however, took delight in teasing him about it, and once when he was in Paris he took their jokes so seriously to heart, that the next morning Mendelssohn appeared with his hair cropped completely short. Such a step, of course, only caused infinitely more amusement, and it was some days before he thoroughly regained his usual good spirits.

17.—*RECOLLECTIONS OF HAYDN.*

It is not often that among the many scattered hints and detached traits of character which have been preserved for the biographers of the great men of the past, we find

sufficient to construct more than a very sketchy portrait of the man himself. Fortunately there are exceptions, and the case of Joseph Haydn is one. We are able to collect little details which seem to bring the great composer clearly before us. Like many other great men, in outward appearance he offered little to suggest intellectual power or exalted character. He was short of stature, but with strong and thick-set limbs; his skin was quite dark, and made him look not unlike a Moor. He had small eyes, which at times flashed with fire, though generally they betrayed a calm and happy state of mind. His features were boldly marked, while a fine intellectual forehead completed a face made in a good image, and full of gentle seriousness.

He was no ignoramus, for beside the Austrian dialect, which he spoke with all the comic elocution peculiar to his countrymen, Haydn could hold his own in English, French, and Italian; and, as his music for the Church shows, he was no stranger to the Latin tongue. Both in his personal appearance and in the arrangements of his house Haydn was excessively neat.

At any hour of the day he would be found in full costume, and with carefully curled hair. A dressing-gown and slippers were luxuries unknown to him, for frequently his old patron sent for him at unexpected hours, and Haydn soon found out that his best plan was to dress for the day immediately he rose. He disliked useless finery, and cared for little more than the diamond ring which Frederic II. had sent him, and the red ribbon of the Civic Medal which always decorated his coat.

Haydn's study, too, was a paradise of neatness. It showed none of that most admired disorder in which the

books and papers of so many students contrive to arrange themselves, nor had the "chaos" which he so wonderfully translated into sound in his Introduction to the "Creation" any place in the surroundings of his own life. If he felt inclined to composition, he would seat himself down in this pattern room, and taking out his sketch-book—for as Leonardo da Vinci sketched, in a little book which he always carried with him, the singular faces he met with, so Haydn took care to note down all the ideas and passages which came into his head—he would proceed with his score. Sometimes he found it impossible to compose, but the cause was soon discovered—he had forgotten to put on his diamond ring, without which Haydn frequently declared he could not summon a single idea. Then again, if the paper on which he composed was not of the whitest and finest quality possible, he could not get on.

Having taken all these precautions, he would work on for hours at those scores, so full of his "little flies-legs," as Haydn used to describe his notes, so neat and clear as to surpass the efforts of the best copyists, and, lastly, scores so full of traces of the pious and thankful man that he was, and desired always to be.

18.—*FRANK CRITICISM.*

WHEN Beethoven's "Fidelio" was first performed at the Karthnertor Theatre in Vienna, Cherubini was present. At the conclusion of the performance he was asked how he liked the overture ("Leonora in C").

"Well," said he, "to be honest, I must confess that I could not tell what key it was in from beginning to end."

It would only be charitable to Cherubini to suppose that his criticism was influenced by a bad performance; or we may perhaps ascribe his want of appreciation to the force of habit. To a mind imbued with the forms and melodies of the pure Italian School of church and opera music, the first sensation of the "Leonora" overture must have been bewildering. We wish all who in these days are perplexed with the strange productions of the musical apostles of "the Future" would at least be as honest and outspoken in their criticisms, and frankly confess their amazement instead of gasping applause in fear of being thought "old-fashioned!"

19.—*A BULL LECTURING.*

THE founder of the Gresham College originally intended that all lectures, including that on music, should be delivered in Latin by the professors. Sir Thomas, however, was not allowing for the scanty education of the mass of musicians, and therefore he had to waive his stipulation in the case of the very first man who held the post. This was John Bull—an Englishman it need hardly be said—whom Queen Elizabeth recommended for the professorship. But he could not lecture in the Latin tongue, so a decree was issued, ordering "the solemn music lecture to be read twice every week in manner following, viz., the theoretique part for one half hour or thereabouts, and the practise by concert of voices and instruments for the rest of the hour; whereof the first lecture *should* be in the Latin tongue and the second in English. But because at this time Mr. Doctor Bull, who is recommended to the place by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, not being able to speak Latin, his lectures are permitted to be alto-

gether in English, so long as he shall continue the place of music-lecturer there."

So a precedent was established, which, much to the disgrace of musical students, but more so to the professors of the art, exists to this day. However, with the "matriculation" tacked on to the examinations for Mus.B. and Mus.D., we may hope for better things from Dr. Wylde's successors.

20.—*A WIDOW'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

THE widow of Mozart has given to the world many interesting details respecting her illustrious husband. Years after Mozart had died, and when the celebrated Constance Weber had been widowed for the second time, she was visited by an English lady and her husband—an eminent musician—both of whom were anxious to converse with the widow of the great master. Notwithstanding the years that had passed, Madame Nyssen's enthusiasm for her first husband was far from extinguished. She was much affected at the regard which the visitors showed for his memory, and willingly entered into conversation about him.

"Mozart," she said, "loved all the arts and possessed a taste for most of them. He could draw, and was an excellent dancer. He was generally cheerful and in good humour; rarely melancholy, though sometimes pensive. Indeed," continued she, "he was an angel, and is one in heaven now." He played the organ delightfully as well as the pianoforte, but he seldom touched this last instrument in company unless there were present those who could appreciate him. He would, however, often extemporise upon it when alone with her. "Mozart's voice," she said, "was a light tenor; his speaking tone gentle,

unless when directing music ; that then he became loud and energetic—would even stamp with his feet and might be heard at a considerable distance. His hands were very small and delicate. His favourite amusements were bowls and billiards.” The widow lady also hinted to the visitors that it was Mozart’s highest ambition to have composed an oratorio in the style of the “Messiah” and “Israel in Egypt.” In fact, he intended to have set to work upon an oratorio immediately after the “Requiem ;” but, alas ! ere he could crown his fame with such a work, he was taken from the scene of his labours and successes—such as these latter were, during his lifetime.

21.—“*SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.*”

IN almost every profession there is a certain spice of Bohemianism ; and the musical world is not exempt. When a number of its workers come together they generally fall to and “talk shop.” This is just how it should be. It is only inferior minds who affect to despise the charm in such meetings and such gossip ; probably they have their reward.

Most musical readers have heard of Kalkbrenner. He was a contemporary of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Chopin, and others, and more of a charlatan than a musician ; so that Art is indebted to him but little. He was very conceited and patronising, and given to aping the perfect gentleman. Knowing his weakness in this latter respect, Mendelssohn, Ferdinand Hiller, Chopin, and Liszt determined to pay him out, yes, and in public, too. This was while Mendelssohn was staying in Paris. On a planned day, therefore, these madcaps took up their position in front of a café on the Boulevard des Italiens, just before

the hour when Kalkbrenner was in the habit of visiting the place. Presently the "perfect gentleman" came strutting along, and no sooner had he reached the restaurant than the noisy company, purposely dressed "all tag-rag," surrounded him and greeted him in the most friendly way. Nor, in spite of his evident disgust, would they leave him, but persisted in keeping his company and assailing him with a shower of noisy questions and opinions, till at last quite a crowd collected round the place, much to the delight of the merciless tormentors and the complete confusion of the unfortunate Kalkbrenner.

. 22.—A MUSICAL STRONGHOLD.

GIARDINI's name is not commonly known even to musicians, much less to the general public. He is best known, perhaps, from his association with the "Catch Club," which was instituted in 1762, and for which he composed several good glees, and of which he was also one of the first members. But it is by anecdote that Giardini is especially associated with the English glee school. "At the first establishment of the "Catch Club" a rule was instituted (probably by oral convention), we are told, that any member who was named to sing, if he failed in his part, either by mispronunciation of the words in singing the notes, or in any other way, was liable, at the discretion of the president, to drink a half-pint bumper of wine. A nobleman celebrated for his conviviality fined poor Giardini for his foreign accent so often that he seldom returned home sober. To obviate the effects of his lordship's jovial persecution Giardini wrote "*Beviamo tutti tre.*" He had, it seems, attained a faculty of sustaining a note upon the syllable "*ah*," and at the same time of

swallowing his wine, without any manifest interruption of the tone.

Giardini introduced his trio, and when he led it at the passage prepared for this purpose, he drained his glass and held on the note. This feat to others was impossible, and as it was a component part of the glee, Giardini, by calling for "*Beviamo*," had his punishers in his power. Whenever they talked of fining him, he threatened to produce his trio, and thus at length the musician was permitted to go home in his right senses.

23.—A MUSICAL CURIOSITY.

WE most of us know that when Haydn was in this country the University of Oxford conferred upon him a musical doctorship degree as a mark of appreciation of his genius. Before, however, Haydn could accept this it was necessary that he should go through the formula of forwarding to the university a specimen of his musical learning. Accordingly, he neither sent to the university a score of a symphony, a quartet, nor a sonata, but a small three-part composition of but six bars in length. It was duly laid before the professors at the university, who, upon examining it, soon perceived that it contained more than was perceptible at first sight. It was a clever canon so composed that whether it was read backwards or forwards, whether it was commenced in the middle or turned upside down, it always presented a melody with a correct accompaniment.

A copy of this little curiosity is given on the next page. In one respect it is strikingly like many other and less famous "exercises" for musical degrees; it is far more remarkable for ingenuity than for beauty.

CANON ;
Par Haydn.

Thy voice, O Har - mo - ny, is di - vine.

Thy voice, O Har - mo - ny, is di - vine.

24.—MUSIC UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

ARNE as a boy was passionately fond of music, and when at Eton used to torment his fellow-scholars day and night with an old cracked flute which he owned. Nor, when Eton was left behind for London, did his sympathy with music diminish. Seeing no other opportunity, he even made the acquaintance of a footman, from whom he used to borrow a livery, and, thus attired, was enabled to gain access to the upper gallery of the Opera-house, which in those days was set aside for lackeys and domestics of all kinds. We are all familiar with Arne's artistic career, and of how his enthusiasm for music (which in his Eton days caused him to be looked down upon and regarded as not a whit less eccentric than a girl who smoked cigarettes) gradually developed and left him one of the brightest ornaments of the English school. The story of Arne's presentation to Apollo is very interesting and worth noting here.

He was never intended by his parents for a musician. The "star of hope" was to be a lawyer. To this end

he was placed in an office where he served a three years' clerkship. The votary of Apollo, however, preferred music to jurisprudence ; and by foul means and fair, contrived to secret a spinet in his room, which he muffled, and then practised when the rest of the family were asleep. He managed, too, to obtain some instruction from Festing on the violin, which he soon performed upon very creditably. His change of profession was on this wise. Arne's father happened to call upon a gentleman in the neighbourhood one evening upon a matter of business, found him engaged, but on sending in his name he was invited upstairs, where there was a large company and a concert going on, and lo ! there was his son in the very act of playing first fiddle ! He was thunderstruck, and much annoyed ; nevertheless, finding him more admired for his musical ability than his knowledge of the law, he allowed himself to be persuaded into making a musician of his son.

An interesting story is told bearing upon Arne as a violinist. It appears that the father carried on an undertaker's business near Covent Garden, and the warehouse was the place where his son frequently received his music lessons. Calling one evening as usual, the teacher discovered young Arne intently practising his violin, while before him was his music-desk standing upon a coffin. The master ventured to remark that he should not be able to study for thinking that it contained a corpse.

" So it does," replied young Arne, and pushing the lid aside, convinced him of the fact.

Not being quite so accustomed as his pupil to such sights and objects, the master was so affected that he could never again muster courage enough to continue his lessons—at least in that house.

25.—GAINING IDEAS.

A good musical workman never quarrels with his tools; he can do wonders with very poor materials. In all classical music we are frequently surprised by the marvellous results which a great composer can build up on a very trivial or ugly theme. It is said of Haydn that he was in the habit of taxing the invention of his friends for subjects. Rich and original as he was in ideas, yet all the subjects and themes that we meet with in his delightful music are, or were not, his own. No, Haydn was the very opposite to Beethoven. He was charmingly sociable, and never happier than when surrounded with friends, young and old. He was a capital fun-maker, and used to keep the little ones in high glee for hours together. The older ones he would make useful.

"Come," he would say, "give me a subject." It was useless to plead inability. "Never mind," Haydn would say, "let me have something, if it is only a few notes. *I will have it.*"

They were obliged to obey. Haydn would then take down their few notes and "pursue them" as he used to term it, never leaving them till he had weaved together some whole movement from such scanty materials. So Haydn secured the themes for some of his best and most admired movements.

Although we do not know that others besides Haydn were so ready to adopt their friends' suggestions, there is no doubt that originality in the theme was by no means a *sine quâ non* with Beethoven, Mozart, and many others, including Handel, who was an inveterate pilferer.

26.—A THING OF THE PAST.

WHATEVER verdict may be given by future generations

upon the manufacture of instruments, and of music, in the nineteenth century, there can be no doubt that before this time instrumental performance was comparatively in its infancy. This is especially true of violin-playing: the secrets which have been lost in the maker's art have been found in that of the performer. Two hundred years ago the finest violins that the world will probably ever have, were being turned out from the Italian workshops; while at about the same time and subsequently there was issuing from the homes of music in Germany the music for these superb instruments—music not for any one age, "but for all time."

In the chain of this creative skill, however, a link was wanting. Nobody rose up who could marry the music to the instrument. For years and years the violin, and the music for it, marched steadily on side by side, but not united. Bach was writing far in advance of his time, while Straduaris and the Amatis were "rounding" and "varnishing" for a people that were yet for to come. It was not till the beginning of the present century that executive skill, tone, and culture stepped in, and were brought to bear upon an instrument that is perhaps more than any other amenable to such influences. Consequently, to us has fallen the happy fate to witness the very zenith of violin-playing. A future generation may equal, but can scarcely hope to surpass a Joachim, a Wilhelmj, or a Strauss—players who combine the skill of Paganini with a purity of taste to which he was a stranger, and, moreover, with a freedom from those startling eccentricities which, more than anything else, have made the reputation of that strange performer. It is curious to look back to the style of playing when Bach wrote music which cannot be played as he wrote it, even now, and find how the in-

strumentalists—at least violinists—were behind their age. In the best bands of that period—even in the royal band which the talented Lully trained and conducted, there were no violinists who understood shifting; indeed, such a contrivance was unknown; and we are told that “when-ever the note C upon the first string occurred, it was looked upon with great terror, and in order to put the performers upon their guard, it was the practice of the leaders to cry out “Garde l’Ut”—mind the C—an expedient which we trust had the desired effect, but would be somewhat startling to a Covent Garden or a Philharmonic orchestra nowadays.

27.—“*ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.*”

YOUNG musical students have one common failing,—that of forming far too glowing expectations of their art, and what it will do for them. It is a pity that before adopting music for their profession many young men do not betake themselves to their studios and there take to heart the lives and careers of the greatest composers. A perusal of the biographies of these men should teach those who read them some wholesome lessons, and would perhaps deter them from entering upon a field that is so beset with trials and disappointments, in which the greatest and most talented men who have worked with the art have found it anything but easy work even to subsist. Public favour is a most fickle thing. It is like a frost—most certain in its uncertainty; and he who rests on it may at any moment have a downfall. The history of Handel’s career, or of Bach’s, will prove the truth of what has been said. They, great as they were, met with receptions in respect to many of their efforts and scores, such as students and musicians of the present day with not a thousandth part of their genius could hardly bear,

and certainly would never understand. Take for example Bach's "Art of Fugue," which when it first appeared (this was in 1752, after its author's death), although accompanied with a flattering preface from Marpurg, the first musical critic in Germany, did not meet with sufficient favour to cover the cost of the plates on which it had been engraved! Nor did there appear to be any prospect of an improvement, so the heirs of the family sold the plates as old copper!

28.—A "BIG" BABY.

If ever there was a wonderful baby it must have been Master "Billy" Crotch, at least if we are to credit the account given of him in the *Literary Miscellany* for June, 1779, which supplied the following particulars as to the discovery of Crotch's musical genius:

"His father being an ingenious carpenter, built an organ for his own amusement, and it was owing to this incidental circumstance that the musical talents of his little son William were discovered so early; they might have lain dormant for years if Mrs. Sullman, who teaches music at Norwich with great reputation and was intimately acquainted with his parents, had not played upon this organ and accompanied it with her voice before the child. One evening in particular, about the beginning of August, 1777, he sat in his mother's lap while Mrs. Sullman played and sung a considerable time. After that lady was gone, the child cried, and was remarkably fractious, which his mother attributed to a pin, or some inward pain: she undressed him and endeavoured to find out the cause, but in vain: however, as she was carrying him to bed, she passed near the organ and he stretched out his little hands towards it, upon which Mrs. Crotch set him down to the keys, and he instantly struck them seemingly

in great ecstasy: he played a few minutes, but imagining it to be only the humour of an infant, she paid no regard to his manner of touching the instrument, and he was soon put to bed, to all appearance perfectly satisfied. The next morning, after breakfast, while Mrs. Crotch was gone to market, Mr. Crotch, willing to indulge his own curiosity, put the child to the organ, and was astonished to hear him play great part of the tunes of 'God save the King,' and 'Let ambition fire thy mind.' The first, Mr. Crotch had attempted several times in the child's hearing, but was not perfect in it. The last, Mrs. Sullman had performed in his presence. Upon his mother's return this surprising event being related to her, she could hardly credit it. But "Billy" did not keep her long in suspense, and Mrs. Crotch communicating the intelligence to their friends, she was advised to let him play according to his own fancy, whenever he expressed a desire for it.

"He was two years and three weeks old, and from this time all persons who had any taste for music, and all the performers in Norwich, resorted to the house. He played almost every day, and acquired more tunes; and in the midst of performing them, would strike out little airs of his own in harmony; for it is remarkable that he never plays a discord, neither will he hear it in others without expressing disgust. He performed before full assemblies at different places and at sundry times at Norwich till the beginning of November, when he was carried by his mother to Cambridge, where he played on all the college and church organs, to the astonishment of the gentlemen of the university. About the middle of December he arrived in London, but no public exhibition was made of his performance till he had been heard by their Majesties,

to whom he and his mother were presented by Lady Hertford, at the Queen's Palace, on the 7th February, when he played on the organ in the presence of their Majesties and the Royal Family, who were graciously pleased to express their approbation. On the 13th of the same month they waited on their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and performed to their entire satisfaction. On the 26th, he played on the organ of the Chapel Royal of St. James's after morning service was over, their Majesties being present. From this time he has continually played every day, between the hours of one and three, in public at Mrs. Hart's, milliner, in Piccadilly, opposite Dover Street.

"Master William Crotch is now three years and nine months old; is a lively, active child, has a pleasing countenance, rather handsome, having fine blue eyes and flaxen hair. A large organ is placed about the centre of the room against the wainscot: it is raised upon a stage about two feet from the floor, and a semi-circular iron rod is fixed so as to secure him in his seat, and separate him from the company. An arm-chair is placed upon the stage, and in it a common very small matted chair, which his mother fastens behind with a handkerchief to the other, that he may not fall out, for he is wanton and full of tricks in the short intervals from playing. A book is placed before him, as if it was a music-book, and strangers in a distant part of the room may mistake it for such, but it is no more than a magazine or some other pamphlet with an engraved frontispiece. This he looks at, and amuses himself with the figures on the plate, while he is playing any tune or striking into his own harmony. In short he laughs, prattles, and looks about at the company, at the same time keeping his little hands

employed on the keys, and playing with so much unconcern that you would be tempted to think he did not know what he was doing. He appears to be fondest of solemn tunes and church music, particularly the 104th Psalm. As soon as he has finished a regular tune or part of a tune, or played some little fancy notes of his own, he stops, and has the pranks of a wanton boy. Some of the company then generally give him a cake, an apple, or an orange, to induce him to play again; but it is nine to one if he plays the tune you desire, unless you touch the pride of his little heart by telling him he has forgotten such a tune or he cannot play it. This seldom fails of producing the effect, and he is sure to play it with additional spirit. If any person plays a tune he never heard, with the right hand on his organ, he will put a bass to it with his left hand. He will also name every note that is struck on an organ, or any other instrument, and he always knows if any person plays out of tune."

29.—A NEGLECTED STUDY.

Music has made vast strides in England during the past twenty and five years, more so perhaps than has any other European country during a similar period. This progress has affected every branch of musical industry, and especially that of organ-building, which is still going on throughout the country with, we might say, terrible success; for modern organ-building is not now by any means a labour of love. Those who ought to have known something of the business—the organist and the clergyman—have been totally ignorant upon it, and speaking generally this is still the case. The result is that we have unnecessarily lost many fine organs by the old makers for some wretched examples of modern organ-building.

There are many such brilliant specimens of the prevailing style—brassy and full of orchestral effects—to be seen and heard in London. They stand for the first year or two, but after five or six years of very fair wear and tear are never free from “colds” and other ills peculiar to the organ family.

Some antidote should be found for this growing evil, and perhaps none would be more effectual than that the clergyman or the organist should consider it incumbent upon him to have a sufficient knowledge of organ-building to prevent builders doing as they like, and erecting what they please without a “yea” or a “nay” from any one. Till such a knowledge becomes more universal we would strongly advise all intending purchasers of new instruments to seek the advice of one of the leading organists of the day, who for a small fee would plan an instrument that would fulfil its purpose, and who would also see that the inside of the organ was in every way commensurate with its cost, which we may add is not very frequently the case, under the existing fashion.

We sincerely hope, however, that organists will seek to become more acquainted with the several branches of their art; and aim at becoming as versed in organ-building as was Bach, who Forkel tells us “could as little prevail upon himself to praise a bad instrument as a bad organist. He was, therefore, very severe, but always just, in his trials of organs. As he was perfectly acquainted with the construction of the instrument, he could not be in any case deceived. The first thing he did was to draw out all the stops and to play with the full organ. He used to say in jest, that he must first of all know whether the instrument had good lungs. He then proceeded to examine the single parts. His justice to

the organ-builders went so far that, when he found the work really good, and the sum agreed upon too small, so that the builder would evidently have been a loser by his work, he endeavoured to induce those who had contracted for it to make a suitable addition, which he, in fact, frequently obtained."

30.—*HAYDN FURNISHING.*

THE composer of the "Creation" and the "Seasons" has frequently been accused of avarice, though no conclusive evidence has ever been given to prove the charge; indeed, what testimony there is in reference to Haydn's purse matters, proves that he was very charitable and disinterested. Possibly the reputation of being stingy may have gained ground through a combination of circumstances similar to the following. When the "Father of Symphony" died, among his effects there were found forty-six canons framed and mounted like engravings. They used to adorn the walls of Haydn's bedroom. Most of his friends knew of these, and also how they came to their hangings.

"I was not," Haydn used to say, "rich enough to buy good pictures, so I made myself some tapestry such as every one I am sure cannot have."

31.—*A BED TO LET.*

IN the days when "Vauxhall Gardens" were in vogue they became a popular resort for music and, notwithstanding its "out of town" position (for there were no "trams" or "daylight routes" in those days), the "promenade concerts" were in high favour with fashionable society. On one occasion the attractions at the Gardens called for the services of the Drury Lane Orchestra, and Balfe went with his companions.

Being desirous to make the business as profitable as possible, some of them decided to sleep in the neighbourhood till their engagement was over. Lodgings, however, were at a premium, and after hunting in vain for some long time Balfe found himself at last before the door of a very doubtful-looking house; it was late, so he went in and faced the landlady. Her manner was anything but hopeful, and what with her hesitation and confusion Balfe began to think he would have to trudge still farther for his night's rest. After some delay (during which our hero remained in the passage) she at length admitted that there was accommodation for him, and Balfe was escorted to the apartment in which he was to "make himself at home" for the night. Tired out, the young fellow soon fell asleep and slept soundly till daybreak. Then he began to survey his room, and had not proceeded far in his work, when to his horror he came across a corpse which had been pushed hurriedly into a cupboard. The cause of the old landlady's uneasiness was clear at once. The only bed which she could turn to profitable account had been occupied by the remains of a deceased relative, but the silver prevailing over the sentiment, she had been unable to resist the temptation of securing a lodger, and poor Balfe had to spend the night in the very bed which, but a few moments before, contained the corpse of an old woman awaiting its funeral. Balfe's feelings may be imagined. He shuddered at the thought of how near he had been to making the same discovery by moonlight, and as soon as possible made his escape from the horrible place. Balfe used frequently to tell the story, and though he would joke of the old lady's eye to business, the incident nevertheless made such an impression upon him that ever afterwards he used to

search every hole and corner in any strange room before he would sleep in it.

32.—WINDFALLS!

THOSE fortunate or unfortunate folks who make wills seldom think of the artist or author who has contributed so much to their comfort, when they draw up their testaments. At this crisis their thoughts generally fly upwards, and the Church, Hospital, or some other religious object comes in for the booty. Occasionally there are digressions which prove the rule. Only a few months since it was reported that Mr. Charles Gibbon, the talented author of "For Lack of Gold," had £1000 bequeathed to him by an old lady admirer of the above novel. A similar story is told of Balfe, only with this variation—there is more romance hanging over it. The incident is said to have occurred at about the time of the composition of "Atala," the score of which, strange to relate, was lost by a friend to whom Balfe entrusted it, and moreover, has never yet been found!

Balfe was leaving Paris for Italy. "At the moment of starting," says Mr. C. L. Kenney in his admirable "Memoir of Balfe," "and as he had nestled himself cosily in his place, up drove a cabriolet in galloping haste, whence alighted a gentleman perfectly unknown, who placed a packet in Balfe's hand, with the request that he should not open it till he had reached the next relay. Balfe muttered acquiescence, but curiosity prevailed over principle, and the mysterious stranger had scarcely turned his back before the envelope was torn open, and disclosed a post-bill for one thousand francs, accompanied by a few words to the effect that the writer had been so charmed with the examples of Balfe's talents which he had

heard at M. Gallois' entertainment, that he was anxious to serve the young composer, and trusted the enclosed would be found useful.

"Considering the state of his exchequer at the time, this was one of those opportune interventions of his guardian genius to which, as we have seen, Balfe was not unaccustomed, and which implied quite as much of future danger as of present felicity, inasmuch as it was a terrible temptation to the young Irishman to consider himself 'born to good luck.' On this occasion, however, the invisible power—if such there were in the matter—that behaved so generously to young Balfe, took care to enforce, at the same time, the healthy moral of 'be just before you are generous.'

"There came a second stranger before the diligence had got under way, with a second missive—this time to be opened at once. It contained a bill for six hundred and seventy francs, an unsettled score the composer was leaving behind him. Balfe tendered at once his cloud-dropped bank bill, and received the change, pocketing which, he still found himself richer than when he started, not only by three hundred and thirty francs, but by that inestimable possession, a receipt in full for a just debt."

33.—*A FIDDLER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.*

THERE are many places preferable to France for a residence when her political pot boils over. Never was this more forcibly realised than in the revolutionary days of 1792, and we are interested in at least one individual who found to his cost that to venture in the streets by daylight or nightlight was a risky and perilous experiment. This was no less an one than Cherubini, a musician as remarkable for the length of his baptismal

name (Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobio Salvador) as for the length of his life—eighty-two years; and for the worth of his character as for the excellence of his music.

“Once,” writes Mr. Bellasis in his “Life of Cherubini,” “during an occasion of more than ordinary excitement, Cherubini fell into the hands of a band of *sans-culottes* who were roving about the city seeking musicians to conduct their chants. To them it was a special satisfaction to compel the talent that had formerly delighted royalty and nobility to minister now to their own gratification. On Cherubini firmly refusing to lead them, a low murmur ran through the crowd, and the fatal words, ‘The Royalist! the Royalist!’ resounded on all sides.

“At this critical juncture, one of Cherubini’s friends, a kidnapped musician too, seeing his imminent danger, thrust a violin into his unwilling hands, and succeeded in persuading him to head the mob. The whole day these two musicians accompanied the hoarse and overpowering yells of that revolutionary assemblage; and when at last a halt was made in a public square, where a banquet took place, Cherubini and his friend had to mount some empty barrels and play till the feasting was over.”

34.—CONSOLATION.

“NAE great loss but there’s some sma’ ‘vantage,” runs the proverb, and so thought Gretry, when but a boy he met with an accident which nearly cost him his life. The story is this: With commendable intentions young Gretry (like a good many other boys brought up in his religion) was taught to believe that God would grant him whatever he prayed for at his first communion. The little fellow had long made up his mind to pray that he might be an

honest man and a great musician ; whether the intention was voluntary, or the result of some secret incitement, we are not told. Certain it is that he did ask for this blessing, and that on the very day of doing so he ascended the tower of St. Denis' Church to see the men toll the bells. By some means a heavy rafter of wood fell upon him, knocking him senseless upon the floor of the belfry. Without waiting to see the extent of the injury, one of the ringers ran for the extreme unction ; but during his absence Master Gretry righted himself, and on being shown the large beam which "might have killed him," had exclaimed : "Well, since I am not killed, I am now sure to be a great musician !"

35.—*CONVERTIBLE NOTES.*

MOZART was once out walking when a very squalid and hungry-looking beggar went up to him, and implored that he would have compassion on him. Mozart was much touched by his tale, and wished to help him, but upon consulting his pockets, he found that this was out of his power just at the moment. As he stood pondering what he should do, he suddenly pulled from his pocket a roll of music-paper, on which he soon sketched a new waltz. This he gave to the mendicant, together with a letter and the address of a music-publisher, to whom they were to be taken.

No sooner did the publisher see the new waltz than he handed the bearer of it a few golden ducats, with which he went on his way determined to appease his hunger, but wondering not a little at the easy and magical manner in which *some* men could command their golden ducats ! and only reproaching himself that he could not wield the magician's wand in some similar manner ! This story

must be taken for what it is worth. There is a certain dash of the "Arabian Nights" about it which makes it hard to swallow ; and it occurs to us to ask why, if Mozart could coin money for beggars, he could not also do the same for himself ?

36.—*THE ENGLISH AND TIME.*

ONE of the things which struck Haydn most when he first visited this country, was the hurried and business-like air with which every one went about, and which pervaded everything. His music was no exception to the rule, and so offended was he at the apparently rude and hurried manner in which it was played by us here, that he even sent to Vienna for the family of the Moralts, to come and show the time and expression with which he intended his quartets to be played.

Nor was Haydn singular in this feeling. Another great artist, Kieswetter, who was himself remarkable for the extreme brilliancy of his playing and the rapidity of his execution, during a visit to England was engaged at the Philharmonic concerts, and in leading Beethoven's symphonies he was obliged to insist on their being performed more slowly than that orchestra had been in the habit of performing them.

It is to be wished that Haydn and Kieswetter had been able to cure us of this habit of "tearing" through music. There really is no reason why, because our express trains are the fastest in the world, our music should keep pace with them. Some ill-natured people say that our amateur players are so good that it is only by the lightning-like exertion acquired by incessant practice that "professionals" can hold their own against them. That, of course, is an absurdity, and the more probable reason

is that pointed out by Haydn as a national characteristic. Still, to hear the pace at which our orchestras dash through the overtures to "Figaro" (in less than the traditional two and a half minutes), or "Zampa," or, worse still, the delicate "Melusine," one is driven to wonder why the composer took the pains to write so many notes, when two-thirds of them utterly lose their identity in such a whirlwind of sound. Is our music really to be carried on at the same headlong rate as our speculations and our advertising? Heaven forbid!

37.—NOT THE ORIGINAL.

It is related of Handel that on first hearing the musical instrument known as the *serpent* he took a great dislike to its sounds, and inquired, "Vat de tefel be dat?" And being informed that it was called a "serpent," he replied, "Oh, de serbent, ay; but it be not de serbent dat setuced Eve."

38.—A FAIR EXCHANGE.

RIGHTLY or wrongly, publishers both of books and music have won a character for special cleverness in "taking care of number one." We believe it was Byron who was strongly of opinion, and even told John Murray so, that if ever a new version of the Bible was contemplated he was sure that the right reading of verse 40 of the 18th chapter of St. John should be, "Now Barabbas was a *publisher*." Perhaps modern publishers may plead that the bad character won by their predecessors has descended to them unfairly. Be this as it may, it certainly is no new invention of disappointed authors; for a speech of Handel's shows that it was a familiar notion a hundred

and more years ago, that disseminators of knowledge generally make the best of their literary bargains. It was the success which attended the publication of his opera "Rinaldo" which led him to give vent to his feelings upon the subject. Walsh had made something like £1500 from publishing some of its songs, and was one day congratulating the composer upon the beauty of his music, when he retorted: "My dear Walsh, as it is but just we should stand upon an equal footing, you shall compose the next opera and I will sell it;" an implied compliment to Walsh's musical genius, and his own business capacities, which our knowledge of the two men will hardly allow us to accept. If it had had any truth no doubt the exchange would have been fair enough!

39.—BEETHOVEN'S WANT OF RESOLUTION.

MUSICIANS as a rule are far from being business men; indeed, this failure, if it may be termed thus, runs through the whole artist world. Beethoven was no exception to the rule. He was always "hard up." When he was the young *virtuoso*, unrecognised by the publishers, his songs and smaller pieces went almost for nothing, and his larger works, it might be said, for a mere song. As he grew older and was recognised, he secured a better price for his compositions, but it was never much—a few pounds being all he received for the largest work that ever lay on his desk. It is hard to say which was to blame, the composer or his publisher. A more difficult person than Beethoven, however, to transact business with, it would be impossible to conceive. His reserved and suspicious manners, his indecision, always stood in his way, just as it did when his cherished hope of many years—the publication of a collective edition of his works edited by

himself—was well-nigh being attained. No incident in his life illustrates more forcibly than does this Beethoven's utter want of resolution in practical matters. In the year 1816 a proposal was made him by Hoffmeister of Leipzig to bring out an edition of all his compositions for the pianoforte, but nothing resulted from it. So it was with Steiner's proposal. In 1822 the matter was again in the master's mind. "I have at heart," he wrote to Peters of Leipzig, "the publication of my collected works, as I should like to superintend it while I am alive. Many proposals, I acknowledge, have been submitted to me, but there were difficulties in the way which I could not remove, and terms which I neither could, nor would, fulfil." Then came Artaria's project, but still no result. Andreas Streicher, an old and real friend to Beethoven, next wrote him in the following strain :

"I have often thought on your position, and especially of how you might derive more benefit from your marvellous talent, and now, actuated by a good honest feeling towards you, beg leave to submit to you the following, for your careful consideration, viz., the publishing of an edition of all your works, similar to those of Mozart, Haydn, and Clementi, a proposal which, if properly carried out, must bring in at least 10,000 florins current coin, or 25,000 florins Viennese. It would be announced half a year in advance throughout Europe, and mention made in the advertisements that you intend to alter here and there, and arrange for extended pianofortes passages written before their introduction. Secondly, that you intend to add some unpublished works, which will be an inducement to even those who may have your earlier works, to purchase this edition. The labour it will occasion you is certainly not sufficient to justify you in dis-

regarding a duty which you owe both to yourself, your nephew, and posterity. Accept what I have said as the sentiments of a friend of six and thirty years' standing, whose greatest happiness would be to see you free from trouble and anxiety."

Even this friendly advice came to nothing, neither did after negotiations with Schlesinger and Schott. Death carried the great tone-poet off, and his works were left for musicians, students, and amateurs to interpret as they will—faithfully or capriciously.

40.—*BEETHOVEN A POSTILLON D'AMOUR.*

It was in the summer of 1811 that Ludwig Löwe the actor first met Beethoven in the dining-room of the Blue Star at Töplitz. Löwe was paying his addresses to the landlord's daughter, and conversation being impossible at the hour he dined there, the charming creature one day whispered to him, "Come at a later hour when the customers are gone and only Beethoven is here. He cannot hear, and will therefore not be in the way."

This answered for a time, but stern parents observing the acquaintanceship ordered the actor to leave the house and not to return. "How great was our despair!" relates Löwe. "We both desired to correspond, but through whom? Would the solitary man at the opposite table assist us? Despite his serious reserve and seeming churlishness, I believe he is not unfriendly. I have often caught a kind smile across his bold defiant face." Löwe determined to try. Knowing Beethoven's custom, he contrived to meet the master when he was walking in the gardens. Beethoven instantly recognised him, and asked the reason why he no longer dined at the Blue Star. A

full confession was made, and then Löwe timidly asked if he would take charge of a letter to give to the girl.

"Why not?" pleasantly observed the rough-looking musician. "You mean what is right." So pocketing the note he was making his way onward when Löwe again interfered.

"I beg your pardon, Herr van Beethoven, that is not all."

"So, so," said the master.

"You must also bring back the answer," Löwe went on to say.

"Meet me here at this time to-morrow," said Beethoven.

Löwe did so, and there found Beethoven awaiting him, with the coveted reply from his lady-love. In this manner Beethoven carried the letters backwards and forwards for some five or six weeks—in short, as long as he remained in the town.

41.—A GIGANTIC SONG.

EXACTLY three centuries ago was Thomas Tallis flourishing as an organist and composer. His music has stood the test of this long time, and late musicians have done full justice to the ingenuity and ability which it displays. The most curious and extraordinary of all Tallis's labours, however, was his "Song of forty parts," consisting in all of one hundred and thirty-eight bars in *alla breve* time. This astonishing effort of musical skill is not divided into choirs of four parts like the *a molti cori* compositions of Benevoli and others, but consists of eight trebles placed under each other, eight *mezzi soprani* or mean parts, eight counter-tenors, eight tenors, and eight basses, with a part for the organ. All these several parts are not as might

be imagined, in simple counterpoint, or filled up in mere harmony, without meaning or design, but have each a share in the short subjects of fugue and imitation, which are introduced upon every change of words. The first subject is begun in G by the first mezzo-soprano or medius, and answered in D, the fifth above, by the first soprano; the second medius, in like manner beginning in G, is answered in the octave below by the first tenor; and that by the first counter-tenor in D, the fifth above. Then the first bass has the subject in D, the eighth below the counter-tenor; and thus all the forty real parts are severally introduced in the course of thirty-nine bars, there the whole vocal phalanx is employed at once during six bars more; after which a new subject is led off by the lowest bass, and pursued by other parts severally for about twenty-four bars, when there is another general chorus of all the parts; and thus this stupendous, though perhaps Gothic specimen of human labour and ingenuity, is carried on in an alternate flight, pursuit, attack, and choral union to the end, when twelve bars of full chorus brings this polyphonic phenomenon to — we should imagine—a welcome close.

42.—A PERFECT CADENCE.

MICHAEL WISE is a familiar name to choristers, from the many fine anthems he has left to the Church. “Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion,” and “Prepare ye the way of the Lord,” may be cited as examples of the strength and grandeur of his style. Poor Wise! He came to a sad ending, pleasant man as he always was. Whilst he was at Salisbury in the year 1687, some harsh words took place between him and his wife, whereupon he rushed out of the house in a violent rage. It was close

upon midnight, and the composer was soon stopped by a watchman. A quarrel quickly ensued, and Wise soon found that in his case at all events 'Music had *no* charms to soothe a savage breast,' for he and the watchman came to blows, and in the contest Wise received a dreadful knock on the head which fractured his skull and killed him.

43.—A MEMORABLE SCORE.

GREGORIO ALLEGRI, a celebrated Italian composer, flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century. His fame rests chiefly upon one composition—a *Miserere* in G minor, which he composed for the Pontifical Chapel, and which, on account of its great beauty and appropriateness, was always reserved for the most solemn services, and was kept in the archives of the chapel with unprecedented care, and any one found tampering with it would most surely have been excommunicated. It will be remembered that this was the composition which so delighted Mozart when he heard it at Rome, that, as he could not obtain a copy by fair means, he determined to secure it by visiting the chapel and noting it down while it was being sung. Only three copies were ever known to have been made of this *Miserere*—one of which went to the Emperor Leopold, the second to the King of Portugal, and the third was presented to the celebrated Padre Martini. Respecting the first of these copies the following anecdote has been told :

"The Emperor, who was not only a lover and patron of music, but a good composer himself, ordered his ambassador at Rome to entreat the Pope to permit him to have it for the use of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna. His request being granted, the copy was made by the master

of the Pope's chapel, and sent to the Emperor, who had then in his service some of the first singers of the age. But, notwithstanding the abilities of the performers, this composition when executed was so far from answering the expectations of the Emperor and his court, that he concluded that the chapel-master, loath to part with such a treasure, had been playing him a trick, and had sent him another composition. Upon which, in great wrath, he despatched a messenger to his Holiness with a complaint against Allegri, which occasioned his immediate disgrace and dismissal; and in so great a degree was the Pope offended at the supposed imposition on the part of his composer, that for a long time he would neither see him nor hear his defence. However, at length the poor man got one of the cardinals to plead his cause, and to acquaint his Holiness that the style of singing in his chapel, particularly in performing the *Miserere*, was such as could not be expressed by notes, nor could it be sung except by singers specially trained in that style, for which reason the piece in question, though faithfully transcribed, must fail in its effect when performed elsewhere. His Holiness did not understand music, and could hardly comprehend how the same notes should sound so differently in different places; however, he ordered his chapel-master to write down his defence, that it might be sent to Vienna. This was done; and the Emperor, seeing no other way of gratifying his wishes with respect to this composition, begged of the Pope that some of the musicians in the service of his Holiness might be sent to Vienna, to instruct the performers then employed in his chapel how to perform the *Miserere* in the same expressive manner as at Rome. Again the Emperor's request was granted; but before the singers arrived, a war broke out

with the Turks, which called the Emperor from Vienna; and the Miserere has never yet, perhaps, been properly performed anywhere but in the Pope's chapel."

44.—THE "MUSICIANS' CORNER."

OUR national mausoleum, Westminster Abbey, fitly reserves an honourable place for England's great musicians. Second in interest only to the celebrated "Poets' Corner," the Musicians' Corner is a standing contradiction to those who maintain that England has no school of music, for there are found names which will ever be inseparable from the history of the world's music. Handel, who is among the heroes of "Poets' Corner," although he won his greatest fame in England and adopted our country (which *then* paid more artistically for its music than any other) for his residence, was not an English musician, and it speaks much for the wisdom of last century folks, who instead of insisting that Handel was an English composer, were wise and honest enough not to admit him among the native talent. Roubiliac's fine monument marks the grave of Handel, and a fine specimen it is of the sculptor's art. Roubiliac, it is said, took great pains with it, and in modelling the ear of Handel, exercised a most exquisite and curious care.

Let us turn again, however, to the "corner." There is the grave of Henry Purcell, organist of the Abbey, who died 21st November, 1695. It is close to the organ in the north aisle of the choir. "*Dum vicina organa spirant*" were the words of the (now restored) inscription on his gravestone; beneath which was inscribed, "*Musa profana suos, religiosa suos;*" thus recording his fame both as a secular and sacred composer. It

was the wife of Dryden who composed the flattering epitaph :

HERE LIES
HENRY PURCELL, ESQRE.,
WHO
LEFT THIS LIFE
AND
IS GONE TO THAT BLESSED PLACE
WHERE
ONLY HIS HARMONIES CAN BE EXCELLED.

Dryden himself also wrote an elegy upon Purcell. Henry Purcell was born in 1658, and is another instance of a great genius carried off at the "fatal age" of thirty-seven. Trained as a chorister at the Chapel Royal under the famous Dr. Blow, and pursuing his studies under Cooke and Humphreys, he rapidly developed an astonishing aptitude for musical composition. His fame at present rests chiefly on his church music, but the list of his compositions includes operas, cantatas, glees, catches, rounds and instrumental pieces. In 1676 he succeeded Dr. Gibbons as organist of the Abbey, and in 1682 he became organist of the Chapel Royal. The cause of his death was consumption, brought about by a misunderstanding with his weaker half, concerning late hours, the details of which are elsewhere recorded in this book.

Not far from Purcell lies John Blow, buried on the 8th October, 1708. He was Purcell's successor as the Abbey organist, and a good musician he must have been as his scholarly writings prove. There is a story told that James II. once challenged him to compose an anthem as good as one which he had lately heard by an Italian composer. By the following Sunday Blow had

composed and rehearsed "I beheld, and lo a great multitude!" which so pleased the King that he sent Father Peter, a Jesuit, to congratulate the composer. Father Peter delivered his message, but for his own part added, "I think it too long." "That," replied Blow, "is the opinion of but one fool, I heed it not!"

Next to Purcell rests Samuel Arnold, who died on the 22nd October, 1802, and was buried seven days afterwards. Arnold's works still preserve his reputation. His edition of Handel is well known, and his church music is familiar to all students of that branch of music. His oratorios are but little known, but several of his opera airs have lived, and his opera "The Maid of the Mill" may still occasionally be heard. He lived to the age of sixty-three, having been born in 1739.

Near at hand lies William Croft, another church composer. Perhaps his best known work is the anthem "God is gone up with a merry noise," but his "Burial Service" is also justly esteemed, and many other extremely fine anthems are due to his pen. He was born in 1677, and died at the age of fifty. He was interred on the 23rd August, 1727. His tablet records somewhat inaptly his gentleness to his pupils for *fifty* years, and the fitness of his own "Hallelujah" to the heavenly chorus "Awake up my glory, awake lute and harp; I myself will awake right early."

In the cloisters Henry Lawes was buried on the 25th October, 1662. He it was who composed the anthem for the coronation of Charles II., and to whom it is said is due the introduction of the Italian style of music into England. He, too, wrote the music to Milton's "Comus," and, besides, acted a part in it when it was represented at Ludlow. So the grand old poet rewarded Lawes with

a sonnet, which will immortalise Lawes' name more than his music ever will. It runs thus :

"Harry, whose tuneful and well measur'd lay
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent—
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air could humour best our tongue."

Christopher, son of the more famous Orlando Gibbons, rests in the cloisters ; and so does Benjamin Cooke, who died and was buried in 1793. Cooke was one of our many excellent church composers, and on the scroll of his monument is engraved a "Canon by two-fold augmentation," an extremely clever musical exercise with which he gained a prize in 1775. Benjamin Cooke must not be confounded with either Robert Cooke, who died in 1814, and was also a church composer, nor with Thomas Cooke (1781-1848) afterwards leader of the "Ancient concerts."

Close to B. Cooke's monument is that of his pupil, James Bartleman, chorister and lay clerk of the Abbey, born Sep. 19, 1769 ; died April 15, 1821, whose epitaph is worth recording, even making due allowance for the fulsome style of writing in which epitaph-makers used to indulge. This epitaph says that he "caught all the taste and science of that great master (B. Cooke), while he augmented and adorned it with the peculiar powers of his native talent. He possessed qualities which are seldom united, a lively enthusiasm with an exact judgment, and exhibited a perfect model of a correct stile (*sic*) and a commanding voice, simple and powerful, tender and dignified, solemn, chaste and purely English. His social and domestic virtues corresponded with these

rare endowments: affectionate and liberal, sincere and open-hearted, he was not less beloved by his family and friends than admired by all for his pre-eminence in his profession. He was buried in these cloisters near his beloved master."

Close at hand are two more monuments of musicians, now forgotten—Enoch Hawkins, a "Vicar-choral of the Abbey," and Thomas Vaughan, "a member of the choir." Lastly, in the safe keeping of this venerable pile are the mortal remains of yet another—one whose music we all love and admire—the beloved William Sterndale Bennett, buried on Saturday, 6th February, 1876. Since Henry Purcell no such musician has appeared among us. He will be long remembered, none the less for his kind and gentle disposition, than by his masterly works. He was not a prolific writer, but whenever he took up his pen to note down his fancies, every bar that he wrote reflected the delicacy and purity of a noble mind. It is hard to realise how so few compositions came from a fount seemingly so rich; for Bennett's writings betray a soul brimful of melody.

Next to Purcell and Croft he was laid—he who but a few days before might have been seen in the busy London streets. His lyre can no more be heard, but there is the consolation that 'though dead, his work yet speaketh,' and in the most hallowed spot of that country whose music he has so richly adorned, his mortal remains rest peacefully, awaiting the consummation of the good and just.

Here then is a small knot of England's musicians, whose works, unsurpassed in their purity of style and simple grandeur, are at this day to be heard in almost every place of worship in the kingdom. That they will hold

their own we have little doubt, even against the outrageous adaptations of the French and Italian schools, unless some political Alexander accomplishes the same feat for the English, that Mr. Gladstone has done for the Irish Church.

45.—*A REDEEMING MASS.*

MUSIC was well-nigh being banished from the Catholic Church service during the short Pontificate of Marcellus Cervinas, so offended and scandalised was this Pope at the light and injudicious manner in which the Mass had long been set and performed. Palestrina, however, stepped in, and entreated his Holiness to suspend the execution of his order until he had heard a Mass composed in what he considered was the true ecclesiastical style. The composer was in great favour with the Italians at this time, and his request was soon granted. The celebrated "*Missa Papæ Marcelli*" was composed and performed at Easter, 1555, before the Pope and a conclave of cardinals, who found it so elevating, so appropriate to the solemn occasion for which it was designed, that the intention of banishing music from the Mass was abandoned.

Palestrina was appointed chapel-master to the Pope, and some years afterwards, in 1567, this composition was published and found many friends in Rome.

46.—*A GOOD SON.*

AMID all his hilarity, his work, and his successes, Rossini did not forget his aged parents. It is recorded of the *maestro* that it was his custom to write to his mother immediately after the three first representations of every

new work, and to send her and his aged father two thirds of the payment which he received for composing it.

Amid the many stories in circulation of Rossini's avarice and care for "number one" such a trait as the above is refreshing, especially as it comes on better authority and is more *like* Rossini than many of the libellous bits of gossip that have reached us concerning him from "*la belle France*."

47.—*TOSSING FOR DEATH.*

ENGLISH music lost a promising young representative in the untimely death of Jeremiah Clarke, at one time organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. It appears that he had formed a violent passion for a very beautiful lady, far his superior in position. She did not reciprocate the musician's love, so he determined to end his trouble by suicide. One of Clarke's most intimate friends gives the following facts of the sad affair :

"Being at the house of an acquaintance in the country, he found himself so miserable that he suddenly determined to return to London. His friend observing in his behaviour evident marks of dejection, furnished him with a horse, and a servant to attend him. On his way to town, a fit of melancholy and despair having seized him, he alighted, and giving his horse to the servant, he went into a field, in the corner of which there was a pond surrounded with trees, which pointed out to his choice two ways of getting rid of life ; but not being particularly inclined to one more than the other, he left it to the determination of chance, and taking a piece of money out of his pocket and tossing it in the air, determined to abide by its decision ; but the money falling on its edge in the clay, seemed to prohibit both these modes of

destination. His mind, however, was too much disordered to receive comfort, or to take advantage of this delay. He, therefore, re-mounted his horse and rode to London, determined to find some other means of terminating his existence. Not many weeks after his return, in July, 1707, he shot himself in his own house, in St. Paul's Churchyard."

48.—*A HUNT FOR REVENGE.*

No apology is needed for re-telling the romantic end of Alessandro Stradella. Eminent as being one of the finest violinists in Italy, an excellent composer and a good singer, Stradella was sought after by the highest families for his instruction, and among others it happened that a Venetian nobleman engaged him to teach singing to his favourite Hortensia—a young lady of a distinguished Roman family, whom the noble, captivated by her beauty, had enticed away from her parents. Her enthusiasm for music soon gave birth to a passion of another kind, which Stradella could not but return. Hortensia and her master became enamoured of each other, and determined to fly from Venice. The escape was soon discovered, and the enraged noble swore that revenge should follow immediately they were discovered. He engaged two desperate ruffians, gave them a large sum of money, and promised more if they could trace and assassinate Stradella and the lady. They set out in hot haste: first to Naples, for that being Stradella's birthplace it was surmised that he would naturally go thither. Although the search was fruitless, the assassins learned that Stradella and the lady were residing at Rome as man and wife. Proceeding thither immediately, they soon found out Stradella's residence, and learned that at five o'clock that evening

an oratorio of his composing was to be performed in the church of S. John Lateran, in which composition Stradella was to sing the principal part.

Nothing could have been better suited to their purpose. They determined to avail themselves of the darkness of the evening for their deed, as the composer and Hortensia were returning home. They attended the church, so anxious were they not to lose sight of their intended victim; but unluckily for their employer's design the music overpowered them, and so softened their hearts that they abandoned their murderous purpose, and instead of killing Stradella met him and confessed the whole plot, and named the reward which they had been promised had they effected their purpose.

After such a providential escape, the lovers set out that very night for Turin, while the emissaries of the Venetian nobleman returned and explained that the fugitives had escaped to Turin, where for their own safety they did not care to follow them. This intelligence exasperated the nobleman. He swore they should not baffle him. Two brigands even more desperate were engaged, and disguised as merchants, with letters of recommendation to the ambassador there, they started for Turin. But Stradella and his lady were not easy of access just then. The Duchess of Savoy had placed Hortensia in a convent, while Stradella remained at her palace as chapel-master. His fear of assassination soon, however, began to abate, till one evening as he was walking on the ramparts of the city he was attacked by two ruffians who stabbed him in the breast and made off, supposing their victim was dead. The wounds did not prove fatal, and the implacable enemy continued to have watch kept over the movements of Stradella (who when

his wounds had healed was married to Hortensia in the Duchess of Savoy's palace). Not long after this, he had occasion to visit Genoa whither he had been invited to conduct the first performance of an opera which he had composed for that city. Thither the assassins followed Stradella and his wife, and early one morning gained access to their bed-chamber, and stabbed them both to the heart.

49.—AN OBJECT OF PITY.

No one who knows Salvator Rosa's spirited song, "*Vado ben spesso*," or indeed any of his compositions, would be likely to detect in them any trace of morbid sentimentalism. Yet it pleased this all-accomplished genius, painter, poet, and musician, to fancy himself a most ill-used being. His writings are full of the bitterest complaints, and once he ventured to inform the world "that he had had more misfortunes than there are stars in the firmament, and that he had lived six lustres (thirty years) without the enjoyment of one happy day." The following translation is a fair sample of the general tone of the effusions of this painter, poet, and musician :

"No end or truce to grief I find—
Oh Fortune ! bear my case in mind !
Nor let a man of flesh and blood
For ever o'er his mis'ries brood :
Or hither come to toil and sweat,
Merely to pay great Nature's debt,
And crown the mansions of the dead
Before his labours give him bread !

"Is Heaven deaf to me alone ?
Barren the earth, and dark the sun ?

And when to peace there seems no bar,
Shall devils wage eternal war?
If I step forth to see a friend
The clouds a deluge instant send;
And ship I've never been aboard,
But winds and waves have furious roar'd.
Yet, over begg'ry to prevail,
Should I to India ever sail,
And coming back 'scape rocks and killing,
In purse I should not have a shilling.

"At market, when provisions fresh
I buy, the bones outweigh the flesh;
And if perchance I go to court,
Th' attendants at my dress make sport,
Point at my garb, threadbare and shabby,
And shun me like a leper scabby.

"My faith is Christian, sound, and true,
Yet, like an unbelieving Jew,
I'm seized without the least contrition
And hurried to the Inquisition.

"Awake, in bed, I castles build,
Which to reflection instant yield:
And, if asleep, in dreams I feel
More torture than on rack or wheel.

"While I have neither house nor home,
Others can dwell in lofty dome:
When e'en of silver, for parade,
The vilest utensils are made,
No other wealth have I than hope,
Which shows a workhouse or a rope.

"But, pray observe, when heat infernal
In summer threats our town to burn all,
And marrows melt of man and brute,
How I still trade in winter suit,
Happy I thought the life I led,
If not in want of daily bread.

“ And that conveniences and wealth
Were useless things in time of health.
And could a *painter*, senseless wretch,
A plan of life no better sketch ?
Against my skill the powers combine,
Nor let me finish one design.

“ I woods create in France and Spain,
And vessels riding on the main :
And though I find it hard to live,
With ease to others vineyards give :
With flocks, and herds, and fields of corn,
And all that nature's works adorn :
Can set a prince upon a throne
While not an inch of land's my own.

“ Fortune to me's a stranger quite,
And makes me pay each short delight
With pain and tears—substance I've none,
Nor can I from misfortune run.
While all to whom I tell my tale
In kindness thus my ears regale :

“ ‘ And are you, Rosa, so unwise,
To think the world should pictures prize ?
Or in these giddy, thoughtless times,
A value set upon your rhymes ?
No, no, they hate all toil and pains,
And he'll thrive most who's fewest brains,
For knowledge none at present dig,
Nor for your talents care a fig.’

“ Then learn from me, ye students all,
Whose wants are great and hopes are small,
That better 'tis at once to die
Than linger thus in penury ;
For 'mongst the ills with which we're curst,
To live a beggar is the worst.”

Who will not hope that Salvator Rosa finds the world which he now inhabits a little more accommodating and genial than this one appeared to him to be ?

50.—MUSICAL CORRESPONDING.

GREAT people and small are too apt to give less time and attention to corresponding than the graceful art demands. Such, therefore, might with advantage take a leaf out of Scarlatti's book, who, notwithstanding the great pressure upon his time, kept up a musical correspondence with his friend Gasparini, expressing his sentiments in tones instead of words, the effusions clearly showing how completely he applied his whole soul to the work.

The first musical epistle came from Gasparini, and was headed "*Cantata inviata dal Signor Francesco Gasparini al Signor Ales. Scarlatti.*" It was composed in the style that Scarlatti loved, and was sent as a present from Gasparini in recognition of the honour he felt to be conferred on himself in having young Domenico Scarlatti placed under him as his pupil. A reply was not long forthcoming. Scarlatti composed another cantata of a still more intricate character, entitling it "*Cantata in risposta al Signor Gasparini, del Signor Ales. Scarlatti;*" and sent it to his friend. Then came a rejoinder full of learned and abstruse modulations: to which Scarlatti again replied in a "*Seconda Cantata del Signor Ales. Scarlatti in Idea Eumana, ma in Regolo Cromatico, ed è per ogni professore;*" the music of which is most perplexing and difficult, fully justifying the composer in his title.

51.—*ETHEREAL MUSIC.*

WHILE great plagues raged in Rome during the seventeenth century, many masses were offered in St. Peter's for its intermission. For one of these, Orazio Benevoli—then *maestro di capella* at St. Peter's—composed the music, which was for six choirs, of four parts each, thus presenting a score of twenty-four real parts. It was performed in the magnificent edifice, and the happy idea was adopted of arranging the singers—over two hundred—in different circles in the dome, by which arrangement the sixth choir occupied the summit of the cupola.

Might not something of the kind be tried with good effect at St. Paul's?

52.—*A FORCIBLE REMINDER.*

JOSQUIN DE PRES, chapel-master to Louis XII. of France, was an ecclesiastic as well as a musician, and when he was first admitted into the service of this excellent prince had been promised a benefice. The promise, however, was forgotten, and Josquin, being inconvenienced by the shortness of the King's memory, took the liberty of publicly reminding him of his promise; and being then under command to compose a motet for the royal chapel, he chose part of the 119th Psalm for his subject: "Oh! think upon thy servant as concerning thy word!" which he set in so exquisite and supplicating a manner, that his Majesty took the words to heart and soon bestowed the promised preferment. For this act of generosity, Josquin, with equal felicity, composed, as a hymn of gratitude, another part of the same Psalm: "O Lord, thou hast dealt graciously with thy servant."

But that Josquin was not entirely dependent upon the

words for his musical inspiration is abundantly proved by another composition of his to the syllables "La, sol, fa, re, mi," the story of which is amusing. Josquin, tired of the royal procrastination already mentioned, applied to a friend at court to use his interest in his behalf. But the friend was quite as bad as the King. He was always protesting his zeal to perform the service when a favourable opportunity presented itself, constantly concluding with the assurance, "I shall take care of this business—*let me alone.*"

At length Josquin, tired of this vain and fruitless pledge, took the oft-repeated words of his friend, "*laissez moi faire*" (*lais-se fai-re moi*), which, by a slight facetious alteration, became the syllables of the scale, and set them to music. The result is admitted to have been a most admirable composition.

53.—UNCOMFORTABLE TIMES.

THE middle of the sixteenth century was a time when musicians seem to have been in perpetual hot water, or something even worse. The times were out of joint, and the musical *protégés* of unfortunate royalty or nobility suffered from this dislocation and were generally involved in the calamities of their patrons. Thus poor Mark Smeaton, music-master to Anne Boleyn, in spite of his having confessed to a criminal correspondence with the Queen (a confession which, though untrue, he hoped would have saved him), was executed on the 12th May, 1536. Thomas Abel's turn came next. He was in the service of Queen Catherine, and for some petty offence Henry VIII. had him hung, drawn, and quartered. David Rizzio was another victim. He was murdered in the presence of his patroness Mary, Queen of Scots, on March 9th, 1565.

"This favourite," writes Hume the historian, "was of a disagreeable figure, but was not past his youth; and though the opinion of his criminal correspondence with Queen Mary might seem of itself *unreasonable*, if not *absurd*, a suspicious husband could find no other means of accounting for that lavish and imprudent kindness with which she honoured him."

And lastly, Marbeck, organist of Windsor, whose responses are so generally used in our church service now, was nearly sharing a similar fate. For his zeal in musical matters he had the honour of being condemned to the stake, but was pardoned by the pleadings of Sir Humphry Foster.

54.—AN UNENVIABLE PERSONATION.

THE last person in the world whom we should imagine would need much prompting to figure prominently in any escapade that might by chance come in his way, would be a young and lively Irish gentleman—so well do the animal spirits of Hibernia's sons, as a rule, flow. When, then, his natural exuberance is rendered more flexible and buoyant by certain religious feasts and seasons of licence and privilege, it is easy to imagine that no very well-defined line marks the rubicon betwixt wisdom and folly. This was more than once the case with Balfe, who displayed all his countrymen's characteristics. On one occasion we find him in Rome, let loose as it were by the privileges of carnival-time. The gaily-decked and flag-strung streets are crowded with sight-seers. Cardinals, sisters, monks, visitors, tumblers, musicians, and flower-girls, all supposed to be doing nothing more harmless than sight-seeing. Balfe is not among them. Suddenly he remembered his striking likeness to his patroness (the

Countess Mazzaras), and straightway went and dressed himself in her costume and appeared at the window, making eyes and faces at the monks and other ecclesiastics as they passed by, much to their annoyance and to the enjoyment of the scandal-mongers of the place. Had Balfe but thought for a moment, he would probably have refrained from so very practical a joke ; unless, indeed, he had determined that so far as he was concerned the privileges of the time should cover a multitude of sins.

55.—*CIVIL WARFARE.*

THE brothers Beethoven, Ludwig and Johann, do not appear to have been remarkable either for the friendly terms on which they lived, or for the brotherly affection that existed between them. The fact is they were in many points diametrically opposed to each other. One was an artist, the other a man of business. Johann had money, while Ludwig had knowledge ; but neither of them possessed both, so seldom are these powerful agencies found hand in hand. The brothers were by no means bitter enemies ; but certainly from Johann's keen "eye to business" (which, by-the-bye, ultimately brought him into notoriety on the occasion of the composer's premature death), and his brother's total absence of all money-keeping qualifications, the views of each were continually clashing. Moreover, Johann had a proneness for refreshing his brother's memory upon money matters whenever the opportunity presented itself—a proceeding which invariably succeeded in annoying the composer, who, whether he would or no, could not always resent it.

On one memorable occasion, however, Johann gave

Ludwig an opportunity. This was on New Year's Day, 1823. The chemist—for this was Johann's occupation—had lately effected the purchase of a piece of land, and forthwith had cards with the following pompous words printed upon them — "Johann van Beethoven, land-owner." One of these cards was sent to the composer, who immediately appreciated the spirit in which it had been sent, and, in his usual hasty manner, snatched it up, scribbled on its back, "Ludwig van Beethoven, brain-owner," and sent it back to the source from whence it had come.

56.—*A PROFLIGATE SON.*

THE name of Rinaldo di Capua deserves to be preserved in musical history, for, if he was not the inventor of the *recitative*, he was certainly one of the first musicians who largely used that form of musical expression. But Di Capua also deserves our sympathy. His career was remarkable for its vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, the latter, unfortunately, closing his life. Among other misfortunes he could boast of a profligate son, for whom, however, the old man entertained hopes more charitable than just. Old age overtook the musician, and with it came a time of need. It would probably be the last phase in his career, thought Di Capua, so he determined to have recourse to his scores, which made a goodly pile, and would probably bring him a comparative independency. Alas! upon searching for the treasures, they were nowhere to be found; and an inquiry left little doubt that the profligate son had sold the precious manuscripts to a waste-paper dealer.

57.—*HANDEL AMONG SAVAGES.*

To express surprise at the popularity of Handel's music here at home would be to display, not alone a total want of musical perception or discrimination, but it would also suggest to the mind of every liberally-educated being the thought that he, or she, who could venture such an expression was in much the same state as a man or woman who had not read Shakespeare, Bulwer Lytton, or Dickens, so much a part and parcel of us has Handel's music now become. When, however, one reads of the performance of Handel's music among the savage tribes of Africa, it is almost impossible to keep back a smile or to wonder what its especial charm can be for such folks as the Ashantees, Fantees, and Hottentots. Yet it is an indubitable fact that this composer's music has reached far into the interior of many savage wilds, where, in a more or less perfect manner, it is played by, and captivates the natives. Many travellers have testified to this. Mr. Bowdich, for instance, in a work entitled "*Mission from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee*," states that in the Empoöngwa country he encountered a performing negro, from the interior country of Imbeekee, whose appearance was as loathsome as his music was astonishing. He had a wooden harp, with eight strings of palm-wine-tree roots, the tone of which was very musical, rich, and resonant. He ran through a variety of tones and accompanied them with his voice, all at once bursting forth in the notes of the "*Hallelujah Chorus*" of Handel!

"To meet with this chorus," says the traveller, "in the wilds of Africa, and from such a being, had an effect I can scarcely describe, and I was lost in astonishment at the coincidence."

It is to be feared, however, that judging by our late African experiences, even Handel's music, whatever its 'charms,' has not yet succeeded in 'soothing the savage breast.'

58.—*AN ARDENT ADMIRER.*

Few composers have followed closely in the track which Gluck opened for them, and perhaps we may not regret this; for with all the noble simplicity of Gluck's style there is a want of warm fervour in his music, for which all its strength and nobility of character do not atone. Of those who may be called disciples of Gluck, Mehul the Belgian composer is certainly the most noteworthy. The circumstance that led him to associate himself with Gluck is most interesting. At the age of sixteen the musically gifted youth set his foot on the Paris pavement. Politically and artistically this was an exciting time for the gay city; and the hero of not a little of the (artistic) commotion was Gluck, whose opera of "*Iphigénie en Tauride*" was on the eve of representation.

With all the ardour of a novice and a devotee, the young musical student immediately threw himself into the affray, and by the aid of a friend he succeeded in gaining admittance to the theatre for the final rehearsal of Gluck's opera. This so enchanted him that he resolved to be present at the public performance. But unluckily for the resolve, he had no money, and no prospect of obtaining any, so, with a determination and a love for art which deserves to be remembered, he decided to hide himself in one of the boxes and there to wait for the time of representation.

"At the end of the rehearsal," writes George Hogarth in his "*Memoirs of the Drama*," "he was discovered in

his place of concealment by the servants of the theatre, who proceeded to turn him out very roughly. Gluck, who had not left the house, heard the noise, came to the spot, and found the young man, whose spirit was roused, resisting the indignity with which he was treated. Mehul, finding in whose presence he was, was ready to sink with confusion; but in answer to Gluck's questions, told him that he was a young musical student from the country, whose anxiety to be present at the performance of the opera had led him into the commission of an impropriety.

Gluck, as may be supposed, was delighted with a piece of enthusiasm so flattering to himself, and not only gave his young admirer a ticket of admission, but desired his acquaintance." From this artistic *contretemps*, then, arose a friendship alike creditable to the goodness and generosity of Gluck, as it was to the sincerity and high order of Mehul's musical talent.

59.—CONSPICUOUS BY ABSENCE.

A good illustration of the old joke about playing "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet omitted was supplied by Mehul in his opera "Uthal." In composing this work, for some reason best known to himself, Mehul elected to dispense with violins altogether; and the singers were therefore accompanied by a band without any fiddles in it. Happily it has never been our lot to listen to an orchestra thus constituted, but the effect produced on nerves and ears may be fairly guessed from the neat remark of Grétry while listening to it: "Heavens! I would give a louis to hear a cricket chirp just now!"

60.—A VENETIAN ROMANCE.

"Music," "Love," and "Wine" make a triad that has done duty in many a poem and libretto. An equally effective one might be formed of "Music, Love, and Madness." How many operatic heroes and heroines have gone mad through love, and have either died to music or been restored to reason by its means! "Caterina," "Lucia," "Lionel," "Dinorah," "Linda," "Margherita," "Elvira," and plenty more, either point to a remarkable poverty of invention on the part of librettists, or to the existence of some law of nature which we prosaic folk never experience. One such instance, however, is related as historical. All musicians know by name, if not by any acquaintance with his music, Benedetto Marcello, the composer of "I Salmi" and other works. It is said that he was the hero of a romance which in its way is far more worthy to be dramatised than the adventures of his fellow-musician Stradella, of whom Flotow has made operatic capital.

Marcello was the victim of a hopeless passion for a beautiful lady, Leonora Manfrotti, and on the occasion of her marriage to Paolo Seranzo, a Venetian of high rank, Marcello was unwise enough to send her a rose and a *billet-doux* containing words more complimentary to the lady's beauty than to her taste in the choice of a husband. This epistle coming to Seranzo's notice, caused him so violent a fit of jealousy that he tormented his young wife by supervision and suspicion to such an extent that she actually sank under his ill-treatment and died. Her body was laid out in state in the church "Dei Fari," and here Marcello seeing it, learned the ill effects of his rash passion. He fell into a state of melancholy madness, and

at last, having with the craft and ingenuity of a madman succeeded in stealing the body of his love, he conveyed it to a ruined crypt in one of the neighbouring islands, which, bearing the reputation of being haunted, was seldom visited by any one. Here, watched only by a faithful old nurse, he sat day and night watching the dead form of Leonora, singing and playing to it as though by the force of music he would recall her to life.

Long ere this, Venice, and indeed Italy, was full of excitement at the compositions of some unknown musician (no other than Marcello). Among other admirers of this music was Eliade, twin sister of Leonora, and resembling her so closely that even friends could scarcely distinguish her. Eliade had even been affected to insensibility by the strains of the unknown, and hearing one day a gondola pass in which a voice was singing one of the songs which was an especial favourite in such a way as she had never heard it sung before, she followed and traced the gondola to the deserted island. A visit to this island resulted in a meeting with the old nurse, and a few explanations. The ingenious woman contrived to take advantage of a short absence of Marcello, and, substituting the living sister for the dead one, awaited the mad musician. This time, however, his usual invocations were not in vain : as he called on Leonora to awake, a living image rose from the coffin, and Marcello, restored to happiness by the delusion, was quite content with the exchange when he found out that, although the lady was not Leonora, she was a devoted admirer of his musical skill, and professed an "affinity of soul" for him, in which her sister had been wanting.

Their happiness was short-lived, for Marcello died a few years after their marriage, leaving a musical re-

putation which gives a fresh interest to this romantic story.

61.—A PREPARED DISCORD.

ONE sure test of a good orchestra and a bad one is the difference in the dissonance and duration of the period of "tuning up." At its best, the noise is more peculiar than pleasing, even when its most disagreeable features are drowned in a flood of eccentric chords on the pedal note given out by the organ; but at its worst, in the amateur "scratch band," it produces an effect on the nerves which is so frightful that, supposing Dante ever to have heard such "a row," it is surprising that he did not include it in his ingenious train of torments. Possibly there may be people who like it, and we have heard certain effects in passages occurring in the "music of the future" which closely resemble it. But there is no accounting for tastes.

A good conductor contrives to have his band in such training and discipline that the period of agony is shortened as much as possible, and thereby lessens to some extent the chances of so upsetting the musical organisation of any of his audience as to defy the powers of a Haydn minuet, a scherzo of Mendelssohn, or a Beethoven adagio to put them together again—at any rate for that evening. To avoid the "tuning up" altogether seems impracticable—unless folks like to lose the programme openings. Possibly many prefer this; hence the late arrivals.

Handel, it seems, was peculiarly sensitive to the horrors of the "tuning-up" period, and arranged that it should all take place before the audience had assembled; so that not a sound of scraping or blowing was to be heard before the opening chords of the performance itself. Unfortu-

nately, however, on one occasion somebody with a turn for practical joking contrived to gain access to the orchestra, where the ready-tuned instruments were lying, and, with diabolical dexterity, put every string and crook out of tune.

In due course came Mr. Handel, who, with his usual air of superiority, moved into his place. The uproar of applause ceased, and the conductor's *bâton* was raised for the down-beat that should start the performance. No sooner did the wand fall than a most unearthly crash followed; the discord was terrible. Poor Handel went nearly mad. He started from his place, and, after wreaking his vengeance upon a drum and a double-bass, he, *minus* his wig, hurried from the stage, snorting with rage and vowing vengeance upon him "vat take such a vicked liberty."

62.—UNENVIABLE NOTORIETY.

CELEBRITY, like royalty, has its drawbacks, and shares the "fierce light which beats upon a throne." Musical celebrity has been a great sufferer. The result has been that not only have many strictly private documents found their way into print, but a mass of 'detail' has also been made public, which is utterly puerile and ridiculous. No one has suffered more from this than Beethoven. The tale-mongers collected every detail of his habits and manners, spared neither private letters nor *billets-doux*, and threw them all into the market to take care of themselves, and win their way as they best could.

We all know of the result. Beethoven has gained an unenviable notoriety for picking his teeth with snuffers, and for being addicted to light puddings, and woollen comforters. But this is not all. We are told of his

liaisons with princesses and coffee-shop maids; of his hand-to-hand combats with his servants or housekeepers; of fortnight's warnings to kitchen-maids and cooks; of his flinging half a dozen books at the head of Nancy; and lastly, how on another occasion he aimed "a dish full of stewed beef and gravy at the head of a waiter standing with his hands full in the dining-room of the Swan, while he and Beethoven swore and shouted, and the general company roared with laughter."

"Specials," literary "correspondents," etc. ! why stop here? Why not give to the world an interesting volume of Haydn's washing bills, Mozart's travelling items, Mendelssohn's weekly books, and Grizi's doctor's account?

63.—A STRING OF NECESSITIES.

No two people probably work under precisely the same circumstances. One must have his study and work-table arranged after his own fancy, otherwise ideas will not come, and the pen will not go. Another cannot possibly pen a line with his boots on. Some men cannot work unless their table is strewn pell-mell with papers, useless quills, and such like; while, on the other hand, the table, the room, and its surroundings must be the perfection of neatness before many individuals can set themselves down to sketch out an article or a few bars of music.

Some of our composers were, seemingly, very fastidious in their preliminaries before getting to work. Haydn, though "solitary and sober as Newton," could neither compose on paper nor extemporise upon his piano unless he had on the diamond ring which Frederick the Great had sent him; then the paper on which he wrote

had to be the finest and whitest possible, or he could not summon a single idea.

Rossini could write best when he was under the influence of Italian-wine and sparkling champagne. Paesiello liked the warm bed in which to jot down his musical notions, and we are told that "it was between the sheets that he planned the 'Barber of Seville,' the 'Molinara,' and so many other *chef d'œuvres* of ease and gracefulness." Mozart could chat and play at billiards or bowls at the same time that he composed the most beautiful music. Sacchini found it impossible to write anything of any beauty unless a pretty woman was by his side, and he was surrounded by his cats, whose graceful antics stimulated and affected him in a marked fashion. Beethoven could write best after a run—sometimes bare-headed through three or four streets around his lodging—or a walk in the fields had a wonderful influence upon him.

"Gluck," Bombet says, "in order to warm his imagination and to transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with his piano before him, and a bottle of champagne on each side, he wrote in the open air his two 'Iphigenias,' his 'Orpheus,' and some other works." Cimarosa had a strange taste. He delighted in noise, and to be surrounded with ten or a dozen gabbling friends, when he composed. Our well-informed friend, Bombet, states of him that it was while he was amusing himself with such a circle of gossips "that he projected his 'Orazj' and his 'Matrimonio Segreto,' that is to say, the finest and most original serious opera, and the first comic opera of the Italian theatre. Frequently in a single night he wrote the

subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends."

Zingarelli used to prepare himself by an hour's reference to his missal, a classical author, or with the writings of some saint, after which the melodic stream poured forth copiously. Not the least noted for his eccentricity was Anfossi, the Italian—a composer of great promise; but alas! "whom the gods love—" This genius could create music, but only under the circumstances of being surrounded by smoking hot fowls and Bologna sausages, which by their fumes seem to have inspired his imagination and stimulated the brain through the nose no less efficiently than through the stomach.

Lastly, there was Sarti, whose muse sang at no time or place but amid the funereal gloom of a dark room, dimly lighted by a single taper; and during those small hours which precede the dawn. "In this way," writes Bombet, "he wrote the 'Medonte,' the rondo 'Mia Speranza,' and the finest air known, I mean to say, 'La dolce Campagna.'"

64.—CHAGRIN.

It must be distressing indeed to one full of honours to find himself brought face to face with the fact of his own decaying powers: to see the beginning of the end of his reputation, and to know that in his person

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

This trial frequently falls to the lot of those who least deserve it, and among others who have suffered from it must be placed Corelli, whose death indeed may be traced to that cause. About the year 1708 Corelli visited Naples, whither he had been invited by the King, who

wished to hear one whom he had heard so much praised. Corelli knew but little of the skill of the Neapolitans, and, fearful lest he should not be well accompanied, he took with him his own second violin and violoncello. He was entreated to play some of his concertos before the King, but declined for awhile on the ground that his complete band was not with him, and that there was no time to rehearse others. At length he consented, and was not a little astonished to find that the Neapolitan musicians played his compositions at sight, as well as his own band did after repeated rehearsals.

He next played one of his sonatas before the King, who, however, found the adagio so dry and tiring, that without any ado he left the room, much to the mortification of Corelli.

On another occasion it is said this great violinist cut a pitiful figure during this stay at Naples. He was leading in the performance of a masque which Scarlatti had composed—the violin part of which was written in anything but a playable style. Corelli failed in some of his passages, while the native violinists performed them with perfect ease.

This disgrace so mortified Corelli, that he stole quietly back to Rome, and there fell into a state of melancholy and moroseness, which soon terminated fatally.

He had amassed a large fortune which, together with a valuable collection of pictures, he bequeathed to his patron, Cardinal Ottoboni, who kept the pictures but generously distributed the money among the poor.

Corelli's was an excellent band, perfect and accurate not alone to the ear but to the eye also—for he maintained and insisted that it was "essential to a band that their bows should all move exactly together, all up, or

all down ; so that at his rehearsal, which constantly preceded every public performance of his concertos, he would immediately stop the band if he saw an irregular bow."

65.—*A GOOD MEMORY.*

DESPITE his difficult and petulant temper, Beethoven had a warm heart for those in distress ; and, moreover, he never forgot any one who had rendered him a good service. For instance, when his mother lay ill at Bonn, and he hurried home from Vienna only in time to witness her death, he found himself after the funeral reduced to such poverty that he would have starved had it not been for the kindness of Ries, the violinist, who advanced him a little money.

Years and years afterwards young Ries, an aspirant for musical fame, waited upon Beethoven with a note of introduction from his father ; and besides receiving an assurance of Beethoven's friendship and recommendation, he was the happy bearer of the following message : "Tell your father that I have not forgotten the death of my mother."

66.—*A MYTH.*

IN the mass of anecdotes and gossip which collects round the biography of any celebrated person there may generally be found a stratum of "fibs," some of them given and repeated on the authority of intimate friends, and yet of a falseness which is sooner or later proved.

An instance in point is the famous story given in Madame Moscheles' "Recollections," as follows : Moscheles during his lifetime arranged some of the numbers of "Fidelio," which he one day took to the composer

that he might examine and give his opinion upon the merits of the arrangements. Moscheles had, *à la* Haydn, inscribed his score with the words, "By God's help," which Beethoven did not fail to perceive; and when Moscheles next received the MSS. he found underneath this 'phylactery' the following characteristic advice: "O man, help thyself!"

A very nice story, no doubt, but not to be credited of Beethoven. A friend of the writer's was assured by Felix Moscheles that the circumstance never took place, and that he regretted, and was at a loss to account for, any such story becoming circulated.

It will be remembered that it does not appear in Moscheles' biography of Beethoven.

67.—A DOUBTFUL ATTRACTION.

THE members of the musical profession are, as we have said elsewhere in this volume, not noteworthy for their business qualities, nor are those of the clerical; when, therefore, these two parties come to matters of 'business,' as is frequently the case in engaging organists and choirs, the results are frequently peculiar, the bargains eccentric, and the expectations on both sides doomed to disappointment.

Nothing short of a revolution both in the clerical mind and in the musical, will probably cure this: but the necessity of carefully "looking before you leap" is shown by the story of Handel's application for the post of organist at Lubeck—when (luckily for himself) he found that a somewhat unusual stipulation was to be enforced by the cathedral authorities. When the composer of the "Messiah" was but a young man the Lubeck organistship became vacant. His exchequer being hardly com-

mensurate with his wants, Handel trudged to Lubeck in view of securing the appointment. Musically speaking, all was right. It was a splendid organ, the duties were light, and the pay was good. But there was something more: the retiring organist's daughter to marry! Whoever desired the organ must take the maiden with it. Here was the barrier. The charms of the girl were anything but a stimulant to the bargain, so Handel retired, congratulating himself that although he was inseparably wedded to the art of music, he was still free to enjoy the charms of bachelor life.

By the way, why do not organists take a warning from Handel's example? The least experienced must know that the stereotyped form of engagement, salary, and period of notice in the event of a termination being needed, is not sufficient, now that that "little knowledge" of music is tacking itself on to one and all. Everybody is musical to a degree in church. "Musical curates" have their views—generally divided between the two stools of Anglicanism and Gregorianism; the rich members of the congregation have some other ideas, while the poorer and plainer folks have whims on music quite as worthy of attention as are the others. Now the organist has to meet all these opposite critics, can it be wondered at that betimes he falls and seems to fail deplorably?

Organists and choir-masters, great and small, would do well to have their powers more minutely defined, and instead of trusting to verbal understandings, have everything set down in black and white; not so much from fear of dishonest dealing, but as a safeguard against the whims of influential worshippers, who take to themselves musical notions. By making these precautions before

accepting organistships, etc., a number of petty squabbles could be averted, and the responsibilities of office would be better understood.

68.—*THOSE RUDE BOYS!*

MOSCHELES vouches for the truth of the following anecdote concerning Beethoven:

"When I came early in the morning to Beethoven, he was still lying in bed; he happened to be in remarkably good spirits, jumped up immediately, and placed himself just as he was at the window looking out on the Schottenbastei with the view of examining the 'Fidelio' numbers which I had arranged.

"Naturally a crowd of street boys collected under the window; when he roared out: 'Now, what do those confounded boys want?'

"I laughed, and pointed to his own figure.

"'Yes, yes, you are quite right,' he said, and hastily put on a dressing-gown."

69.—*A LOVE WOUND.*

PERHAPS the greatest charm of life is the obscurity of its future. Could we but peep a few years, or even months, ahead, how different probably would be our words and deeds; and no doubt some such prescience would have greatly affected the decision at which the Neapolitan judge arrived, when Bellini sought his daughter's hand and heart. Alas! the cute lawyer objected to the social position of the composer, and gave little heed to his promise for the future, or to his girl's entreaties.

The refusal was too much for poor Bellini. He quitted Naples for Milan, and there built a fame which soon found its way round Europe. With his "Norma" score

under his arm Bellini was a made man. Full of pride and joy he set out for the city, which but a year or two previously he had left with such a heavy heart. The scene of his studies, his youthful life, and the home of her he loved, was little altered. Yet how changed for him! All Naples awaited to welcome him, the first living composer of Italy.

For some their friendship came too late: disappointed love had found its solace in gratified ambition. The old judge desired a reconciliation, but Bellini refused.

Shortly afterwards the poor heroine of the story died, much to the grief and concern of Bellini—who, sad to say, soon followed her.

70.—*GENIUS AND STUDY.*

HOWEVER true it may be of musicians that they “are born and not made,” yet music is not an art which can set aside the aid of science. There is no royal road to perfection in it, and it is only cruel kindness to encourage the “infant phenomenon” who shows a strong gift for music, to compose or perform until he has properly studied the science of his art. Trained genius can no doubt afford to break rules now and then, but we very seldom detect departures from those rules even in the works of the great masters.

The spirit of self-assertion and resistance of authority, which seems to be the prevailing sentiment of this latter half of the nineteenth century, has shown itself strongly among composers. We have new modulations, startling progressions, ingenious discords, and too often shapelessness instead of form, novelty for beauty, incoherent maundering in place of melody. And this is music! Nor is it to be wondered at that ill-regulated emotions

or want of self-culture should reflect itself in art work, as it assuredly does, only to be distasteful, except perhaps to a few superficial critics, who call it "originality!" It is a pity that it should be so. There have been geniuses in past times with the same tendencies, but who have seen, and departed from, the error of their ways.

One such was Nicolo Piccini (born at Bari in 1728), who, in the early days of his career, showed traces of this runaway genius. He "was designed for the Church; but his propensity for music was such that his father was obliged to give way to it, and he was placed in the Conservatory of St. Onophrio, then under the direction of Leo. His ardent genius rendered him impatient of the slow and formal mode of tuition to which he was subjected by the subordinate teacher to whose care he was committed. Without rules, or any other guide than the music he had an opportunity of hearing, he indulged his inclination for composition by writing psalms and oratorio and opera airs, and at last, a whole mass.

"This irregular conduct was reported to Leo, who sent for the culprit, and ordered him in a severe tone to produce his score. Piccini, in great alarm, went to fetch it, and put it into the master's hands. Leo turned over the leaves, and ordered that it should be immediately tried. The performers were summoned and the parts distributed; and when all was ready, Leo gravely put his conductor's *bâton* into the young composer's hands, and desired him to beat the time.

"Piccini, in great confusion, saw nothing for it but to obey, and, giving the signal with a trembling hand, the piece commenced. As it went on the youthful *maestro* forgot his fears, and conducted the performance with

decision and fire, and the auditory were charmed with the spirit and effect of the music.

"Everybody loaded the composer with praises, except Leo, who, after remaining for some time silent, reproved Piccini for thus abusing the delightful gift he had received from Nature. 'Instead of studying the principles of the art,' he said, 'you give yourself up to all the flights of your imagination; and when, without plan or rule, you have succeeded in making what you call a score, you think you have accomplished a masterpiece.'

"Piccini's spirit was roused by this reproach, and he declared that he had been impelled to the efforts so severely blamed, by the useless and unmeaning lessons to which he was subject, and which had disgusted him with study.

"Leo, feeling that the youth was in the right, spoke to him kindly, and desired him to attend every morning, in order to receive instructions from himself."

71.—A "RAPE OF A LOCK."

ALL who are familiar with the portrait of Beethoven must have felt that however fine and expressive the features were, the head was an unusually untidy one; and this makes it all the more difficult to understand how the most devoted admirer of the man could have wished to possess a lock of that uncomfortable-looking hair.

Yet such requests were so frequent that although the portraits show us an abundant supply, the composer of "Fidelio" would very soon have been quite bald if he had gratified one-twentieth part of the applications which reached him. Many of his most intimate acquaintances and his favourite lady-pupils received some such *souvenirs*, but it was seldom that the outside world received

any reward for their pains in asking. In connection with these requests there is this tale :

"The wife of a pianoforte-player and composer in Vienna, who had long possessed a desire for a lock of Beethoven's hair, one day induced her husband to ask a friend of the composer's to intercede for her, and if possible procure her the relic she desired.

"The friend went to Beethoven and 'persuaded him to send the lady a lock of hair from a goat's beard, which Beethoven's coarse grey hair nearly resembled; and when she was pluming herself on her treasure, another friend, a party to the trick which had been practised, informed the hero-worshipper of the deception.

"The husband wrote an indignant letter to Beethoven, upbraiding him with the mockery, and so fairly shamed the composer for the discourtesy and unkindness of the jest in which he had joined, that he wrote a letter of apology to the aggrieved lady, enclosing in it a real lock of his hair, and refused to receive further visits from the gentleman who had prompted him to play the deception.'"

72.—"*OUT OF TWO EVILS CHOOSE THE LEAST.*"

DIFFERENT folks, of course, may, and do, have totally dissimilar reasons for marrying, but on the whole either love, money, or beauty is the loadstar for this pilgrimage. Yet it is clear that marriages have been made with ends in view totally unique from such attractions as those above-mentioned.

Our countryman Field (the composer of many beautiful "Nocturnes," which deserve to be more frequently heard) affords us an example of this, and one, too, with some novelty in it. Before this clever composer and

pianist enjoyed the bliss of matrimony he numbered among his pupils one from whom it was exceedingly difficult to obtain his fee. Finally, however, Mr. Field joined hands with this delinquent, and wherever he went made no secret of the fact that she had been his pupil, and that he had only married her to get free from giving her lessons which, by the way, she never paid for, and he was quite sure she never would.

73.—*THE TRUE VEIN.*

BEETHOVEN, fortunately, or unfortunately, was possessed of one of those strange natures which can never accommodate themselves to the world, however agreeably the course of things may go. In Beethoven's case life proved a very crotchety thing, and there was a good deal of "contrary motion" about it, which, it may be imagined, did not augment his serenity of mind and temper. Poor Beethoven! His head frequently rested very uneasily, and this, too, without the redeeming "crown." Unquestionably there was within him the germ of a most tender and socially-inclined disposition; but alas! all he did, even his very music, was misunderstood, till it was too late.

Frequently, glimpses of the true vein showed themselves in such little episodes as that which occurred when Moscheles, accompanied by his brother, visited the great musician for the first time.

"Arrived at the door of the house," writes Moscheles, "I had some misgivings, knowing Beethoven's strong aversion to strangers. I therefore told my brother to wait below.

"After greeting Beethoven, I said: 'Will you permit me to introduce my brother to you?'

“ ‘Where is he ?’ he suddenly replied.

“ ‘Below !’

“ ‘What, downstairs !’ and Beethoven immediately rushed off, seized hold of my brother, saying: ‘Am I such a savage that you are afraid to come near me ?’

“ ‘After this he showed great kindness to us.’”

74.—*A FALSE ACCUSATION.*

“HE that says what he likes will hear what he doesna like,” runs the proverb ; and so it was with Salieri, who in his lifetime was so bitterly jealous of Mozart that when the composer of “Don Giovanni” died, Salieri was credited with having poisoned him. Literally, this was untrue, but there is no doubt whatever that he had poisoned many an hour of poor Mozart’s short existence. Strange to say, Salieri had his day for his dog-like behaviour. He never prospered, but grew old, weak ; and poor, ultimately finding his death-bed in the common hospital of Vienna. There he was visited by Moscheles, to whom Salieri made the following statement about the Mozart affair : “My dear Moscheles, I assure you there is not a grain of truth in the report—you know—Mozart, whom I am said to have poisoned. Let the world know, dear Moscheles, that old Salieri on his death-bed declared this to you.”

75.—*AN ARTIST ON AN ARTIST.*

HAYDN made many friends and received many marks of respect during the four years or so that he was in England after the death of his patron Prince Esterhazy, in 1790 ; but there were few with whom he was on better terms, or who took greater pains to pay due and proper respect to his genius, than did the Prince of Wales

(George IV.). Among other flattering compliments, this affable prince commissioned Reynolds to paint Haydn's portrait.

At the first sitting Reynolds was neither satisfied nor successful, for the musician grew tired of the process of sitting, his usually grave features becoming even more thoughtful and sad than ever. On the second and third sittings the same thing occurred, so that the painter began to fear lest he should not be able to execute the royal commission at all satisfactorily. Reynolds even went to the prince and explained the difficulty, whereupon his Highness laid the following innocent plot. It happened that he had in his service a pretty German girl, with whom he arranged that when Haydn was next to be at the painter's house for a sitting, she should also be there, elegantly attired and adorned with flowers.

Soon after Haydn had taken his seat in the painting-room, as Sir Joshua had anticipated, he soon showed signs of uneasiness. Suddenly, however, by a secret signal from the painter, the fair compatriot made an appearance. She instantly went up to the musician and in her native tongue exclaimed: "Oh! great man of my fatherland, how happy I am to see thee and to stand in thy presence!" Haydn, delighted at such an outburst of enthusiasm, embraced her and inquired of her antecedents, his face all the while beaming with pleasure.

The *ruse* succeeded. All the while that this animated conversation between "papa" and the maid had been going on, Reynolds was busy with his crayons lest he should lose an opportunity which he felt might never occur twice.

When the conversation was over and the trick made known to Haydn, he was agreeably surprised, and con-

gratulated the painter upon his successful sketch, as well as upon the very agreeable means which had been devised to obtain such a result.

76.—*TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.*

WE have great admiration for Bach's music, which we take to be one of the most precious bequests to the world's great *repertoire*. Peculiar as it is in its colouring, its forms and effects, it nevertheless abounds in almost indescribable beauties which are not to be met with in any other composer's works. Then, again, every phrase of it is full of meaning, affording much scope for the inquiring musician, and the plodding student, to whom we can safely recommend the immortalised Thuringian, as holding exactly the same position in respect to music as does Euclid to mathematics. For these and many more reasons the musician enjoys Bach's music quite as much as the intoxicating melodies of Italy's composers.

Who then would suppose that such music could send one to sleep? Still it has been known to act as an opiate. Whatever we may hold in theory, in practice even the best music has frequently been found to have this result. Those who think with us, therefore, and who have a musical reputation to sustain, may perhaps be glad to have the opportunity of quoting the example of Count Kaiserling, a contemporary of Bach's, and at one time Russian ambassador at the court of Saxony. This count was a great admirer of Bach's music, and had a musician specially instructed in its intricacies and characteristics. His name was Goldberg; and, poor fellow, he seems, from all accounts, to have had rather a hard post, for his music-loving master was troubled with sleepless nights, and he was accustomed to wile away his intervals of

sleeplessness with music. With this object in view, "the count," Forkel tells us, "once said to Bach that he should like to have some harpsichord pieces for Goldberg, which should be of a soothing and rather cheerful character, that he might be a little amused by them in his sleepless nights. Bach thought he could best fulfil this wish by variations, which the count always called *his* variations. He was never weary of hearing them, and for a long time afterwards, when the sleepless nights came, he used to say, 'Dear Goldberg, do play me one of my variations.' " Bach was perhaps never so well rewarded for any work as for this: the count made him a present of a golden goblet filled with a hundred louis d'or, which points to the fact that the variations answered their purpose admirably; at least so far as the count was concerned. The difficulty, however, is that while such music must be adapted to send one person to sleep, it must not be of such a character as to prevent the performer from keeping awake.

77.—"PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE."

How to keep one's umbrella has been presented to most people as a serious problem for a thoughtful mind. The best solution yet propounded is due to Cherubini, and may be briefly summed up in a few words: "Never lend your umbrella." One day Cherubini was walking along a *boulevard* in Paris when it began to rain. A gentleman passing by in his carriage recognised the *maestro*, and alighting, begged that Cherubini would take the reins and drive home. The gentleman, who was going in a different direction, said, "Will you, M. Cherubini, lend me your umbrella?" "No; I never lend my umbrella," was Cherubini's reply, as he drove off; and whatever we

may think of his courtesy, there cannot be two opinions about his prudence.

78.—*A PAINSTAKING CRITIC.*

“He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee at thy need,”

says Shakespeare in the “*Passionate Pilgrim*,” and the philosophy is very fine, if everybody would only act up to it. Unfortunately, however, folks will not do so, and while many “friends” are forthcoming, their “help” creeps up in sorry form.

From the following anecdote Handel does not appear to have been any other than a friend who gave action to his word, and that, too, at some personal pains. Dr. Maurice Greene, whose compositions, whether for the Church or the chamber, were never remarkably fine, having solicited Handel’s perusal and opinion of a solo anthem which he had just finished, was invited by the great German to take his coffee with him the next morning, when he would say what he thought of it. The doctor was punctual in his attendance; the coffee was served, and a variety of topics discussed, but not a word said by Handel concerning the composition; at length Greene, whose patience was exhausted, said, with eagerness and anxiety which he could no longer conceal: “Well, sir, but my anthem—what do you think of it?” “Oh! your anthem. Ah! I did tink dat it wanted air.” “Air,” said Greene. “Yes, air; and so I did hang it out of de vindow,” replied Handel.

79.—*MUSIC AND PAINTING.*

THESE two arts are, up to a certain point, closely allied, and this association is more sympathetic with some

constitutions than with others. No one probably who has listened to much music can have refrained at times to connect such and such a movement with some gem in painting that they have seen, or to have associated some particular colour with the performances of particular singers; while as regards the different composers it is admitted on all sides that their styles are capable of being termed correlative without the least exaggeration or straining of sentiment. As a sample of this emotional relationship we follow Bombet's fancy, which places

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Pergolesi and Cimarosa | } as the Raphaels of music. |
| Paesiello | „ Guido. |
| Durante | „ Leonardo da Vinci. |
| Hasse | „ Rubens. |
| Handel | „ Michael Angelo. |
| Galuppi | „ Bassano. |
| Jomelli | „ Lewis Caracci. |
| Gluck | „ Caravaggio. |
| Piccini | „ Titian. |
| Sacchini | „ Correggio. |
| Vinci | „ Fra Bartolomeo. |
| Anfossi | „ Albano. |
| Zingarelli | „ Guerchino. |
| Mayer | „ Carlo Maratti. |
| Mozart | „ Domenichino. |

To extend this list would not be difficult. We can see in Haydn the Tintoretto of music: in Beethoven the Rembrandt: Weber is the Delaroche of music: Bach the Holbein; in Bennett the Corot: Wagner the Millais: and Mendelssohn the Turner: Rossini (uncomplimentary as

it may be to say so) the Gustave Doré: Schumann in Fuseli, and Spohr in Constable. We shall say nothing of certain composers who, however, suggest irresistibly the performances of the man who disfigures the pavements in the neighbourhood of Carlton House Terrace with coloured chalks, producing in fine panoramic style a shipwreck, a sunset, an oyster shell, his own name and address, a broken plate, and a mackerel.

Nor is this relationship to be found only with composers and painters. Some people can never dissociate certain colours from the singing of certain singers. Lumley, late *impresario* at her Majesty's, was such an one; and his remarks upon the subject in his "Reminiscences of the Opera," are well worth reading.

Some day perhaps we shall have this phase of the philosophy of music receiving more attention than it gets at present. It certainly deserves it, as indeed does the whole subject of music and emotion.

80.—A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

LOVERS of Purcell's cathedral music will remember his fine anthem, "They that go down to the sea in ships," with its low D, such a terror to the ordinary bass singer; but probably few of those who have heard the anthem are aware of the circumstances which gave rise to the composition. Charles II. had built a yacht (which, *en passant*, we may state was christened "The Tubbs," in honour of the Duchess of Portsmouth!). No sooner was the vessel off the stocks than the King and some of his friends set out for a sail round the Kentish coast, and, to add the pleasures of song to the charms of congenial society, Gostling, the *basso profundo* of the Chapel-royal, was invited to join the party and sing one or two songs.

Alas ! another occupation was in store for him. A storm arose, and increased with such violence that it became a case of "all hands on deck." The King, Duke of York, Gostling, and the rest, had to apply themselves to the sails, etc. Happily the hurricane abated, and the occupants of the yacht landed in safety ; nevertheless the occurrence had so affected Gostling that he determined to offer up his gratitude in song. Accordingly he selected the nautical passages of Scripture, of which the words of this anthem consist, and begged Purcell to set them with special regard to the capabilities of his (Gostling's) voice. Purcell did so ; and the low notes of the bass solo enable us to judge in a measure of the magnificent organ that this singer must have possessed. Charles II. was the only one of the yachting party who did not hear the composition, when Gostling first sang it in the Chapel-royal.

81.—UNION IS STRENGTH.

THE popular opera "*La Dame Blanche*," generally ascribed to the pen of Boieldieu, offers a singular refutation to that well-known proverb which comments so severely upon the efforts of "too many cooks." Certainly "*The White Lady*" did not owe her existence to any culinary combination, but it is believed on good grounds that no fewer than three musicians had a hand in the composition, so that the *maestro* whose name it bears is hardly entitled to all the credit generally paid him. It appears that Boieldieu had two favourite pupils—Adolphe Adam, and Théodore Labarre, to whom Boieldieu confided his engagement to compose another opera—adding that being somewhat pressed he should expect them, as good pupils, to render him all the assistance they could. Labarre,

therefore, contributed three themes which now find a place in the third act. Adam contributed some pieces which figure in the first and second acts. The cream of the thing, however, was supplied in the overture. The day preceding the performance of the opera had arrived before even a note of the overture was composed, and Boieldieu, who was responsible for it, was so "knocked up" with fatigue of constant rehearsals, that he could hardly give it a thought. He called to him Adam and Labarre, and said:

"My children, I am a ruined man if you forsake me to-night."

Not a moment was to be lost. The themes for the overture were chosen, and the work of instrumenting them was divided between the three musicians. Boieldieu took the andante, the two others the remaining movements.

As the day began to dawn, the overture was completed, and was being copied, studied, and rehearsed, while the composers were all three at Boieldieu's house sleeping off their night's fatigue.

82.—ROSSINI AND MOZART.

HERE is another clue to the problem which so many have attempted to solve, concerning Rossini's reason for ceasing to compose when still a young man. The composer of the "Barbiere," lounging on a sofa in his dressing-gown and slippers, was one morning chatting to a familiar friend upon the subject of music, when at last the visitor ventured the question which he had long been anxious to put to the great operatic writer.

"Why is it, signor, that you have been silent so long

when your inspirations live in the highest regions of the art?"

Rossini made no reply. He quietly moved towards his pianoforte, which he opened, and drifting leisurely over its keys he gave out a beautiful passage from "*Don Giovanni*."

"There, my dear friend," said he, as he finished playing, "to compose music after such as that is simply to carry water to a springing well."

83.—A FATAL PRESCRIPTION.

Two hundred years ago there existed in St. Anne's Lane, Westminster, a public-house known as "Purcell's Head," at the outside of which was a half-length portrait of Henry Purcell (organist of the neighbouring Abbey) in a night-gown and wig, as a sign-board. This house was the *rendez-vous* of the "vicar's choral" of the Abbey, and night after night it resounded with the convivial strains of glees and catches, which flavoured very strongly of the genius who figured so prominently "in undress uniform" at the front of the house. Harmless enough in themselves, no doubt, were these festive meetings, although perhaps less wine would have been better for the Abbey Choir, and less noise for the comfort of the neighbours; but we must not withhold our sympathy from the wives of these estimable gentlemen. Among others Mrs. Purcell "put her foot down." She had a decided objection to her nobler half keeping late hours, and she told him so. Unfortunately bachelor habits were too strong for the president of the Purcell's Head festivities, and the wife talked in vain. At last, acting on the principle of "deeds, not words," she gave the servants strict instructions to lock the door at twelve o'clock, and not to let their master

in after that hour. No doubt this was done for Mr. Purcell's "own good," but the consequences were unfortunate—for he did not mend his ways.

The rule was rigidly adhered to, however, and on one very inclement night Purcell found this out to his cost. It was "early in the morning" that he found the door barred and bolted against him. His continued knocking met with no reply, and there was no course but for him to spend the rest of the night in the streets. It was a bitter night, and there is little doubt that he owed his death to it—a warning to all modern wives to allow latch-keys.

By the way, who could have been dean in those days to have been so ignorant of this *rendezvous*, or was it all tolerated in that reckless period which followed the Restoration? Purcell's case should be an example, not only to deans but to all clergymen, to use a strong arm with any musicians they may be fortunate enough to secure, with proclivities for sign-boards and convivial tavern-meetings, of both of which there are not a few.

Since writing the above, Mr. Cummings has thrown some doubt upon the authenticity of this little history in a paper read by him on "Purcell," but we have not thought this a sufficient *raison d'être* for confiding our "note" to the care of our waste-paper basket.

84.—A LAST SAD SCENE.

In Haydn's "Creation" there occurs a passage, which (with all deference to the critics, who, to be fashionable, persist in describing it as "commonplace") cannot be easily equalled, much less surpassed, either for its sublimity or for the simplicity of the means employed. The point referred to is that wonderful transition from minor to major on the words "Let there be light, and there was

light," connected with which there is an interesting anecdote. In the year 1808 a grand performance of the "Creation" took place in Vienna. Haydn was present, but he was so old and feeble that he had to be wheeled in a chair into the theatre, where a princess of the house of Esterhazy took her seat by his side. This was the last time that Haydn appeared in public, and a very impressive sight it must have been to see the aged father of music listening to the "Creation" of his younger days, but too old to take any active share in the performance. The presence of the old man roused intense enthusiasm among the audience, which could no longer be suppressed as the chorus and orchestra burst in full power upon the superb passage, "And there was light."

Amid the tumult of the enraptured audience the old composer was seen striving to raise himself. Once on his feet, he mustered up all his strength, and, in reply to the applause of the audience, he cried out as loud as he was able: "No, no! not from me, but," pointing to heaven, "from thence—from heaven above—comes all!" saying which, he fell back in his chair, faint and exhausted, and had to be carried out of the room.

85.—A NOTABLE DEDICATION.

WHO would now know of the many names familiar to the amateur and musician "as household words," had it not been for the dedications of great works inscribed by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and others? How many, for instance, would now mention the name of Kreutzer, the once famous violinist and composer, were it not for Beethoven's delightful and popular Sonata in A for violin and pianoforte (Op. 47), and universally known as the "Kreutzer Sonata?" Strangely enough it was little more

than accident which has thus given Kreutzer his immortality.

It is said that originally Beethoven had intended to dedicate this sonata to Bridgetower, a young African, an excellent fiddler, and at this time (1802) a perfect rage in musical circles, from the Fourth George downwards. Before the sonata was printed, however, Beethoven and Bridgetower had some quarrel on the commonest subject of quarrel—a young lady. Consequently the two musicians parted bad friends.

Bridgetower's name was erased from the title-page, and Beethoven substituted that of Rudolphe Kreutzer, whom it is said Beethoven not only did not know, but had never seen !

86.—CATCHING THE TIDE.

Avon's bard has declared "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." This is fine philosophy, but the difficulty is how to give it practice. Could Shakespeare but have solved this problem for a few of us, he would have saved some heart-strings. Very few are fortunate enough to catch "the flood," and still fewer find it as easily as Haydn did. There is a pretty story told of him which shows how a bold stroke sometimes succeeds better than years of modesty.

When a boy of fifteen, it appears he was dismissed from his position as leading chorister in the Vienna Cathedral choir, and being without either money or friends, he hardly knew which way to turn, when thus thrown on the world. Suddenly he remembered having heard of a new church which was to be consecrated in the neighbouring village of Zell, so off he trudged in the hope of obtaining employment.

The choir-master bluntly refused the boy's application to admit him into the choir. Nevertheless, on the day the church was opened Haydn managed to secure a place near the boy entrusted with the solo, and Haydn begged of him to allow him to sing it in his stead. This the boy very naturally refused. Finding him inflexible, Haydn quietly bided his time, and at the instant of commencing the anthem, he snatched away the score from the alarmed chorister and sang the solo himself, in such clear, ringing tones as to astonish every one. Such was the delight of the church authorities that they not only failed to reprove him for his rude behaviour, but rewarded him with a good sum of money and a place at the church banquet which followed.

87.—*BEETHOVEN PLAGIARISED.*

Few musical amateurs are unacquainted with the beauties of that wonderful Sonata in C major, Op. 53, which Beethoven dedicated to Count Waldstein. Its slow movement in F major is exceedingly fine and so thoroughly in keeping with the movements that precede and follow it—in short, is altogether so completely in its place, that it is very difficult to realise that Beethoven originally intended the well-known Andante in F major to occupy the position now held by the adagio molto movement. The Andante, however, was too long, or (as many writers take upon themselves to decide) out of keeping with the rest of the sonata; and Beethoven replaced it with the present movement. But the Andante in F has a little history of its own, quite apart from its place in the "Waldstein" sonata—one of those many stories which illustrate the capacious and irritable temper of its great composer.

Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's pupil, has preserved the story for us.

"This piece, the *Andante* in F," he writes, "always wakes in me a painful recollection. When Beethoven played it for the first time it pleased me so much that I begged him to repeat it. On my return from his lodgings, I called on Prince Lichnowski and spoke about the '*Andante*.' My description so much interested the prince, that I was compelled to play, to the best of my ability, so much of it as I could remember. The next day the prince, whose memory retained several passages, called upon Beethoven, and told him that he had composed a piece for the piano; and although Beethoven replied that he was not anxious to hear it, the prince sat down and played a fragment of the '*Andante*.' Instead of enjoying the pleasantry, however, Beethoven was very angry, and from that time would never play it in my presence. Nothing could persuade him—neither my entreaties, nor the explanations of Prince Lichnowski—ever to swerve from his resolution. I was condemned without reprieve."

88.—*AN UNDESIRABLE LODGER.*

NEVER was there a more troublesome lodger than Beethoven. He was always at war with his landlords—and not only with these, but also with his fellow-lodgers. Nor can we wonder at this. Totally lost in music, the thought never entered his mind of what an intolerable neighbour he was.

At all hours of both day and night he was at his piano-forte, pouring forth the music that filled his soul. His tempestuous energy in playing converted the instrument, as it were, into a complete orchestra. Then, as his deaf-

ness increased, he struck and thumped harder at the notes, the sound of which he could scarcely hear. Nor was this all. The music that filled his brain gave him no rest. He became an inspired madman. For hours he would pace the room "howling and roaring" (as his pupil Ries puts it); or he would stand beating time with hand and foot to the music, which was so vividly present to his mind. This soon put him into a feverish excitement, when, to cool himself, he would take his water-jug, and thoughtless of everything, pour its contents over his hands, after which he could sit down to his piano. With all this it can easily be imagined that Beethoven was frequently remonstrated with. The landlord complained of a damaged ceiling, and the fellow-lodgers declared that either they or the madman must leave the house, for they could get no rest where he was. So Beethoven never for long had a resting-place. Impatient at being interfered with, he immediately packed up and went off to some other vacant lodging. From this cause he was at one time paying the rent of four lodgings at once. At times he would get tired of this changing from one place to another—from the suburbs to the town—and then he would fall back upon the hospitable home of a patron, once again taking possession of an apartment which he had vacated, probably without the least explanation or cause. One admirer of his genius, and who always reserved him a chamber in his establishment, used to say to his servants, "Leave it empty; Beethoven is sure to come back again."

89.—*A LIBELLOUS CATCH.*

LOVERS of music and students of its literature must ever acknowledge a debt of gratitude both to Charles Burney,

doctor of music, and Sir John Hawkins, for the elaborate "History of Music" which both these writers have left. Of the respective merits of the two works little need be said here. They are both good, and differ widely in the treatment of the subject. When they first appeared, however, popularity ran all on the side of the doctor's book, and not a little was said and written in disparagement of the rival history. The cream of the wagging, perhaps, was Dr. Callcott's amusing catch, which supplies a good illustration of the controversy, the words and music of which were both supplied by the celebrated glee writer. The words run thus :

- 1st voice. "Have you Sir John Hawkins' Hist'ry?
Some folks think it quite a myst'ry."
2nd voice. "Music filled his wondrous brain—
How d'ye like him? Is it plain?"
3rd voice. "Both I've read, and must agree
That Burney's Hist'ry pleases me."

After it has been sung through the first time, the cross readings begin, and we hear the following :

1. "Sir John Hawkins,"
2. "How d'ye like him?"
3. "Burney's History."

The last line sounding quite as much like "Burn his History!" as the doctor's surname.

90.—*A SPUR TO GENIUS.*

ALL admirers of Mendelssohn must be familiar with his "Ruy Blas" overture, which was composed while Mendelssohn was actually smarting under the weight of wounded pride. He had been asked to write an overture and a romance for a performance of "Ruy Blas," in aid

of the Theatrical Pension Fund. Desirous of helping the institution, he wrote the romance music, but not the overture, for he was much pressed at the time. On sending the score of the romance, the committee called upon Mendelssohn and thanked him warmly for the romance, but said it was "a great pity he had not written the overture, though they quite understood it could not be done in a hurry, and next year, if they might be allowed, they would give him longer notice."

"This," Mendelssohn has said, "rather nettled me, so in the evening I turned the whole matter over and began to write."

This was on Tuesday. On Wednesday he had a rehearsal the whole morning, and on Thursday a concert, but early on Friday morning the overture went to the copyist—on Monday was played (three times in the concert-room, and once in the theatre), and on the same evening was performed in public in aid of the Fund. Mendelssohn said this overture gave him more fun than anything he ever did; and he declared it should not be called the "Overture of Ruy Blas," but the "Overture to the Theatrical Pension Fund."

91.—THE COLD WATER CURE.

BEETHOVEN was not the only musician who has had a weakness for pouring cold water on his arms: the eccentricity of his proceeding lay in the fact that he generally omitted to use a basin or bath during the process; moreover, the circumstance may have found a place as a curiosity among English musical chronicles from the fact that the English mind has never credited Beethoven's nation with any special fondness for ablutions! But a more modern master, Gounod, is

said also to find in cold water a valuable aid to his studies. A friend, who had called on the composer, perceived, under his writing-table, a large tub of cold water, and ventured to ask the reason for this.

"When I have written for an hour or so," replied the composer, "my head gets very hot, and strange to say the only way of securing relief is by going to the other extreme, and putting my feet in very cold water."

"That is a dangerous remedy," said the other.

"Well, well, perhaps so, but you see it has not hurt me thus far very much," said Gounod, "and so I shall continue to use it."

Bad as the habit may be, we cannot help thinking that in the long-run it will be found to be more harmless than that of an eminent novelist lately deceased, who is said to have been in the habit of writing late, and of keeping his inspiration at high water-mark, by the help of a tub of hot water for his feet, a bottle of champagne and a large cigar for his head !

92.—*A GOOD EXAMPLE.*

It needs little glow and but little colour to make a pretty picture from an instance of early devotion of life to the inward promptings of religion. Such a scene is presented to us in the life of Gretry, whose love for the service of the church was very marked, even in his earliest years. Many instances of self-sacrifice and devotion have been recorded by musical writers ; but perhaps none is more touching, or in its spirit more worthy of emulation, than the following : Gretry, having once (owing to the stoppage of the clock) arrived too late at matins, which were sung between five and six in the morning, was punished for the first time. This affected him deeply, and the disgrace

destroyed his rest. He therefore rose frequently as early as three in the morning, and without consulting the hour or the weather, set off across snow and frost, and seated himself at the door of the church, holding his little lantern on his knees, at which he warmed his fingers. He there slept tranquilly, for he knew that the door could not be opened without awakening him.

Young choristers, indeed all people whatever their employment may be, would do well to keep little Gretry's example constantly before them, if they wish to succeed. It was his earnestness of purpose and his devotion to whatever he found to do, which brought him from an humble and poor sphere of life, to one of the foremost positions in Paris, finally making him the glory and admiration of his own country (if not of Europe) as a composer.

93.—*DONIZETTI'S PARENTAGE.*

ADMIRERS of the composer of "*Don Pasquale*" may be glad to read the following, not generally known, and not unromantic facts, concerning the lively Italian composer. He was of Scotch origin. His grandfather was a native of Perthshire, named Izett or Izyatt. He was a farmer under the then Earl of Breadalbane, and his son Donald was born at the farm. When very young, the sprightly Donald left his paternal home, having been enticed by the fascinating address of a recruiting-sergeant to enlist in the united services of Mars and his Majesty, to the great grief of his mother, who did not survive his departure many months. Young Donald soon got discontented with his military duties; and having been taken prisoner by General La Hoche during his invasion of Ireland, was quite delighted with the easy mode which

presented itself of liberation from the unpleasant thralldom which he had been suffering, and quickly embraced an offer made to him to enter the General's service. With him he remained as private secretary till the General's untimely death once more threw him on the world.

Subsequently he married an Italian lady of some fortune, and his name of Donald Izett was easily Italianised into Donizetti. The composer was the offspring of this marriage; and it is remarkable that evidence of his Scottish origin may be traced in many of his compositions. In "*Don Pasquale*," for instance, the serenade "*Com' è gentil*" is suggestive of Highland music, while (from beginning to end) the "*Lucia di Lammermoor*" score flavours very strongly of Scottish sympathy and even minstrelsy.

94.—A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

FROM the frequent illustrations one meets with, and hears of, speech-making appears to be a very difficult task to most people. To put a few short sentences together in a graceful manner is a performance which three out of every four Englishmen fail in, so that it is not surprising to find foreigners a little uneasy at improvising in English. A happy instance of this was given by Meyerbeer one night when he had honestly prepared himself for a more elaborate display of oratory than he succeeded in delivering. It was on the occasion of the first production in this country of the great master's "*L'Étoile du Nord*." Thanks to (Sir) Michael Costa this resulted in a great success, and it can easily be imagined that no one was more delighted than Meyerbeer. One of his first wishes was to thank the members of the band for their pains. For this purpose, he was escorted "below stairs," where

the performers were assembled, and at once began to address them in the first few words of what promised to be a very successful *pièce d'occasion*, but in the excitement of the moment he grew confused, forgot his words, and came to a standstill. The cheers of his audience simply increased his confusion, and at last he was compelled to take refuge in the following frank, yet most effective, confession :

"Gentlemen, my heart is so full, that the words are quite lost !"

95.—A CHEAP LEASE.

YORKSHIRE folk are proverbially stingy people, and Dr. Ayrton, of Yorkshire extraction, Oxford Doctor of Music, and for many years organist and choir-master to the St. James's Chapel Royal, in nowise prejudiced his county's reputation. If ever he could save a penny he did, and in order to accomplish this he used to go some great lengths.

The tale concerning the doctor and a cheap rental which he secured in St. James's Street is not the only one told touching his parsimony. St. James's Street was always a fashionable *locale*, and the houses in it, if not all club-houses as now, used to sell very well to grand-dukes and duchesses. There was one house, however, that would not go, although it was roomy and wonderfully cheap. The fact is, it was said to be haunted.

Nevertheless, one fine day a Yorkshireman was promoted to a good position, and needed a convenient town residence. The neighbourhood of his work was searched, and ultimately the haunted house in St. James's Street came under his eye, and was leased. The new neighbour's name soon transpired. It was Dr. Ayrton, who,

Yorkshireman-like, used the ghost medium in coming to terms, and by its influence "obtained a long lease of the spacious mansion, with three acres of ground attached to it, for forty pounds a year!"

96.—AN EARLY INQUIRY INTO SOUND.

MANY tales are told of the early musical promise manifested by most of the great composers, but there is not one more touching in its childlike simplicity than the following one concerning Gretry, the composer of the music of "*Richard Cœur de Lion*," and author of the "*Essais sur la Musique*."

The child was only four years old when he well-nigh became a martyr to music. One day he was left alone in a room where some water was boiling over the fire. The singing of the kettle soon excited the little fellow's curiosity, and for a time he amused himself by dancing to it. His tiny feet tripped till they could do so no longer, yet the seductive sound continued, and the curiosity grew with it.

At last he was overcome. He must peep into the kettle; so with the aid of a stool he reached up to it, but, sad to tell, he toppled over, and brought kettle, lid, and boiling water completely over him.

It scalded Master Gretry severely, but happily it did not deter him from future researches into the "power of sound."

97.—RULED BY REASON.

ONE day a composer asked Gretry why he had not employed in his compositions any of those terrible transitions which make the hair to stand on end, and the

critics in the pit to assume a vacant stare at the end of each piece.

"Some day," replied Gretry, "I will give the public something of this sort, but I must have my reasons for so doing."

"Oh! what are they?"

"Well, for example—supposing an amorous spark, in spite of a father's strict injunctions, should attempt to make love to his daughter—if the father should steal on them unawares and astonish our lover from behind with a good kick, then," said Gretry, "I assure you I will modulate very abruptly!"

Gretry was evidently an advocate for the principle that reason should govern all things. We commend him to the tender mercies of a certain modern German school (the apostles of that national art which is prophesied for Germans), which certainly has dealt with us liberally without either reason or explanation. Herr Wilhelm Steinitz can probably hold a 'pawn' with any man. Why do not his compatriots engage him to draw up a key-plan for the edification of those who cannot follow the chess-board of the "Music of the Future?"

98.—A NEAT DISTINCTION.

MUSICAL comparisons, we think, are quite as odious as any others. Nevertheless the world persists in making them, despite the oft-printed and oft-stated assurance that certain styles of music *cannot* be compared. Some amateurs and those who do not know, go on comparing Rossini and Mendelssohn, Wagner and Handel, etc. Sooner or later we expect to hear the music of

Lecocq or Offenbach seriously compared with Meyerbeer's!

We are but little wiser than our ancestors in this respect. Their bone of contention was the "question" of superiority between Mozart and Cimarosa. They were more fortunate than we, however, in having a critic of authority so capable of setting them right as Gretry. The First Consul was one of those who interested themselves in the question of Cimarosa's dramatic power as against that of Mozart's. Napoleon, however, gave little pains to the point at issue. He turned it over to Gretry, who returned his imperial master the following reply:

"Sire, Cimarosa puts the statue on the theatre and the pedestal in the orchestra, instead of which Mozart puts the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal on the theatre."

99.—*SOCIABLE COMPANY.*

GRETRY, the composer of so many operas for the French stage, and the author of two valued works, "*De la Vérité*" and the "*Essais sur la Musique*," was a man of considerable humour. He was also one of those terrible nuisances, a talking travelling companion, and the following story certainly suggests that he must have been far more charming as author and composer, than as a railway-carriage occupant.

"He met at Turin with a German baron who proposed that they should travel together.

"As soon as they were out of the town, Gretry addressed him with: 'Ah, sir! how enchanted I am with——'

“ ‘Sir,’ rudely interrupted the baron, ‘I never speak in a carriage.’

“ ‘Very well,’ said Gretry.

“ At night, having alighted at the inn, the baron ordered a great fire, put on his *robe de chambre*, and coming to Gretry with open arms, said : ‘ Ah, my dear friend, how glad I am that——’

“ Gretry interrupted him in his turn, and said dryly : ‘ Sir, I never speak in an inn.’

“ The baron laughed heartily, and the two then entered into conversation.

“ The following day they passed Mont Cenis. In ascending the mountain some guides assisted them. Gretry asked them the meaning of a red cross he saw near a precipice.

“ ‘Peace!’ said the guides.

“ ‘How now!’ thought Gretry, ‘am I everywhere to meet with German barons?’”

“ His conductor afterwards told him that the sound, or only the echo of the sound of a voice *might* occasion the fall of the snows congealed and suspended over their heads.”

100.—FEATS OF LABOUR.

THE surest sign of genius is facility, and there is no art or science in which this is more forcibly exemplified than in music. The works of our greatest musicians are equally wonderful as feats of labour, as for their sublimity of conception and creation.

To cite a few examples, Handel’s “Messiah” may be mentioned as having been composed in the marvellously short space of twenty-three days ; while the magnificent “Israel” took but twenty-seven ! Mendelssohn con-

ceived and wrote down the famous "Ruy Blas" overture in two days.

But the palm must be awarded to Mozart. In his short life of thirty-nine years, he produced a mass of works of which the correct catalogue is even now scarcely ascertained. As instances of his rapid work, there is the glorious G minor Symphony, composed in ten days; the "Marriage of Figaro" within the month of April, 1786, while the splendid *finale* to its second act Mozart threw off in a little over twenty-four hours, notwithstanding he was so ill that ere the last page or two were scored he had swooned in his chair!

Many other instances might be given of other composers. Mendelssohn did some great feats, while Donizetti possessed the habit of writing a whole act of an opera after dinner!

101.—LEARNING AND "FOGEYDOM."

A PEDANT once went to Cherubini, complaining of a "flagrant fault" in the shape of the chromatic progression from F sharp to F natural in the well-known "*Dal tuo stellato*" from Rossini's "*Mosè in Egitto*."

"What do you say to that libertine being guilty of such an act?" inquired the pedant.

"What do I say to it?" exclaimed Cherubini; "why I am only sorry that I was not the perpetrator."

102.—HANDEL FROM THE LIFE.

THE British public are not unfamiliar with Handel, both as a man and as a musician; but amid all that has been written concerning the great artist, few have pictured the man in more graphic reality than has the person who wrote the following narrative in the *Somerset House Gazette*,

and who certainly deserves some such title as the G. A. S. of the period. Schœlcher, in his "Life of Handel," says that "its author had a relative Zachary Hardcastle, a retired merchant, who was intimately acquainted with all the most distinguished men of his time, artists, poets, musicians, and physicians. This old gentleman, who lived at Paper Buildings, was accustomed to take his morning walk in the garden of Somerset House, where he happened to meet with another old man, Colley Cibber, and proposed to him to go and hear a competition which was to take place at midday for the post of organist to the Temple, and he invited him to breakfast, telling him at the same time that Dr. Pepusch and Dr. Arne were to be with him at nine o'clock. They go in; Pepusch arrives punctually at the stroke of nine; presently there is a knock, the door is opened, and Handel unexpectedly presents himself. Then follows the scene:

"Handel: 'Vat! mein dear friendt Hardgasdle. Vat! you are merry py dimes. Vat! and Misder Golley Cibbers too! aye, and Togder Peepbush as vell! Vell, dat is gomigal. Vell, mein friendts, andt how vags the vorldt wid you, mein tdears? Bray, bray, do let me sit town a momend.'

"Pepusch took the great man's hat, Colley Cibber took his stick, and my great uncle wheeled round his reading-chair, which was somewhat about the dimensions of that in which our kings and queens are crowned; and then the great man sat him down.

"'Vell, I thank you, gendlemen; now I am at mein ease vonce more. Upon mein vord, dat is a picture of a ham. It is very pold of me to gome to preak my fastd wid you uninvidd; and I have brought along wid me a

nodable abbetite; for the wader of old Fader Dems is it not a fine pracer of the stomach?

“‘You do me great honour, Mr. Handel,’ said my great-uncle. ‘I take this early visit as a great kindness.’

“‘A delightful morning for the water,’ said Colley Cibber.

“‘Pray, did you come with oars or skullers, Mr. Handel?’ said Pepusch.

“‘Now, how gan you demand of me dat zilly question, you who are a musician and a man of science, Togder Peepbush? Vot gan it gconcern you whether I have one votdermans or two votdermans—whether I bull out mine burce for to pay von shilling or two. Diavolo! I gannot go here, or I gannot go dere, but some one shall send it to some newshaber, as how Misder Chorge Vrederick Handel did go somedimes last week in a votderman’s wherry, to preak his fastd wid Misder Zac. Hardgasdle; but it shall be all the fault wid himeself, if it shall be but in print, whether I was rowed by one votdermans or by two votdermans. So, Togder Peepbush, you will blease to excuse me from dat.’

“‘Poor Dr. Pepusch was for a moment disconcerted, but it was soon forgotten in the first dish of coffee.

“‘Well, gentlemen,’ said my great-uncle Zachary, looking at his tompion, ‘it is ten minutes past nine. Shall we wait more for Dr. Arne?’

“‘Let us give him another five minutes’ chance, Master Hardcastle,’ said Colley Cibber; ‘he is too great a genius to keep time.’

“‘Let us put it to the vote,’ said Dr. Pepusch, smiling. ‘Who holds up hands?’

“‘I will segond your motion wid all mine heardt,’ said

Handel. 'I will hold up mine feeble hands for mine oldt friendt Custos [Arne's name was Augustine], for I know not who I wouldt waidt for, over andt above mine oldt rival, Master Dom [meaning Pepusch]. Only by your bermission, I vill dake a snag of your ham, andt a slice of French roll, or a modicum of chicken; for to dell you the honest faed, I am all pote famished, for I laid me down on mine billow in bed the lastd nightd, widout mine supper, at the instance of mine physician, for which I am not altogeddere inglined to extend mine fastd no longer.' Then, laughing, 'Berhaps, Mister Golley Cibbers, you may like to pote this to the vote? But I shall not segond the motion nor shall I holdt up mine hand, as I will, by bermission, embloy it some dime in a better office. So, if you blease, do me the kindness for to gut me a small slice of ham.'

"At this instant a hasty footstep was heard on the stairs, accompanied by the humming of an air, all as gay as the morning, which was beautiful and bright. It was the month of May.

"'Bresto! be quick,' said Handel; he knew it was Arne; 'fifteen minutes of dime is butty well for an ad-libitum.'

"'Mr. Arne,' said my great-uncle's man.

"A chair was placed, and the social party commenced their *déjeuner*.

"'Well, and how do you find yourself, my dear sir?' inquired Arne, with friendly warmth.

"'Why, by the mercy of Heaven, and the waders of Aix-la-chapelle, andt the addentions of mine togders andt physicians, and oggulists, of lade years, under Providence, I am surbrizingly pedder, thank you kindly, Misder Custos. Andt you have also been doing well of lade, as I am bleased

to hear. You see, sir,' pointing to his plate, 'you see, sir, dat I am in the way for to regruit mine flesh wid the good viands of Misder Zachary Hardgasdle.'

"So, sir, I presume you are come to witness the trial of skill at the old round church? I understand the amateurs expect a pretty sharp contest,' said Arne.

"Gondest,' echoed Handel, laying down his knife and fork. 'Yes, no doubt; your amadeurs have a bassion for gondest. Not vot it vos in our remembrance. Hey, mine friendt? Ha, ha, ha!'

"No, sir, I am happy to say those days of envy and bickering, and party feeling, are gone and past. To be sure we had enough of such disgraceful warfare: it lasted too long.'

"Why, yes; it tid last too long, it bereft me of mine poor limbs: it tid bereave me of that vot is the most blessed gift of Him vot made us, andt not wee ourselves. And for vot? Vy, for noding in the vorltdt poded the bleasure and bastime of them, who, having no widt, nor no want, set at loggerheads such men as live by their widts, to worry and destroy one andt anodere as wild beasts in the Golloseum in the dimes of the Romans.'

"Poor Dr. Pepusch during this conversation, as my great-uncle observed, was sitting on thorns; he was in the confederacy professionally only.

"I hope, sir,' observed the doctor, 'you do not include me among those who did injustice to your talents?'

"Nod at all, nod at all, God forbid! I am a great admirer of the airs of the "Peggar's Opera," andt every professional gendtleman must do his best for to live.'

"This mild return, couched under an apparent compliment, was well received ; but Handel, who had a talent for sarcastic drolling, added :

" ' Pute why blay the Peggar yourself, togder, andt adapt oldt pallad humsdrum, ven, as a man of science, you could gombose original airs of your own ? Here is mine friendt, Custos Arne, who has made a road for himself, for to drive along his own genius to the demple of fame ; ' then, turning to our illustrious Arne, he continued, ' Mine friendt, Custos, you and I must meed togeder some dimes before it is long, and hold a *tède-à-tède* of old days vat is gone ; ha, ha ! O ! it is gomigal now dat id is all gone by. Custos, to nod you remember as it was almost only of yesterday dat she devil Guzzoni, andt dat other breicious taughter of iniquity, Pelzebuh's spoiled child, the bretty-faced Faustina ? O ! the mad rage vat I have to answer for, vot with one and the oder of these fine latdies' airs andt graces. Again, do you not remember dat ubstardt buppy Senesino, and the goxgomb Farinelli ? Next, again, mine somedimes nodtable rival Bononcini, and old Borbora ? Ha, ha, ha ! all at war wid me, andt all at war wid themselves. Such a gonfusion of rivalshibs, andt double-facedness, andt hybocrisy, andt malice, vot would make a gomigal subject for a boem in rhymes, or a biece for the stage, as I hopes to be saved. ' "

103.—A NEW KINGDOM'S MINISTRY.

A GREAT French writer—we believe we are right in giving his name as Castil Blaze—has discovered a new kingdom, and in his "*Molière Musicien*" he tells the world about this discovery. It is the Kingdom of Harmony : a

kingdom, moreover, with a ministry whose offices and dignities are distributed as follows :

| | | | |
|--------------|---|---|--------------------------------------|
| Mozart | . | . | King. |
| Gluck | . | . | Prime Minister. |
| Mehul | . | . | First Secretary. |
| Handel | . | . | Minister of Worship. |
| Haydn | . | . | Chancellor. |
| Beethoven | . | . | Generalissimo. |
| Cherubini | . | . | Minister of Public Instruction. |
| Bach (J. S.) | . | . | Minister of Justice. |
| Weber | . | . | Intendant of the Opera. |
| Spohr | . | . | Master of the Chapel-royal. |
| Mendelssohn | . | . | Minister-General of Concerts. |
| Paer | . | . | Keeper of the Museum of Antiquities. |
| Meyerbeer. | . | . | Banker of the Court. |
| Rossini | . | . | Furnisher of the Crown Diamonds. |
| Spontini | . | . | Artillerist. |

104.—ROSSINI IN THE WASH-TUB.

AMONG the many stories told of Rossini is one which could scarcely be attributed to any one else. A poor artist called on him one day to say that he had arranged the celebrated prayer from "*Mosè*" for the "Musical Glasses." Might he bring his tools and play the piece to the composer? The latter, with his usual cynical good-humour, consented, made an appointment and kept it. The tray and man arrived, the glasses were set, a few buckets of water were supplied, the requisite puddles made, and the poor man turned up his coat-sleeves, wetted his fingers, and began. Rossini had taken up a resigned position on the sofa.

In the middle of the 45th variation a friend arrived with news of importance. He was shown in, when Rossini beckoned him to a place by him, saying in an undertone :

“ I shall only be too glad to hear what news you have brought me—*après que ce monsieur aura fini de rinçer ma prière !*”

105.—AN INDEFINITE ORATORIO.

Not only is there a good deal of uncertainty about the title and history of Handel's “ Occasional Oratorio,” but the score itself is as unsettled and disconnected as any score could well be. The music itself is good enough, but it is strung together in the most unintelligible fashion, and could hardly have been worse had a stranger taken from Handel's portfolio, and tied together at random, any pieces that first presented themselves. Possibly Handel did this himself. The literary portion, too, is without rhyme or reason, and some of it of such questionable English as to suggest the idea that Handel consulted his cook instead of his poet in the selection of the words. For these reasons, among others, it seems probable that the following account of the disputed origin of this curious work is correct.

In 1745 George II. ordered Handel to produce a new oratorio on a given day. Handel at first refused, saying the time allowed for the task was too short; but yielding to necessity, Handel turned out by the time appointed this work as music fit for a King. It consists of an overture, ten recitatives, a duet, twenty-one airs, and fifteen choruses, many of which pieces may be found elsewhere—for instance, “ The horse

and his rider," "Thou shalt bring them in," "Who is like unto Thee?" "The Hailstone Chorus," "The enemy said," etc., are all to be found in the "Israel," which we take to be their legitimate place; the air "O Liberty" belongs to "Judas Maccabæus;" "God save the King," a chorus to the "Coronation Anthem" of 1727; and the chorus "May God from whom all mercies spring" to "Athaliah." These, with the well-known overture and some minor pieces, make up the work.

Handel has often been charged (and not wrongly) with robbing other composers of their themes and melodies; but surely never did a man plunder himself wholesale to a greater extent, than this most fertile composer has done in putting together the so-called "Occasional Oratorio!"

106.—A FAMOUS VISITING CARD.

ALL who write about Haydn make some reference to the card designed by his own hands, in the quiet repose of his villa at Gumpendorff, near Vienna. Whenever he wished to remind a friend that he was still "in the land of the living," he would send him one of his visiting cards, upon which was engraved the closing passage of his last quartet—of which the following is a copy:

Molto adagio.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a time signature of common time (C). The tempo marking "Molto adagio." is written above the staff. The melody is written in eighth notes. The second staff continues the melody, also in eighth notes, and ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Hin ist al - le mei - ne kraft,
 Alt und schwach bin ich.

The music stops short before reaching a cadence, and thus gives full expression to his languid and uncertain state of health, as well as to the words themselves :

“ All my strength has left me,
Old and weak am I.”

107.—A SATISFACTORY SOLUTION.

ARNE was once placed in the unenviable position of judge between two of the worst singers who ever opened their mouths. However, he came from the ordeal in as respectable and satisfactory a manner as he or his friends could have wished.

After hearing the two singers : “ You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life,” exclaimed the doctor to one of the combatants.

“ Then,” cried the other exultingly, “ I win.”

“ No,” said Dr. Arne, “ YOU can’t sing AT ALL.”

Surely such wisdom is worthy even of a Solomon. What then when it comes from a *virtuoso* !

108.—“ SPEECH IS SILVERN.”

CHERUBINI, though generally esteemed a great talker, would sometimes make a curious use of the golden quality of silence. This was only when the topic under consideration was not agreeable to him, and to those who knew him, this sullen reserve was more severe than any outspoken reproof.

His favourite pupil, Halèvy, having invited Cherubini to hear a new opera of Halèvy’s composition, at the end of the first act its composer asked Cherubini how he liked it. There was no reply. At the end of the second

act Halévy repeated his question. Still no reply came. Halévy began to feel warm. "*Vous ne me répondez point,*" he exclaimed.

Again there was no answer; at which Halévy was so exasperated that he rose up and left the box, muttering his indignation at Cherubini's sitting for two hours without uttering a single word.

The father and adopted son, however, were soon reconciled, and the faults of the opera corrected.

109.—A FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATION.

Few people of average intelligence find great difficulty in "learning their notes." It is "time" that brings the first serious trouble to master and pupil. Even this may soon be overcome by patient attention, and that wonderful invention called "counting." But for the simple device of dividing a piece into bars, music might still be the magical accomplishment of a few.

But of the thousands who now correctly execute music of all sorts how few there are who really understand "accentuation!" Some emphasize a note because it is the first in a bar, or because it is marked with an accent; others because their musical instinct apprehends the fitness of the thing. Who, however, has defined clearly in *words* the thing called musical accent? There are plenty of definitions, it is true, but they convey no idea to people who do not already understand by experience or "ear" what the thing really is.

Cooke the composer, when in difficulty on this score, had recourse to an illustration more personal than polite. This is the story. At a trial in the Court of King's Bench, in the year 1833, as to an alleged piracy of the

"Old English Gentleman," one of the first witnesses put into the box was Cooke.

"Now, sir," said Sir James Scarlett in his cross-examination of Cooke, "you say that the two melodies are identical, but different; what am I to understand by that, sir?"

"What I said," replied Cooke, "was that the notes in the two arrangements are the same, but with a different accent: the one being in common, while the other is in triple, time; and consequently the position of the accented notes is different in the two copies."

"What is musical accent?" Sir James flippantly inquired.

"My terms for teaching music are a guinea a lesson," said Cooke, much to the merriment of the crowded court.

"I do not want to know your terms for teaching," said the counsel; "I want you to explain to his lordship and the jury what is 'musical accent.'" Sir James grew angry. "Can you see it?" he continued.

"No!" was the answer.

"Can you feel it?"

"Well," Cooke drawled out, "a musician can."

After an appeal to the judge, the cross-examining counsel again put the question: "Will you explain to his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent?"

"Musical accent," rejoined Cooke, "is emphasis laid on a certain note just in the same manner as you would lay stress on any word when speaking, in order to make yourself better understood. Let me give you an illustration, Sir James. If I were to say: 'You are a *donkey*,'

the accent rests on donkey; but if instead I said: 'You are a donkey,' it rests on you, Sir James; and I have no doubt that the gentlemen of the jury will corroborate me in this."

110.—A GENTLE GIANT.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, the last of the Titans in music, showed in private life a tenderness of feeling and consideration of small things, which few men of great energies seem to find time to cultivate. An instance of his thorough-going and hearty kindness is given by Chorley in his "Modern German Music." It is a further testimony to the truly great mind of the artist of the magnificent picture of Mount Carmel. Here are Chorley's words, *in extenso*:

"A smart and unexpected attack of illness pinioned me to the sofa during my second visit to Leipsic. This is not a cheerful sort of imprisonment, when the scene is a very narrow room in a crowded German inn, at fair time—when the time is the black weather and the short days of November. But the fact of my temporary helplessness had hardly been known a couple of hours, when a heavy sound came up the stairs and at the door of the little close room.

"'What is there?' said I.

"'A great piano,' was the answer; 'and Dr. Mendelssohn is coming directly.'

"And he *did* come directly with that bright cordial smile of his.

"'If you like,' said he, 'we will make some music here to-day, since you must not go out;' and down he sat, and began to play through a heap of Schubert's piano-music, about which I had expressed some curiosity the

day before ; for hours delighting himself with an obscure stranger as zealously and cheerfully as if even then his time could not be measured by gold, and as if his company was not eagerly and importunately sought by 'the best of the best,' who repaired to Leipzig with little purpose but to seek his acquaintance."

III.—MUSICAL MEMORY.

IN music a good memory is almost always allied with great inventive power. Most of our executants of the first rank have cultivated this faculty. To an operatic singer it is an absolute necessity : many fine voices having been lost to the stage, from the owners thereof being unable to remember the music. Wonderful stories are told of Mendelssohn's memory. In our own days M. Charles Hallé performs Beethoven's sonatas by memory, without missing a note, so it is said. Von Bülow conducts whole concerts, without reference to a score, with a precision which points to this distinguished pianist's intimacy with every note that is performed ; besides which it is no uncommon thing for Bülow to give pianoforte recitals of some three hours' duration, entirely from memory. All the great composers had wonderful memories, but in this, as in many other matters, Mozart stands pre-eminent. We know how he appropriated Gregorio Allegri's beautiful "*Miserere*" entirely by memory ; how he once played a duet with the fair violinist Madame Schlick, with only a sheet of blank paper before him to guide him with the piano part ; besides which, there was his constant habit of playing his concertos in public without a 'bit' of music. For instance, in a concert at Leipzig, some three years

before his untimely end, Mozart performed his concerto in C. The band all in readiness, Mozart sat down to the pianoforte to begin the composition. What was the surprise of the audience, however, on seeing Mozart place on the desk, not his part, but a small piece of paper scribbled with a few notes, being the beginnings of a few of the passages. "Oh!" replied he upon being questioned by a friend, "the piano part is safely locked up in my desk at Vienna. I am obliged to take this precaution when I am travelling, otherwise people contrive somehow or other to get copies of my scores and print them, without the least acknowledgment to me."

112.—*BLOW THE ORGAN!*

BLOWING the bellows of an organ may be indeed a necessity, but it certainly is not an accomplishment, and does not rank so high, in relation to the organist's duty, as, let us say, "playing second fiddle." Nor would an organist teaching a pupil allow his first lesson to take the form of the task of keeping the bellows full of wind. The world at large, we conclude, is not ignorant on the respective positions at an organ of the organist and the organ-blower. It is, therefore, somewhat startling to find among the interesting records kept by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, the name of "Henry Purcell, 'organ-blower.'" Now it would be difficult to imagine a more unlikely aspirant for the duties at the back of an organ; besides which, at that very time Purcell was organist to the King, and the first musician in England. Unquestionably the term "organ-blower" needs explanation, otherwise at some future time the brethren of the bellows-handle will be airing their respectability upon the grounds

that such an one as Purcell did not disdain to "blow" the organ!

This is a curious instance of how an old word survives a change of custom. The term "organ-blower" undoubtedly referred to the organist, and the mode of expression is not yet extinct, for in the vestry-books of St. Andrew's, Holborn, the organist was a very few years ago, and we believe is still, styled the "organ-blower." There are many reasons for the title. The first and very probable reason is, that the term was the one in fashion in the fifteenth century, when organists were literally organ-blowers, having to strike the keys (which were some inches in width) not with their fingers, but with their clenched fists! Another supposition is that in primitive times, before the introduction of pedals, the same person who manipulated the keys blew the bellows with his foot, as is still the case in small instruments, and we might add, with some organists, who, with a splendid range of pedals under their feet, confine the left foot to about four notes of the lower octave, while they keep up not a supply of wind, but an eternal crescendo, with the swell-box pedal!

If this evidence does not furnish us with the origin of the expression, then we may conclude that in the early days of organ-playing the individual who manipulated the keys, and consequently the pallet-holes, was looked upon as the organ-blower, or the person by whom wind was admitted to the organ-pipes; and there is some sense in such a distinction, for all the wind in the world will not affect an organ-pipe until it has been allowed a passage through the sound-board hole. This is an operation which, we all know, is performed by the individual at the keyboard of an organ.

And this latter theory is confirmed in many ways. The

expression "play" an instrument has not always been the fashion. Even now in many country districts old-fashioned musicians tell you that such an one "blows the flute" correctly, and in time, etc. We know that a performer was said to "strike" the harp, and in France, till recently, it was correct to speak of *touching* the piano, just as the Italians always apply the word "*suonare*," to "sound," to any instrument. In the west of England, too, where fashion has not altered things, the word to "play" an instrument is looked upon as incorrect. A friend of the writer, wandering a few years ago in some remote places there, came across a bunch of "old fogeys" who used to meet to play quartets of Haydn and Mozart. Finding himself near an old spinet he was requested by "violin *primo*" to open it and "*sound Ah!*"—so he gave him *A* to tune from; and it turned out that "*sound*" was with them the correct word: "play" being regarded as a cockneyism.

113.—FIERY ORDEALS.

THE caprices of musical genius are curious—especially in respect to their musical offspring, towards which it might be supposed they would always entertain affection. But sometimes this sympathy shows itself very oddly. Thus it is difficult to understand (a fact which the present writer can vouch for) that a well-known organist in London, not long ago, burnt with his own hands the score of a charming and original service which had been successfully performed, with orchestral accompaniments, at a church in Soho, lest the music should fall into the hands of, and be turned to account by, his successor.

But a still more strange story is told of Beethoven's

"Adelaida." Before the notes were well dry on the original MS. a visitor was announced—Beethoven's old friend Barth. "Here," said Beethoven, putting a sheet of score paper in his hand, "look at that. I have just written it, and don't like it. There is hardly fire enough in the stove to burn it; but I will try." Barth glanced through the composition, then sang it, and finally grew into such enthusiasm concerning it as to draw from Beethoven the promise of "No, then, we will not burn it, old fellow."

114.—*FRANK.*

A music publisher's catalogue is not very pretty reading; nevertheless it is interesting to notice (on looking through a large collection of musical titles) the wonderful caprice with which Fortune appears to have regarded the operas of popular composers. While one or two works find exclusive favour, all the rest, perhaps in no respect inferior, are quite put aside; and various reasons are assigned for this. Take our own Dibdin, for instance. Of all his "operettas," once so popular, but two have survived,—"The Quaker" and "The Waterman." In his lifetime it was quite the reverse! All his works were then successful save only one—"The Shepherdess of the Alps."

This latter work does not appear to have been at all below the usual calibre of Dibdin's writing, at any rate its composer did not think so; nevertheless from the first it never succeeded in attracting an audience. To use Charles Dibdin's own words, "the piece fell for sheer want of support." That inexplicable thing called Fate had set its face against the work, and there was no promise of its frown being turned to a smile, although

Dibdin at that time was high in the favour of the public. Beholding his failure, Dibdin did the best thing possible under the circumstances: he took it cheerfully, and himself jested at the expense of his unlucky work. The best piece of pleasantry, however, came from one who acted in the operetta, and is thus told by Dibdin: "I remember," says he, "Vernon's saying, when he was asked why he did not get perfect and play his best, 'that he saw it was the general wish the piece should be damned, and, as in duty bound, he lent it a hand.'"

115.—*A MODERN MARTYR.*

Who that ever saw Monsieur Jullien could forget his gorgeous array, his melodramatic gestures, or his affected exhaustion after conducting his monstrous orchestra through any long piece. How he carried away every one—bandsmen, critics, audience—everybody! Jullien was a marvel. He flourished wondrously, and was mentioned in the same breath with Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, etc. One day, however, the light went out; Jullien sank, and his music with him. A strange reputation remained behind. We find we owe him something. To begin with, "Promenade concerts." Jullien revived these in this country, whatever the boon may be worth. We certainly have to thank him, too, for bringing great orchestral music within reach of the million. His British Army Quadrilles and other tricks may be musically worthless: his antics and pretensions were no doubt comical and paltry, but by such quackeries he attracted audiences and succeeded in stuffing a concerto of Beethoven or a symphony of Mozart down the throats of his listeners—possibly without their feeling much the worse thereat. Here was a great achievement

—the British public being musically educated for the first time: a successful attempt to raise a “shilling audience” for great music. Under these circumstances we can forgive a great deal—the flimsy attempts at operatic fame, notably with “Peter the Great,” the vanity, the diamond jewellery, the rose-tinted gloves, the gold-mounted *bâton*, the frills and curls: all this led on the excited thousands, and paved the way for the more artistic evenings which we now enjoy. Curiously enough, Jullien valued himself more as a composer than in any other capacity, as the following (while it betrays some egotism) clearly proves. When the news of Mendelssohn’s sudden death reached him at rehearsal, he stopped his band and smote his forehead a tragical blow, in which there was a touch of genuine display and regret, and exclaimed: “This is what happens to all people of genius. I will never compose any more.”

116.—A MUSICAL BEQUEST.

THE difference in musical taste is nowhere more apparent than in the relative estimation in France and England respectively of French composers. Of those most esteemed among us, namely Auber and Gounod, the former only has achieved in both countries an equal reputation; Gounod being without doubt more successful here than in Paris. Halévy, almost first among Frenchmen, is here only known by name. The same may be said of Mehul and David. Herold’s overture to “*Zampa*” is the solitary piece by him really known here. It is as well and widely esteemed as Auber’s “*Masaniello*,” even our street boys know it! “*Le Pré aux Clercs*” is not even

associated with Herold's name; yet of this very composer, Mehul when dying said:

"I *can* die now that I know I leave a musician to France."

117.—A STANDSTILL AT ST. PAUL'S.

DR. SAMUEL ARNOLD, who died in the second year of this century at the age of sixty-two, was one of the brightest ornaments of the English school. For many years he filled the post of organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, and also of Westminster Abbey, as well as that of conductor of the "Antient Concerts." But it was as a composer that his name will mostly be remembered. He wrote many oratorios which no less an one than Burney says "are not unworthy of the disciple of so great a master as Handel;" and besides he was strong in dramatic composition, there having been no less than forty-three operas from his pen performed (chiefly at the Covent Garden and Haymarket theatres) during the years 1765 and 1802.

Arnold had a strong turn for humour, as the following will show. Once during his lifetime the musical service in St. Paul's Cathedral was suspended on account of a peculiarly uncomfortable indisposition which attacked all the choristers. On that occasion the following epigram appeared in the *Whitehall Evening Post*, and was ascribed, we believe, pretty correctly to Samuel Arnold:

"The church shut up! the organ mute!
Who shall explain this riddle?
Now, minor canons, play the flute;
Now, boys, play the *Scotch fiddle*."

We know of no very recent occasion when either St. Paul's Cathedral, or the Abbey at Westminster, has actually had its services suspended by any "uncomfortable indisposition of the choristers;" but we must state that we have often felt, when listening to the services in these buildings, that it would have reflected far more credit upon the Dean and Chapter, as well as upon the director, if the musical part of the service had been dispensed with, rather than it should be subjected to such inefficiency as, until very recently, has made the services at our Cathedral and Abbey truly famous. The "deputising" system, however, is now well-nigh at an end. Messrs. Stainer and Bridge are the round men in the round holes, and no doubt the 'gentlemen' of their respective choirs have been among the first to find this out.

118.—AN EXCUSABLE MISTAKE.

A HUNDRED years ago the musical world had its eyes on a promising boy then but ten years of age. This was Master Stephen Storace, who grew up a good musician, and (what was somewhat rare in those days) one with no great predilection for the bottle. Occasionally, however, Storace found himself in company where the virtue of temperance was "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," and on one such occasion the composer of "No song, no supper," distinguished himself in an unfortunate manner.

"We were supping," writes Kelly, in his "Reminiscences," "at the Ridotto Rooms in Vienna, and my poor friend, Stephen Storace, who was proverbially a sober man, and who had a strong head for everything but

drinking, had swallowed potent libations of sparkling champagne, which rendered him rather confused. He went into the ball-room and saw his sister dancing with an officer in uniform, booted and spurred. In twirling round whilst waltzing, his spurs got entangled in Miss Storace's dress, and both she and the officer came to the ground. Stephen, thinking his sister had been intentionally insulted, commenced personal hostilities against the officer : a great bustle ensued, which ended by dragging him to the guard-house, to which several English gentlemen followed him. The officer of the guard was very good-natured, and allowed us to send for some eatables and champagne. We remained with him all night, and a jovial night we had. In the morning we departed, but Storace was obliged to tarry in durance vile until further orders. . . . I was determined to make a bold push to get him released in the evening. I placed myself in the corridor through which the Emperor passed after his dinner to his study. He saw me, and said, 'Why, O'Kelly, I thought you were off for England?' 'I can't go, sire,' was my answer, 'my friend who was to travel with me was last night put into prison.' I then told his Majesty who it was and how it happened. He laughed at the tipsy composer's wanting to fight, and said, 'I am very sorry for Stoface, for he is a man of great talent ; but I regret to observe that some of your English gentry who travel, appear much altered from what they used to be. Formerly they travelled after they had left college ; it appears to me that they now travel before they go there.' His Majesty then left me, saying 'Bon voyage, O'Kelly, I shall give instructions that Storace may be set at liberty.' "

119.—LEADING A LEADER.

No sane man would ever have any objection to be taught, provided there is something profitable to be learnt; and no doubt one Zerbini, a leader of the Olympic Theatre orchestra of forty years ago, possessed this amount of good sense in all its purity, despite his unwillingness to play the part of the scholar on a certain memorable occasion. Like a good many folks, both before and after him, this Zerbini had been placed in a responsible post, and his promoter thereto, as is too frequently the case, was the very first soul who sought to dethrone, or perhaps we should say to weaken, him and his authority. Zerbini, however, was a man of a thousand.

"No!" said he, "he would not be led by Madame Vestris or any other *Directrice* who had chose to place upon him the musical responsibility of her establishment;" and to give emphasis to his words the leader flourished his fiddle-stick at Madame Vestris in defiance.

Madame V. was a lady. She called in the police, and stick *versus* truncheon soon proved a very unequal match; so that finally Zerbini found himself safe in the arms of a "peeler," *en route* for the "Bow Street" of the period: after having set an example which in many respects deserves emulation.

120.—EFFECTIVE MUSIC!

A good many tales have been told of the power of music, and the marvellous things resulting from it, but here is a story of its effect upon the emotions, which seems to "cap" them all, and which, in all its details, is happily not of frequent occurrence. It took place on the occasion

of the marriage of Henry III.'s favourite, the Duc de Joyeuse, to Mademoiselle de Vaudemont—a magnificent display of festivity which is said to have cost £250,000. On this occasion the King's favourite musician, Claude Le Jeune, caused a spirited air to be sung, which, says the chronicler, "so animated a gentleman who was present, that he clapped his hand on his sword and swore that it was impossible for him to refrain from fighting with the first person he met; upon which Claude caused another air to be performed, of a soothing kind, which immediately restored him to his natural temperament."

An opposite, but almost as remarkable a result, once attended one of Haydn's symphonies. Between the years 1779 and 1781 Haydn composed the Symphony in D—a work remarkable both for its concise plan and the interesting character of its score. Besides the parts for the string instruments, there are no others save those for one flute, two oboes, and two horns. (What an illustration of the state of musical art at the time it was written!) Despite the meagre score, however, the work is wonderfully effective. This symphony was played during the time Haydn was in London, and a melancholy interest is attached to the performance. The symphony formed part of the programme of a concert given in the Hanover Square Rooms, by Miss Corri (the leading harpist of the day), and when the andante (Adagio) was performed, a clergyman, who was present, sank into a fit of the deepest melancholy, because he had dreamed the night before of this andante, and he imagined that it foretold his death. He left the room immediately, went home and took to his bed. A few days afterwards he was a dead man!

Many similar instances might be recorded of the power

of music. There is the incident attached to the name of the Chevalier St. George. He was once rehearsing a symphony composed by his friend, Simon Leduc, who had recently died. In the middle of the adagio the Chevalier was so overcome by the expression of the music that he let fall his bow and burst into tears. Gluck's music, too, has been associated with the name of the Abbé Arnauld, who, when he first heard one of the pieces in "*Iphigénie*," was so impressed thereby that he exclaimed, "With that air one might found a new religion!"

121.—MUSIC FOR THE EYE.

PUERILITIES of all sorts have disgraced musical composition, and the source of most of this evil has been the attempt to represent in music ideas which are not musical. The power of music is no doubt great, and some extraordinary effects have been gained by its agency, but it is doubtful whether any benefit accrues to art by introducing the sounds of a poultry-yard or a nursery into a symphony. The æsthetics of music need attention, for every dabbler in harmonics seems intent upon dragging the art through the dirt, by a gross misuse of music's properties. It is hard to say who is to blame for this vitiated and transformed art-pool into which the pure and true in music seems to be fast subsiding. Certain it is that the true principles of the science of music are daily being more and more ignored: other chords are taking the places of those which "the masters" found sufficient to express their ideas: new-fangled notions and forms are being drummed in our ears or thrust under our notice, and all with no other object than that of securing for music a place *beyond* its legitimate sphere. Music, or sound if you will, is to a certain extent a *bonâ-fide* descriptive

agency; but take it beyond that point, endeavour to make it analogous to the sister art of painting, and a great art then resolves into gross caricature and the ridiculous. For what else can be said of such attempts, as now so frequently obtain, at making descriptive fantasias on such subjects as the Franco-German War, the Soldier's Dream, etc.? Perhaps the climax of absurdity in this respect was reached by Mattheson, the friend and rival of Handel, who, towards the close of his life, composed his own funeral anthem, and in setting the words from the Revelations, "And there was a rainbow round about the throne," contrived, in a very full score, to make every part form an arch by a gradual ascent and descent of the notes on the paper, in the belief that this appearance to the eyes of the performers would convey the idea of a rainbow to the ears of the hearers. Wonderful, no doubt, and, like many other fugal devices, clever enough on paper, but perfectly ridiculous in practice.

122.—AN INSPIRATION.

THE whole *repertoire* of music does not contain a more wonderful score than Mendelssohn's Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a composition which, indeed, may be called an inspiration. Its highly-gifted composer was but in his eighteenth year when he completed it, and yet here is a perfect masterpiece, containing some of the most beautiful progressions and effects that the art has produced. It may be interesting to know that nearly the whole of this overture was composed in the open air—in the garden of the Mendelssohns' house in Berlin; and is not this perceptible in the music—music so ethereal, so suggestive of the sweet and delicate emotions which must have occurred to Mendelssohn as he sat in that garden

enjoying the fragrant summer air that played around him? The first public performance of this work was probably that on Midsummer night, 1829, at the concert of Drouet the flautist, in the Argyle Rooms—not the modern ones! but those in Argyle Street, Oxford Street, where Hengler's Cirque now and then performs.

123.—*A MELODRAMATIC MISTRESS.*

UNREAL and overstrained as many of the "situations" and incidents in Italian operas may often seem to us Northerners, we must not forget that they appear very different to Italian eyes. Tragic incidents which we should term "melodramatic," occur again and again in the history of Southern nations, and the fiery passion which appears to us so "stagey" and exaggerated, is really seldom overdrawn. The story of Leonardo Vinci, an Italian composer of no small merit, towards the end of the seventeenth century, reads quite like an opera book.

He was at Rome, in the height of his success, when he made the acquaintance of a distinguished and beautiful Italian lady, who returned his passion. Unfortunately, he took to boasting about the lady's favours. Upon hearing of this she revenged herself by presenting him with a cup of poisoned chocolate, which he drank and died.

124.—*ELASTIC MUSIC!*

It is amusing to contrast with the latest theory of opera the earlier works which bore that name. Wagner's idea that an opera must be "one entire and perfect chrysolite"—words, scenery, and music all blended inseparably into one perfect whole, and the beauties of any one part destroyed by being divided from the rest—is certainly a

strange antithesis to the ballad opera plan in which very often the play was capable of performance apart from the music, while a good deal of the music would have suited one opera as well as another, or even an oratorio ! How little the music often had to do with the opera as a complete whole, is well illustrated by the fact that most of Handel's sacred music first did duty on the stage ; as well as by an incident that occurred during the performance of one of Balfe's most successful operas—the "Maid of Artois." This work contained one ballad, "Yon moon o'er the mountain," which was as weak as anything (excepting perhaps a Christy Minstrel production) could be. With all Malibran's voice, effort, and *fioriture*, this song would *not* "go down." Several alterations were tried, yet the ballad always fell flat.

At last, and as a final resource, a suggestion of Malibran's was adopted. She averred that the failure arose from the darkness of the scene, which, as she thought, should represent day instead of night. This implied alterations—not only in the scenery but in the text ! The scene was changed to broad daylight : Bunn's inspiration became, "Yon *sun* o'er the mountain," and the scene-shifters had to turn on daylight instead of the usual stage moon !

Even this did not answer, whereupon the offending ballad was removed *in toto*, without either disparagement to the work, or any visible prejudice to the theatre exchequer !

125.—MUSIC AND WINE.

WE are all familiar with the conventional union of wine and music, which forms the theme of endless German

vocal quartets, Italian brindisi, and Bacchanalian choruses without number. Nearly every opera has its "drinking song" or "drinking chorus," and a modern composer has positively ventured to treat us to a Hamlet, whose melancholy does not prevent his singing a very spirited melody, and flourishing the usual stage goblet, in appreciation of the same sentiment.

But we rarely come across any combination of the two things in real life—the melodious efforts of those whom wine incites to music being generally unsuccessful. We can, however, introduce the reader to one instance.

Michael Kelly in his early days was a pupil of Mozart, but the great master's tuition only made a moderate vocalist and a third-rate composer of Kelly. He was a useful singer more than a great one; and as a composer prolific in quantity, but slight and "sketchy" in quality. For some years he made a good living out of his professional duties, but things began to fluctuate, so Kelly turned his eyes in another direction, and finally embarked in business as a wine-merchant. His friends joked about this step, but none more so than Sheridan, who suggested that the inscription over his door should run thus: "Michael Kelly, composer of wine and importer of music."

126.—AN UNWELCOME "AUBADE."

COMPOSERS have frequently a great difficulty to overcome in the prejudices and fancies of performers, before their music finds its way before the public. Singers especially are hard to please, and it is not every composer who, like Handel, can take a songstress by the hair and threaten to throw her out of the window if she will not obey him; or, like Wagner, can persist in composing

strains which are the terror of every singer with a voice and a desire to preserve it!

An amusing story is told of a celebrated song of Balfe's which had to be forced upon the singer's attention in a somewhat unusual manner. The "*Rondo Finale*" ("Balfe's air," as it used to be called) from the "*Maid of Artois*," did not occur in the original score of the opera, but was afterwards added, in consequence of Balfe's dissatisfaction with the one which he had first composed for it.

One night, at midnight, Balfe awoke, and the theme of the new air suggesting itself to him, he then and there sat up, and wrote the finale, afterwards so famous.

"At eight o'clock the next morning," writes Mr. Kenney, "Balfe, all impatience, hurried off to Conduit Street, where Malibran and her husband then resided. He found De Beriot practising his violin in the drawing-room, and immediately played him the new *rondo*, with which De Beriot was so enchanted that he declared Malibran must hear it at once.

"Malibran was, however, at that hour in bed, comfortably enjoying her morning doze, and felt by no means inclined to disturb herself, especially for such a purpose; for she was as firmly possessed in favour of the original *rondo* as was Balfe against it. In this state of things De Beriot suggested that a small cottage piano, part of the furniture of the drawing-room, should be carried up into Malibran's bedroom, and Balfe should play over his new inspiration to the recalcitrant singer.

"The shutters were thrown open, the curtains of her bed drawn aside, all to the infinite indignation of Malibran; and in this most unfavourable mood was she forced to listen to the *rondo*, not without loudly protest-

ing that the two ruthless disturbers of her rest were 'both cracked!'"

127.—"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

By dint of repeated appeals printed upon programmes, the directors of the "Monday Popular" concerts have succeeded in ensuring a fairly punctual, and quiet audience. Nothing, we imagine, can be more irritating to an artist, than the impertinent air with which some persons in "society" come rustling into a concert-room, some twenty minutes after a performance has begun, take ten minutes more to unsettle their neighbours and settle themselves, and then carry on an animated conversation during a great part of the music, which they are supposed to have come to hear.

Such persons cannot now plead that they have examples in high places. Our present royal family has recognised the truth of our heading in both punctuality and attention, which makes their presence at any public entertainment doubly welcome. But in Handel's time, it was not "the thing" for patrons to be punctual. This did not, however, prevent the irascible *maestro* from protesting, without any respect of persons.

He used frequently to conduct the rehearsals of his oratorios at Carlton House, when, if the young Prince and Princess of Wales did not enter the music-room at exactly the time, he began to grow very violent; while, after their Highnesses had arrived, if any of the maids of honour or other attendants talked during the performance, it irritated Handel so much, that he was not content with swearing at the offenders, but actually called them names; at which the Princess, with her accustomed mild-

ness and benignity, used to say, "Hush! hush! Handel is in a passion!"

128.—*A SATISFIED AUDITOR.*

If to be satisfied with a thing really implies to have enough of it, it may be doubted whether it is always a bad compliment to the composer, to leave a concert before his piece is finished. One might argue: "I have had enough, I am pleased and satisfied. Do not I really pay more homage to my musical *chef*, by declining further dainties, than by going through the whole *menu* at the risk of afterwards abusing him, for having caused me an attack of musical indigestion?" There is certainly reason in the argument, but perhaps the composer would scarcely appreciate the compliment!

It is related that Mendelssohn was once paid an honour of this kind. It happened, that on the occasion of the first performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, in Paris, a seat had been reserved for the composer in one of the grand tier boxes, in which also were two distinguished musical amateurs. Towards the end of the overture one of these gentlemen made a move, at the same time remarking, "It is very good, very good; but we shall not relish the rest;" and both of them glided from the box, exquisitely ignorant of whom they had left behind, and who, of course, had overheard every word.

This should be a warning to all to use the *sotto voce* if they needs must pass criticism in public places.

On another occasion Mendelssohn found himself in a similar predicament, but this time he took up the cudgel. Chorley in his "Thirty Years' Musical Reminiscences" tells the story. Mendelssohn, being present at the per-

formance of an opera by Donizetti, listened patiently to the contemptuous criticisms of some pedants around him, who thought to find favour with the already illustrious composer, by their hostility to a school of music widely different to his own.

At length Mendelssohn showed signs of uneasiness : and finally broke out : " I like it ;" and then, " do you know—I should like to have composed such music myself !"

129.—*MUSICAL PORTRAITURE.*

SCHUMANN, we all know, had a peculiar weakness for the ideal in music. Thus, as a schoolfellow it was his highest delight, to be seated at the piano portraying scenes and characters through music, and so happy was he at this, that the other boys frequently dragged him to the pianoforte, for they were soon in the highest of spirits at the accurate way in which he described their dispositions on the instrument. It is the development of this that has entitled the " Futurists" to lay claim to Schumann as a champion. But, perhaps, the finest piece of musical portraiture that exists, is Beethoven's longest symphony (save the " Choral") of the immortal nine. Every amateur will know it under the title of the " Eroica."

" The ' Eroica,' " says a great writer, " is an attempt to draw a musical portrait of an historical character—a great statesman, a great general, a noble individual ; to represent in music—Beethoven's own language—what M. Thiers has given in words and Paul Delaroche in painting." Of Beethoven's success the present writer has before spoken as follows : " It wants no title to tell its meaning, for throughout the symphony the hero is visibly portrayed."

It is anything but difficult, to realise why Beethoven

should have admired the first Napoleon. Both the soldier and musician were made of that sturdy stuff which would, and did, defy the world, and it is not strange that Beethoven should have desired in some way—and he knew of no better course than through his art—to honour one so characteristically akin to himself, and who at that time was the most prominent man in Europe. Beethoven began the work in 1802, and in 1804 it was completed, and bore the following title :

Sinfonia grande
"Napoleon Bonaparte"
1804 in August
del Sigr
Louis van Beethoven
Sinfonia 3.
Op. 55.

This was copied and the original score despatched to the ambassador for presentation, while Beethoven retained the copy. Before the composition was laid before Napoleon, however, the great general had accepted the title of Emperor. No sooner did Beethoven hear of this from his pupil Ries than he started up in a rage, and exclaimed : "After all, then, he's nothing but an ordinary mortal ! He will trample the rights of men under his feet !" saying which, he rushed to his table, seized the copy of the score, and tore the title-page completely off. From this time Beethoven hated Napoleon, and never again spoke of him in connection with the symphony until he heard of Napoleon's death in St. Helena ; when he observed, "I have already composed music for this calamity ;" evidently referring to the "Funeral March" in this symphony. Another especially interesting instance of portraying occurred during the composition of Mendelssohn's charm-

ing and buoyant overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." "Mendelssohn was likewise a good horseman," writes his friend J. Schubring. "On the sole occasion I rode with him we went to Panknow, walking thence to the Schönhauser Garden. It was about the time when he was busy with the overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' The weather was beautiful, and we were engaged in animated conversation as we lay in the shade on the grass, when, all of a sudden, he seized me firmly by the arm, and whispered, 'Hush!' He afterwards informed me that a large fly had just then gone buzzing by, and he wanted to hear the sound it produced gradually die away. When the overture was completed, he showed me the passage in the progression where the violoncello modulates in the chord of the seventh of the descending scale from B minor to F sharp minor, and said, 'There, that's the fly that buzzed past us at Schönhauser!'"

Perhaps we shall never know how much musicians have been indebted for some of their inspirations to the sounds of nature. There is no doubt that great artists in music have derived many lessons from the study of nature, and her never-ending wailings and murmurings.

130.--A THANKLESS LIBRETTO.

THE art of writing words for music is apparently a difficult one: most of the librettos with which the English public is familiar being splendid examples of "how not to do it." It is easy to blame the librettists, but the fault lies with the composers, who accept any rubbish that their "poet" offers them. Every branch of vocal music has suffered alike from this cause—ballad, hymn, anthem, oratorio, and opera could all produce specimens of words so ridiculous, that one is almost driven to suppose that

both "poet" and composer must have set to work "after dinner." The silly ballads are so numerous, that it is scarcely worth while to print a specimen here; while for silly hymns (and as a specimen of what sort of words some people think fit to be sung in churches) the following is a sample. It occurs in a book of hymns edited by a well-known divine of the Anglican Church. In the hymn for "S. Barnabas' Day" the fourth verse runs thus :

"Jove, son of Saturn, ribald son !
How great the difference was
Between that heathen king of gods
And holy Barnabas."

Comment is needless ! Nor have we far to go for extraordinary specimens of words in the libretti of oratorios. Nothing but the genius of Handel could have contrived to make a successful song out of the following words in "Judas Maccabæus :

"How vain is man who boasts in fight
The valour of gigantic might,
And dreams not that a hand unseen
Directs and guides that weak machine !"

Let us hope that an imperfect acquaintance with our language had something to do with the great composer's acceptance of such rubbish. English opera, properly so called, is so modern a thing, that any faults might be pardoned on the ground that libretto writing for the stage is a new art in England. But, this inexperience cannot explain an acceptance, by a composer like Balfe, of such verses as these :

"In the wars I'll take my chance,
Wear thy colours, fair deceiver ;
Every time I couch my lance
Down shall go an unbeliever !"

To match with which stanza the lady has to sing :

"There is not the slightest chance
Of the death of unbelievers,
Hotspur, from thy venging lance,
Or I am a fair deceiver !"

Among anthems, of course, we scarcely look for the ridiculous, but there is on record a collection of music composed by Dr. Christopher Tye, organist of the Chapel Royal, which shows that excessively funny things can occasionally find their way into church. The title of the work runs thus :

"The Actes of the Apostles, translated into Englyshe metre, and dedicated to the kynge's most excellaunte majesty, by Christfer Tye, doctor in musyke, and one of the gentylmen of hys grace's moste honourable chapell, wyth notes to eche chapter, to synge, and also to playe upon the lute, very necessary for studentes after their studye, to fyte theyr wyttes, and alsoe for all Christians that cannot synge, to reade the good and godlye storyes of the lives of Christ and his apostles."

The following is the initial verse of the fourteenth chapter as we have it in our translation : "It came to pass in Iconium, that they went both together into the synagogue of the Jews, and so spoke that a great multitude both of the Jews, and also of the Greeks, believed." The 'Englyshe metre' converted it thus :

"It chaunced in Iconium,
As they oft tymes dyd use,
Together they into dyd come
The synagogue of Jews ;

Where they dyd preache and onlye seke
 God's grace then to atcheve,
 That they so spake to Jue and Greke
 That manye dyd beleve."

It is needless, perhaps, to say that the composer did not complete his work. He set to music fourteen chapters, which were printed, and occasionally were sung in King Edward the Sixth's chapel. He then gave up. We can only wonder that he stuck to the arduous task as gamely as he did—indeed that he ever began it!

While on the subject of librettos, we cannot help thinking that much beautiful music has been lost to the world, simply because it could not give wings to an undramatic drama. Music has been known to do this—that for instance which Beethoven has given to the "Fidelio" book—and which alone has kept it on the stage-boards—but it must be written by such a master to do this. The world would have been richer by one opera, if not more, from Mendelssohn, could he but have lighted upon a libretto congenial to his tastes, though it can hardly be denied that with such a world of literature as he was surrounded, he must have been ludicrously fastidious. Had he lived three hundred years before he might have had some excuse, though then, probably, necessity would have driven him to inventing music to a no more interesting book than that which, as we have seen, Dr. Christopher Tye was glad to fall back upon.

131.—A MUSICAL PICKLING.

AUTHORS and composers always have been, and probably ever will be, disappointed with each other. The librettist will complain of the musician, and maintain that his book has been ruined in the setting; while, on the other

hand, the votary of Apollo will as firmly declare that his friend's drama is not worth the music; indeed, that it is useless to try to give wings to a play so undramatic. Most frequently the musician is entitled to the best of the case. Musical history proves that the weakness in nine cases out of ten rests with the librettist. For instance, what interest is there in the libretto of "Fidelio," which Beethoven has set, and about which we have just spoken? or in those of many of Handel's, Weber's, or Rossini's operas?

Singers and actors, too, seldom think of attributing any share of a success to the composer or, indeed, to any but themselves. Thus, of Garrick and Dr. Arne an anecdote is told which illustrates the sort of feeling which too often exists between the two craftsmen. Arne had a pupil named Brent, whom Garrick wished to hear, previous to her public *débüt*.

When Garrick heard her he willingly admitted her merit, but at the same time told Arne "that all his geese were swans." "Tommy," continued the actor, "you should consider, after all, that music is at best but pickle to my roast beef."

"By —, Davy," replied Arne, "your beef shall be well pickled before I have done."

With this view Miss Brent appeared at the rival theatre of Covent Garden, and sang in Gay's "*Beggar's Opera*" with terrible success, so that Drury Lane was well-nigh deserted, and Garrick soon found himself obliged "to gratify the public taste by pickling his roast beef after Dr. Arne's method."

132.—COMPOSER AND LIBRETTIST.

WHATEVER may be thought of Wagner's theories of opera and music generally, there can be no doubt that in one

point he is perfectly right: *i.e.*, the necessity of agreement between music and words. Composer and librettist must work together if they are not (as in Wagner's case) one and the same person, and where this is not the case, a perfect result is impossible. It is the fashion to abuse the libretti of "*Die Zauberflöte*," but Mozart liked it: he was in sympathy with his librettist, and whatever, therefore, we may think of the words, they are so far good in that they inspired the composer. This sympathy is in a great measure the secret of the success of the great French operas in which Auber and Meyerbeer enjoyed the co-operation of the ingenious Scribe; and the want of it is seen in the failure of so many English operas. It is usual to lay the blame on the librettists—composers looking at the former, and perhaps rightly, in much the same light as organists do upon the organ-blower: being angry if the librettist dares to suggest (like the organ-blower of history) that "*we* did it very well."

Undoubtedly the librettist is much indebted to the musician, for it would be a difficult task to mention any good "book" absolutely spoilt by the music—while the name is legion of those *libretti* which even the best of music has failed to "fly." Mr. Handel seems to have entertained some such views as these concerning "vort-makers." "Vat," said the musician on one occasion to his librettist, Dr. Morell: "Vat! you teach me music? De music is goot music. Damn your vorts! Here," said he, thrumming on his harpsichord, "here are mine ideas; go and make vorts to dem!"

It is difficult to conceive what sort of a composition can have resulted from such a mode of working; and that Handel knew better than many so-called librettists is

proved by the fact that the words of his most successful work, "The Messiah," were all selected by himself.

What the librettists have to do, then, is to "improve themselves." As a sample of a good book, there is "*Der Freischütz*." Never has a composer found a greater prize in the shape of a libretto than did Weber in his "*Der Freischütz*" book. The author of this was Frederic Kind, who undertook the task quite as a trial essay, for he had never before ventured anything for the lyric stage. The whole thing arose out of a lucky stray visit which Weber one day paid to the poet. While they were seated Kind took up a volume of German legends and chanced to alight on Apel's "*Freischütz*."

The poet handed it to the musician, remarking: "There should be something there to suit you."

Weber read the story amid such frequent exclamations as "Beautiful! Divine! divine!"

So the subject was settled, and both were soon at work upon an opera which, when it appeared, laid hold of the people, and soon gained a hearing in every capital in Europe. Indeed, so widespread was its popularity that a story was current that a gentleman in advertising for a servant was compelled to stipulate that he should not be able to whistle the airs in "*Der Freischütz*."

133.—A CLOSE ALLIANCE.

WE have already seen how inseparably connected are wine and music, but, to look at the subject in another phase, how strange it is that few people have gone thoroughly into the question of this close relationship, and we are not told how it is that the greatest and best music comes from Italy, France, and the Rhine-lands—the chief wine-producing countries—while we insular

folks, who drink more beer than wine, are, comparatively speaking, poor as composers. Nor has any sufficient reason been given for the fact of most of the great composers being devoted disciples of Bacchus, while that estimable body known as the Good Templars can scarcely claim a single composer of eminence as of their fraternity. All this ought to be accounted for in some way, and it strikes the writer as being a subject well worth taking up by any one capable of handling it.

To go now into all the instances of "drinking" musicians would be to go beyond the limits of such a book as this. One, however, ought to be mentioned. This was Schubert. Schubert was a terrible tippler, and (however disagreeable it may be to say such a thing) there is little doubt that he drank himself to death. His predilection for the grape, and his behaviour when under its influence, are thus described in his "Life," translated by Mr. Coleridge :

"He was surely as fond of wine as any young worshipping of the loveliest art. But when the blood of the grape glowed within his veins he was not violent, but liked to retire to a secluded corner, and there nurse himself comfortably into a passion; he became a laughing tyrant, who would destroy everything he could without making a noise—glasses, plates, cups, etc.—and sit simpering and screwing up his eyes into the smallest possible compass.

"At a wine-shop, when he had drunk more than he ought, he used, when the time of reckoning came, to put his hand quietly under the table, and the waiter had to guess, by the number of fingers held up by their owner, the quantity of pints consumed."

Lully, too, loved his wine. When he was at the point

of death we are told that the Chevalier de Lorraine desired to see him, on the plea of long friendship.

"Yes, truly you are one of his best friends," said the dying musician's wife; "it was you who last made him drunk, and who are the cause of his illness."

"My dear wife," chimed in Lully, "M. le Chevalier was certainly the last who made me drunk, but if I should ever recover, I should insist upon his being the first to make me so again!"

134.—A "SURPRISE."

ENGLISH people like comfort. Thus at church cushions are supplied, not for the knees, but to sit upon, so that the sermon may be properly appreciated; and at concerts (where string quartets take the place of sermons) agreeable spring couches are furnished. Truly, men may not smoke at concerts—at present, at least—but ladies may gossip, knit, and read novels. May they not?

Haydn, who was fond of a joke, had observed that the English audience kept at least one eye open during his *allegros* and *scherzos*, but slept peacefully during the slow movements. He therefore contrived a movement of the most lulling and soothing character, and when it might be supposed the audience had fallen into its first snooze—the instruments having gradually died away to the softest *pianissimo*—there came a BANG!! from the full orchestra, which made the slumbering audience start! At least—so the story goes.

Nowadays it is a question whether the most vigorous performance of the "Surprise" symphony would affect some folks—hardened by Wagner and Jullien's British Army Quadrille. A wag even tells us that at a recent

performance of the "Surprise" symphony, and at the most critical part in the work, a gentleman present opened one eye, and said sleepily, "Come in!"

135.—THE "WATER MUSIC" RUSE.

BEFORE the First George became King of England, Handel had served under him in Hanover as *capellmeister*; but had quitted the post *sans cérémonie* after the flattering reception which Queen Anne and the English had given him in London. Mr. Handel was therefore in a fix when his old master came to be at the head of affairs at the court of St. James'.

Handel durst not approach the court lest he should be disagreeably reminded of his past discourtesy, and yet he was naturally anxious to retain the post which he had held under Queen Anne. Handel had a friend at court—Baron Kilmansegg—from whom he learnt that on a certain day the King was to take an excursion on the Thames. An expedient at once occurred to the prolific composer, and without delay he set to work to compose some music for the occasion, which he arranged to have performed on board a boat which followed the royal barge.

The plan succeeded admirably. The King was pleased with the music, and inquired by whom it was composed. On learning that it was Handel he was generous enough to accept the peace-offering, and besides graciously receiving the delinquent's apologies, he gave him substantial proof of his interest in him by adding a pension of £200 a year to that left him by the late Queen, and appointing him music-master to the princesses.

136.—MUSICIANS' WIT.

From all accounts, the closing scene in Lully's life was not marked with that awe which generally attends a death-bed. He desired absolution, but his confessor would not absolve him, except on the condition that he would commit to the flames the score of his latest opera. After many excuses Lully at length acquiesced, and pointing to a drawer where was the rough score of "*Achille et Polixene*," it was burnt, the absolution granted, and the priest went home satisfied.

Lully grew better, and one of the young princes visited him.

"What, Baptiste," said he to him, "have you burnt your opera? You were a fool for giving such credit to a gloomy confessor, and burning such good music."

"Hush! hush!" whispered Lully, "I knew well what I was about—I have another copy of it!"

But this was not all. Unhappily this joke was followed by a relapse, and the prospect of certain death caused him such dreadful remorse for his deceit to the priest, that he confessed all, and submitted to be laid on a heap of ashes, with a cord round his neck, which was the penance recommended him! He was then placed in bed, and expired singing, "*Il faut mourir, pécheur, il faut mourir!*" to one of his own airs.

Lully, however, is not the only musician who has made himself historically famous for his wit. There is the musical representative of the Hook family. Of Theodore Hook little need be said: his fame is world-wide. The theme now is of another Hook, the wit's father. Full of humour himself, he might have won a

reputation for the same, only inferior to that afterwards gained by his son. But instead of spending his life in making jokes, he preferred devoting it to music. To the stores of this art he contributed something like a hundred and fifty complete works, besides some two thousand songs—all full of science and pleasing melody.

His personal appearance, it should be stated, was neither on a 'par' with his speech nor his music, for he was what is popularly known as club-footed, though as an extenuating circumstance it may be mentioned that one foot was not so far wrong as the other. Happily, like many deformed people, he had learned to treat his misfortune as a joke, and on one occasion contrived to make it profitable as well.

"Being one evening with a party of particular friends, and the conversation turning on pretty feet, it was agreed that each one present, male and female, should put one forward, to ascertain who had the handsomest. When it came to my turn," said Hook, "of course I put my *best* foot forth, which creating a general laugh, I said to the gentlemen present: 'Notwithstanding your mirth, I'll bet any one of you five pounds that there's a *worse* foot in company than this;' and the bet being instantly accepted, I produced my other foot, and won the wager."

Dr. Tudway, Professor of Music at Cambridge during Queen Anne's reign, will be remembered as an inveterate punster, quite as much as a great musician. When the Duke of Somerset was Chancellor, and discontent was rife at his poor patronage, etc., Tudway joined in the clamour and said: "The Chancellor rides us all *without a bit in our mouths*."

"Nor," it is related, "did the wicked sin of punning

desert him even in sickness: for having been dangerously ill of a quinsy, and unable for some time to swallow either food or medicine, the physician who attended him, after long debates and difficulties, at length, turning to Mrs. Tudway, said: 'Courage, madam! the doctor will get up May-Hill yet. He has been able to swallow some nourishment.'

"Tudway immediately exclaimed: 'Don't mind him, my dear; *one swallow makes no summer.*'"

Then there was 'Jack' Bannister. The following *bon mot* perpetrated by him is neat enough to deserve preservation. It happened that Bannister—together with the Tattersall of the day, Mr. Fozard—had been invited to dinner by Shield a few days after the production of the comic opera, "*Fontainebleau*;" or, "Our way in France," which soon proved so successful. At the dinner the old proverb's truth was once more seen, for as the wine went in the wit came out in a surprising manner. All had something entertaining to talk about, save Fozard, who was very "down in the mouth" in consequence of some villains having broken into his stables on the preceding night, and cut off the tails of several valuable young horses.

"The affair," said Fozard, is all the more serious as I can never sell them to the customers for whom I intended them."

"Well," said Bannister, "under the circumstances I should advise you to sell them *wholesale*, for you'll never be able to *re-tail* them."

Porpora, the singing master, is another instance. The latter days of this, the greatest singing-master that has yet been known, and whose boots Haydn used to black and brush, were more remarkable for the development of his wit

than his music, for towards the close of his life the old man certainly grew strong in repartee, and (if we may believe the author of the "Lives of Haydn and Mozart") he was sour with it.

The following story brings Porpora before us in his unenviable character of an uncharitable old man. Passing one day through a German convent, the monks begged him to assist at the service in order that he might hear their organist, for whose talent they had great respect.

The service finished, the Superior said: "Now, Signor Porpora, give us your testimony of our organist's ability."

"Well——" replied Porpora.

"Well," interrupted the prior, "he is a clever man, isn't he; and likewise he is a good man—quite pure and simple?"

"Oh! as for his simplicity," chimed in Porpora, "I quickly perceived that, for his left hand knoweth not what his right hand doth."

Certainly these instances lead us to conclude that those "fogeys" are deplorably in the wrong who think that music, either as a profession or as an accomplishment, must necessarily be associated with effeminacy and general incapacity, not to say idiocy.

137.—FORTUNATE PLEASANTRY.

THE whims and fancies of a great musical *dilettante* demand a good long purse, without which they cannot be satisfied, and private orchestras go the way of the other features of a large establishment under similar circumstances. When the money stops, the music, as a rule, stops also.

It was from such a cause as this that Prince Esterhazy, Haydn's patron, once decided to dissolve his celebrated orchestra which Haydn conducted. All were truly sorry at this, and none more so than Haydn, for Prince Esterhazy was a generous and artistic patron. Still, there was nothing to be done but for all concerned to make themselves as cheerful as possible under the circumstances; so, with that fund of wit and humour which seems to have been concealed under the immaculate coat and formal wig of the straitlaced Haydn, he set about composing a work for the last performance of the royal band, a work which has ever since borne the appropriate title of the "Farewell Symphony."

On the appointed night for the last performance a brilliant company, including the Prince, had assembled. The music of the new symphony began gaily enough—it was even merry. As it went on, however, it became soft and dreamy. The strains were sad and "long drawn out." At length a sorrowful wailing began. One instrument after another left off, and each musician, as his task ended, blew out his lamp and departed with his music rolled up under his arm.

Haydn was the last to finish, save one, and this was the prince's favourite violinist, who said all that he had to say in a brilliant violin cadenza, when behold! he made off.

The prince was astonished. "What is the meaning of all this?" cried he.

"It is our sorrowful farewell," answered Haydn.

This was too much. The prince was overcome, and with a good laugh said: "Well, I think I must reconsider my decision. At any rate, we will not say 'good-bye' now."

He fulfilled his promise, and retained the band, and the conductor with it, till the day of his death. So the "Farewell" symphony proved a fortunate piece of pleasantry for Haydn and his followers; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that, musically speaking, it is worthy of being classed with Haydn's other magnificent *jeux d'esprit*, the "Toy" and the "Surprise" symphonies.

138.—IMPROVING THE ORIGINAL.

MOZART's favourite piece in the "*Nozze di Figaro*" was the *sestetto* in the second act, and at the rehearsals no pains were spared to perfect the execution of this number. Among other precautions taken to secure its success was one which affected the stuttering judge. Michael Kelly (though a beardless stripling) played the part of the judge, and was to have stuttered all through the piece, but in the *sestetto* Mozart requested him not to do so, for if he did he would spoil his music.

"I told him," says Kelly, "that though it might appear very presumptuous in a lad like me to differ with him on this point, I did, and was sure the way in which I intended to introduce the stuttering would not interfere with the other parts, but produce an effect; besides, it certainly was not in nature that I should stutter all through the part, and when I came to the *sestetto* speak plain; and after that piece of music was over, return to stuttering; and I added (apologising at the same time for my apparent want of deference and respect in placing my opinion in opposition to that of the great Mozart) that unless I was allowed to perform the part as I wished I would not perform it at all.

"Mozart at last consented that I should have my own way, but doubted the success of the experiment. Crowded houses proved that nothing even on the stage produced a more powerful effect; the audience were convulsed with laughter, in which Mozart himself joined. The Emperor repeatedly cried out: 'Bravo!' and the piece was loudly applauded and encored. When the opera was over Mozart came on the stage to me, and shaking me by both hands, said, 'Bravo, young man, I feel obliged to you, and acknowledge you to have been in the right and myself in the wrong!'

"There was certainly a risk run, but I felt within myself I could give the effect I wished, and the event proved that I was not mistaken. I have seen the opera in London and elsewhere, and never saw the judge portrayed as a stutterer, and the scene was often totally omitted."

139.—*THE WIFE OF HAYDN.*

THE composer of the "Creation" has hitherto escaped with a far better character than he apparently deserves. If not a bigamist, he seems to have been of a very inconstant disposition. Of course, remembering the predilection his wife—Keller the barber's daughter—had for priests and monks, he cannot well be blamed for seeking consolation in the society of one of his most charming singers—Mdlle. Boselli; but he should have avoided having any more wives tacked on to him. Upon no less an authority than Puppo, the celebrated violinist, Haydn, it appears, had another partner, who, however, we may at once say was a no more dangerous one than Boccherini, the admirable 'cello player, and composer of

much beautiful chamber music, so akin to that of Haydn's that Puppo christened him, "The wife of Haydn."

Haydn's attachment to the charming Mdlle. Boselli is no secret, and the tales told concerning it prove that our symphonic swain was rather a willing prisoner—in spite of his wife and his piety. He had her portrait painted, and satisfied all her little whims and fancies—which, of course, like those of all *primi donne*, were not inexpensive ones.

By-the-bye, it was Haydn again who was mixed up in the little affair with (Sir Joshua) Reynolds, and a certain great female vocalist (was it not Mrs. Billington?) whose portrait Reynolds had just completed. Haydn was quite equal to the occasion, and paid the heroine of the picture a beautiful compliment. Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia listening to celestial music.

"Yes!" said Haydn upon being asked for his opinion, "it is, indeed, a beautiful picture; it is just like her, but there is a strange mistake."

"Oh! what is that?" asked the painter.

"Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

140.—ARTISTIC GLUTTONY.

ROSSINI was a firm believer in good eating and drinking. One day he paid a visit to his favourite provision store, the owner of which was soon in attendance upon the customer. Having completed a somewhat miscellaneous purchase, the *maestro* was preparing to leave, when the

merchant interrupted him, and after some hesitation said to Rossini :

"Pardon me, sir, but I have for a very long time desired to ask of you a favour."

"What is it?" said the composer.

"It is this, sir," said the merchant, "that you will give me your photograph, with a few words under it."

"Oh! yes, with pleasure," answered Rossini; and taking a portrait from his pocket he wrote under it, "To my stomach's best friend," and then presented it to the provision dealer.

This latter valued the *souvenir* much, and, moreover, made a good thing out of it; for he had it engraved on his bill-heads and advertisements, and such a testimonial from so acknowledged an epicure, largely increased the merchant's custom.

Handel was a composer who behaved in a very friendly way towards his own stomach; and although the title of "Saxon Giant" (so often applied to Handel) is generally understood to refer to his genius, yet it was also not inapplicable to his *physique*—the enormous bulk and unwieldy movements of which were frequently the subject of satire and caricature. Perhaps the following anecdote may to some extent account for the "mighty master's" mightiness in this respect.

Intending one day to dine at a certain tavern, he ordered beforehand a dinner for three persons. At the appointed hour Handel sat down at the table and expressed his astonishment that the dinner was not brought up. The host said :

"It shall come up, sir, immediately the company arrives."

"Den pring up de tinner brestissimo," replied Handel; "I am de gombany."

Another great eater was Dussek. To him Pope's lines were specially applicable :

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."

Many of the great musicians have the reputation for eating too little and drinking too much, but Dussek both ate and drank too liberally, and eventually killed himself thereby. He extended his fondness for sweet sounds to delicious viands and choice brands. With no patron would Dussek associate himself save him who at times, and that frequently, would wash down the music with a bottle of good choice hock. Such an one was the Prince of Benevento, who paid Dussek eight hundred napoleons per annum, besides a free and daily table for three persons, at which however one person only, instead of two or three, more often presided. Here he lived, grew corpulent, indolent, and ultimately died from over-eating. To give some idea of Dussek's gormandising powers the following scene may be reproduced.

"I," says a musical historian, "went in the summer of last year (1797), with three friends (two of whom were ladies), to dine at the Ship Tavern, Greenwich, and we sat in the long room which commands a view of the Thames. While we were at dinner, near one of the windows, a waiter came and laid a cloth for one person on the next table, and when we had dined and were taking our wine and fruit, he placed the dishes on it, which consisted of a dish of boiled eels, one of fried flounders, a boiled fowl, a dish of veal cutlets, and a couple of tarts. I had scarcely said, 'That's pretty well for one person,' when in came Dussek, who, after a 'How d'ye do?' sat

down to it. He was, indeed, some time at his repast ; but if he was slow he was sure, for in half an hour he had cleared all the dishes, leaving, with the exception of the bones, ‘not a wrack behind !’ ”

141.—“*SEEING IS BELIEVING.*”

THE churlish Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, the patron (if he deserves this title) of the elder Mozart, and afterwards of the wonderful Wolfgang, was at first most distrustful of the boy’s capabilities and genius ; so much so, indeed, did he discredit all that had been said of Wolfgang, that he one day went so far as to promise, in the interests of religion and art, to expose such a deception. Accordingly he had the boy at his palace, and giving him pens, ink, paper, and the words for a mass, shut him up with these materials in a little room, there to remain until music had been wedded to the words. For a week and more the prisoner was confined to his cell, nor did he move from it, or see any one, save the servant who brought him his food—of whom there was little fear of the young musician gaining much assistance.

At last the task was completed, and much to the archbishop’s surprise the boy handed him the score, which, upon trial by the court band, fully convinced the ecclesiastic of the mistake which he had made in ridiculing the reputation attached to young Mozart’s name, and he still further showed his appreciation of it, by making it a stock piece among the music of his cathedral.

Another instance of test-work under lock and key is related of Dr. Bull. We all know that the conceit of Frenchmen in the matter of music is much on a ‘par’ with their vanity in other things. No composers, no performers, no scores, have, in their opinion, equalled those

of their own countrymen. That this is no new development of the French character is shown by an interesting story told of Dr. Bull, who was organist of the Chapel Royal in Queen Elizabeth's time ; a story which (for the satisfaction of Englishmen) also proves that in spite of the favourite taunt of foreigners that we are an utterly unmusical nation, we had at that time one musician, at least, superior to the representative talent of France.

In the year 1601, it appears that Dr. Bull went abroad for the benefit of his health, which for some time had been greatly impaired. He travelled *incognito* as far as St. Omer in France, and hearing of a famous musician at the cathedral there, he, in the character of a novice, applied to him for instruction in the art and for the pleasure of hearing and admiring his works. This master of the art conducted Bull to a vestry or music-school adjoining the cathedral, and showed him a composition of forty parts, and thereupon made a vaunting challenge to any person in the world to add one more part to them, supposing it to be so complete and full that it was impossible for any man to correct or add to it. Bull, desiring the use of pen, ink, and music-paper, begged to be locked up in the school for two or three hours ; at the end of which time Dr. Bull had composed forty additional parts to the composition. The musician being then called in, looked at the score, tried it, and retried it ; and at length burst into a great ecstasy, declaring that his visitor must either be the devil or Dr. Bull. The English musician confessed "the soft impeachment," and the Frenchman was enough of a true artist to forget his own defect, in the pleasure of becoming acquainted with so celebrated a man.

We wonder how the lock and key principle, rigorously

applied as an antidote, would affect the tons of musical rubbish annually sent into the London musical market !

142.—*A GOOD TURN AND WHAT CAME OF IT.*

"ONE never loses by doing a good turn," we are told, and the composer of the "Creation" once had tangible evidence of the truth of this proverb. A Falstaff of a butcher one day called upon Haydn in Vienna, and after a few high-flown compliments proceeded to state the object of his visit. The butcher owned a daughter who was shortly to be wedded, and being particularly partial to Haydn's music, she was extremely anxious that he should compose a piece specially for this interesting event. Haydn, good as ever, complied with the request, and the next day the man of meat received a minuet. Here Haydn would have thought the thing ended, had he not been surprised a few days afterwards by hearing the music of the minuet played outside his house. He hastened to his window, and looking down discovered a huge ox with gilded horns, and wonderful decorations, surrounded by a street orchestra. Haydn soon drew his head back, whereupon the butcher gained admission to the house and finally stood before him.

"Dear sir," said he, "I thought that a butcher could not express his gratitude for your kindness in a more becoming manner than by offering you the finest ox in his possession."

Haydn very naturally wished to decline the animal ; but to this the grateful butcher would not agree. Finally the ox was left with Haydn, and we can easily realise that he very soon sent it off to the nearest market. History does not relate what the result was to Haydn's pocket ; but the memory of the composer's good nature and the

butcher's gratitude is preserved in the title of the "Ox" minuet—a worthy pendant to the "Toy" symphony.

143.—"THE KING AND I."

"PATRON" is a well-meaning word to which unfortunately a bad sense has become attached, so that no one now desires to be thought "patronising." Formerly the patron's smile was supposed to be equivalent to bread and butter and clothing! In music the artist was the slave of his "patron," and had to minister enjoyment at his "patron's" price. The musician was glad of the reward truly, but the "patron" sorely needed the music. So they went on: and where there was any variation it was on the side of the "patron," who not unfrequently demanded a "lot" of fiddling for a very little money. Happily, however, there have always been some to resent this state of things and so to make way for better times. Such an one was Rossini, as the following story shows.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, after he had succeeded to the throne of England (as George IV.), had occasionally music parties on a splendid scale, and being much pleased with the compositions of Rossini, gave a grand concert at St. James's Palace, at which the popular Italian composer was appointed to preside. During that evening the King, in his elegant and affable manner, paid particular attentions to Rossini, who, insensible to the distinguished honour thus conferred on him by the King of a great and free people, on his Majesty observing, in the latter part of the concert, 'Now, Rossini, we will have one piece more, and that shall be the *finale*,' most arrogantly replied, 'I think, sir, we have had music enough for one night,' and made his bow!"

Now, there are two sides to every question, and while it is quite possible an exhausted and heated composer might make such a remark upon the slightest provocation, it is not quite easy to believe that exhaustion or the heat of unlimited waxlights would make an Italian forget his native politeness. Is it not more probable that the royal fondness for sweet sounds exceeded the royal liberality, and if so, who will blame Rossini for giving a gentle hint? The historian does not mention the sort of "attention" paid to Rossini by the King, and it is to be feared that it partook more largely of the shadow than the substance. Still Rossini had something to be thankful for if he was even listened to. After all he was *only* the composer of the "Barber of Seville," "*Cenerentola*," and "*Semiramide*," and therefore he should have thought himself fortunate in securing a patient hearing! Had he but lived a few years longer, he might reasonably have felt aggrieved! Music is now so popular, that mistresses of modern drawing-rooms secure it to give zest and stimulation to the chief entertainment—the scandal and gossip. Before long we shall perhaps arrive at the acmé of perfection, in this respect—a Beethoven trio, or a quartet by Haydn, performed as an accompaniment to knives, and forks, and plates.

Yet we must not seriously fall out with "patrons." Let us look for a moment or two, from their side. To get a hearing is, and always has been, a great difficulty for an aspirant, and somehow it seems to be more difficult for the really good to come to the front—judging by the number of incompetent tyros who apparently have no difficulty in appearing—happily soon to disappear, and give others 'a chance.' But given a genius: the difficulty of producing his work is a very real one; and this is where,

in the history of music, so many patrons have won themselves honourable names. Indeed, we might ask where would music be in this country, had it not been for the noble families who have patronised it and its workers, and so kept the two alive?

Prince Vintimille was a patron well worth remembering; who, when Piccini had left the Naples *Conservatoire* and was at the mercies of the wide world, found him out, and discovering that the young musician had been refused a hearing at the theatre to which he had offered his first opera, went to the manager and inquired, "How much can you lose by his opera if it turns out a complete failure?"

An amount equivalent to over three hundred pounds was named.

"There, then, is the money," said the prince, at the same time handing it to him. "If it proves a failure you may keep the money; if not, you can return it to me."

The opera was produced. The favourite composer of the day was laid aside, much to the annoyance of his followers, who determined to hiss the new comer and his work; but—there is a point at which even prejudice gets vanquished, and this music happily reached it. The conspirators were very soon as enraptured as the rest of the audience, and instead of hissing the work were applauding vociferously.

144.—"WE MAY BE HAPPY YET."

DESPITE the wear and tear from the two classes into which we may divide the musical world—those who can sing, and those who cannot—there are some ballads which never grow old or even fade. Of several such Balfe was the fortunate composer, and one of these, "We may be happy yet," from his opera "The Daughter of St. Mark,"

(first produced at the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1844), has a little history of its own. It was originally written for the tenor, Harrison, who, however, could not sing the first melody that was composed to the words. Balfe, therefore, had to think of another, and one night, while sitting with his friend St. Leger, the charming strain, so inseparably associated with these words, suggested itself to the composer. St. Leger liked it, and was so sure of Harrison's opinion of it, that he there and then volunteered to convey the song to the singer that night. It was late, indeed past midnight; and when he arrived in Margaret Street, but one window in the house denoted life within. A loud knock at the door was soon followed by the opening of a window, and a cry of "Who's there?"

"We may be happy yet," was the reply, and forthwith Harrison came below in costume more appropriate to the third than to the ground floor. The two were soon in the parlour and in ecstasies at the new ballad, which Harrison declared "should become popular"—a prophecy to the fulfilment of which many a barrel-organ testified. *À propos* of this ballad there is Planché's well-known anecdote that Balfe was once visiting the grave of Bunn, the lessee, when, after looking at it for a moment, he turned, and with a sigh exclaimed: "Ah, never mind, Alfred, we may be happy yet!"—a reference no doubt seriously enough intended, but a somewhat ill-timed joke under the circumstances, notwithstanding its Hibernian *esprit*.

145.—BEETHOVEN'S POPULARITY.

It has often been asked, "Which of all the composers is entitled to the first place as a musician?" and, if such comparisons are not odious, all things considered, Beet-

hoven is certainly entitled to the place of honour. At the present time no composer, classical or unclassical, can be at all compared to Beethoven as regards the continuous and extraordinary sale of his works—a sale so great that those capable of judging assert, that if the entire number of Beethoven's compositions which pass through the hands of the music-trade in any one year were placed in one scale, and all other music-works published in the same year were laid in the other, the scales might possibly tremble, but that Beethoven alone would balance all the rest.

The writer cannot of course vouch for the accuracy of this nice calculation, and it occurs to him that to test it would be going beyond the province of a musical author.

Of course we do not forget that in a certain sense the term "most popular" would be more fitly applied to Verdi, who is truly enough the most distinctly popular of *modern* composers, but only of such, and whose reputation the test of a hundred years may sadly diminish. "*Il Trovatore*" and "*La Traviata*" have won for their composer a fame among the whistling public which is fully warranted by the verdict of more critical musicians upon his "*Rigoletto*," "*Un Ballo in Maschera*," and last, but not least, "*Aida*." Still, when we think of the long list of operas which Verdi (or to name a somewhat parallel case, that of Rossini) has composed, and compare the works upon which the hard-won 'popularity' rests, with the number of those long-ago refused or forgotten, we must confess that Verdi has a truer view than the common one of his own position. He was once complimented by a friend upon the manner in which all his music had been received.

"Oh! what a mistake!" said Verdi, laughing; "all I have written well received! Why, my dear sir, I believe I am the best hissed of all the composers. That I did not go mad at the beginning of my career is still a mystery to me!"

We venture to hope that he will not be bitten by the theories of "the Future," and go mad in good earnest at the end of his career!

146.—*SOME LIFE RESULTS.*

CONSIDERING the great length of many of Handel's compositions, and the extent of time which he devoted to his managerial duties, the list of his works proves him to have been as prolific a writer, as were most of the other great composers. It contains nearly four hundred compositions, including nineteen oratorios, five Te Deums, seven psalms, twenty anthems, two motets, three hymns, four German operas, thirty-nine Italian operas, seven serenatas and interludes, four odes, two chamber trios, twenty-four chamber duets, one hundred and fifty cantatas, besides upwards of one hundred various instrumental pieces. By these works he has won his lasting reputation, and gained not only general admiration but also the warm eulogiums of far better judges—those who lived and worked in the same sphere of art as himself. No musician has ever been so unanimously declared the head of the great family of composers, as has Handel. When we attempt to allot this foremost place of distinction, the award is generally in favour of Beethoven; but Beethoven himself always declared that Handel was "the monarch of the musical kingdom."

Mozart, too, stated that Handel "knows better than any of us what will produce a grand effect; when he chooses

he can strike like a thunderbolt;" and Haydn summed up his appreciation of Handel in a very few words: "He is the father of us all."

Another prolific writer was Johann Chrysostom Wolfgang Theophilus Amadeus Mozart (this was his full title). He lived barely thirty-six years, yet in that time he composed between six and seven hundred works—some of them gigantic both in proportion and conception. The list includes no less than twenty-three operas and operettas; forty-nine symphonies; twenty-eight masses, litanies, and the like; thirty-one violin quartets; forty offertories, *Te Deums*, etc.; thirty-three *divertimenti* for full orchestra; seventy marches and dances; nine violin quintets; thirty-three pianoforte sonatas; fifty-five concertos; five and forty violin sonatas; eleven pianoforte trios, quartets, and quintets; nearly ninety organ sonatas, canons, and smaller pieces; about eighty solos, cantatas, and other vocal pieces, besides a very large number of songs—no small list for one so delicate and so young.

Haydn was another voluminous writer. True, he enjoyed a long life, but he made good use of it. He well-nigh reached fourscore years, but long as was this career, his compositions are so numerous that they might well account for a still more protracted existence. With no help, save his genius and an old copy of Fuchs' dry treatise, he formed his conceptions of what music should be, and created a style of his own. A catalogue of his works which he drew up with his own hand, comprises upwards of eight hundred compositions, including one hundred and eighteen orchestral symphonies, eighty-three quartets for stringed instruments, twenty-four operas, fourteen masses, and a very great number of compositions in every other musical form. As a composer of chamber-

music, he has immortalised his name. This branch is his *forte*, and in it he has never yet had an equal, and probably never will, for the great creative age in music seems to have passed away for ever.

147.—NOBLE PUPILS!

WHILE Haydn was in London, a nobleman called upon him saying that he was passionately fond of music, and would feel obliged if Haydn would give him a few lessons in harmony and counterpoint, at one guinea a lesson.

"Oh! willingly!" replied the composer; "when shall we begin?"

"Immediately, if you see no objection," saying which, the man of means withdrew from his pocket one of Haydn's quartets. "For the first lesson," said he, taking the initiative, "let us examine this quartet, and you tell me the reason of some modulations which I will point out to you, together with some progressions which are contrary to all rules of composition."

Haydn raised no objection to such a course, so the noble genius went on. The initial bar of the quartet was first attacked, and but few after it escaped the critical eye of the *dilettante*.

Haydn's reply as to why he did this and that, was very simple. "I did it," he said, "because I thought it would have a good effect."

Such a reply was no answer to "my lord," and he declared that his opinion of the composition being ungrammatical and good for nothing, would be maintained, unless Haydn could give some better reason for his innovations and errors.

This nettled Haydn, who suggested that his pupil should re-write the quartet after his own fashion. But

no ! like a great many self-taught geniuses who do credit to their masters, the pupil refused to undertake the task, contenting himself with impugning the correctness of Haydn's production. "How can yours, which is contrary to the rules, be the best?" he repeatedly inquired of Haydn.

At last Haydn lost all patience. "I see, my lord," said he, "it is you who are so good as to give lessons to me. I do not want your lessons, for I feel that I do not merit the honour of having such a master as yourself. Good-morning!"

Haydn left the room and sent his old servant to show "my lord" out.

Dr. Cooke once encountered a similar customer, armed with the privilege of wealth. Cooke was giving violin lessons to a young man of noble birth, who, with that ignorance to which all novices are prone, utterly ignored all the rests.

"Stop, stop, sir," said the doctor one day when playing with him; "just take me with you," and the master was about proceeding to represent the necessity of observing these signs, when the noble pupil somewhat coarsely replied: "Yes, yes, it may be necessary for you, who get your living by it, to mind these trifles, but I don't want to be so exact!"

Just so! Perhaps some of the proverbial contempt for "amateurs'" work in music and art, may be due to a modified form of the sentiment expressed in the above anecdotes.

148.—AN ODD "TOG."

THERE were some striking features in Handel's character, but one of the most marked was his extreme irascibility,

which the giant musician took little pains to curb. His proneness to anger was constantly giving rise to the most ludicrous scenes, in which the great man, with right almost always on his side, might have been seen exerting all his force to convince an unruly singer or other performer of some sin, either against himself, or the art about which he entertained such sacred notions. Occasionally, however, Handel was in the wrong, and this appears to have been the dilemma in which he once found himself towards Burney, when the latter was a boy.

"I remember," writes Burney, the musical historian, "at Frasi's, in the year 1748, he (Handel) brought in his pocket the duet from 'Judas Maccabæus,' 'From these dread scenes,' in which she had not sung, when that oratorio was first performed in 1746. When he sat down to the harpsichord, to give her and me the time of it, while he sung her part, I hummed, at sight, the second, over his shoulder, in which he encouraged me by desiring that I would sing out; but unfortunately something went wrong, and Handel with his usual impetuosity grew violent, a circumstance very terrific to a young musician. At length, however, recovering from my fright, I ventured to say that I fancied there was a mistake in the writing; which, upon examination, Handel discovered to be the case; and then instantly, with the greatest good-humour and humility, said, 'I pec your barton—I am a very odd tog: Maishter Schmitt is to plame.'"

This ready impetuosity constantly showed itself in every direction—even in his religion. He was absolutely clear of anything like cant; nevertheless, Handel entertained very serious views about religious matters, and took some credit to himself for being perfectly familiar with his Bible. To throw any doubt upon his religious

knowledge was always a sure means of rousing his impetuous temper. An instance of this is on record. At the coronation of George II., the bishops, having chosen the words for the anthem, sent them to Handel to be set to music. Handel, in a great rage, returned a message "dat he readt his Biple, andt wouldt choose some vords for himself." He thereupon selected the very appropriate passage commencing, "My heart is inditing of a good matter."

149.—*GOOD AT NEED.*

ONE secret of the art of great composers lies in their intimate acquaintance with the instruments for which they write, a knowledge very often so practical, that many a composer has been able to play on nearly all the instruments in an orchestra. It is astonishing, in looking over orchestral scores, to see how the hand of the master shows itself in the nice adaptation to the powers and capacities of the different instruments. But it is scarcely necessary to be able to play every instrument in order to write correctly for it, and among the unnecessary ones we might safely class the triangle and the drum! Still, a practical acquaintance even with these may sometimes be a useful accomplishment to a composer, as is shown by the following little incident which occurred while Mendelssohn was in Paris.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture was about to be performed before the Parisian public, and at the first rehearsal one or two of the band did not put in an appearance. The second oboe was absent, but, what was much worse, the drummer too was missing. Without a moment's hesitation, Mendelssohn jumped up the orchestra steps, seized the drum-sticks, and beat as

perfect a roll as the most experienced army-drummer could have done.

The following story, from the excellent translations of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's *Recollections*, in "*Macmillan's Magazine*," introduces us to another instance of Mendelssohn's readiness in the time of need :

"The Abbé Bardin, a great musical amateur, used to get together a number of musicians and amateurs at his house once a week in the afternoon, and a great deal of music was got through very seriously and thoroughly even without rehearsals. I had just played the Beethoven E flat concerto in public, and they asked for it again of me on one of these afternoons. The parts were all there, and the string quartet too, but no players for the wind. 'I will do the wind,' said Mendelssohn, and sitting down to a small piano, which stood near the grand one, he filled in the wind parts from memory, so completely that I don't believe a note even of the second horn was wanting. And he did it all as simply and naturally as if it were nothing."

150.—*A PARDONABLE DECEIT.*

NICOLO JOMELLI—the Gluck of Italy—one of the greatest of the Italian musicians of the eighteenth century, was, like many other famous composers, exceedingly clever as a composer in his youthful years, and had acquired a reputation almost during his boyhood. When quite a young man, he was invited to Bologna where Padre Martini, the most learned contrapuntist of his day, then resided. Being anxious to become acquainted with so great a theorist, Jomelli sought every means of gaining an introduction to him, but continually failed to get one. Ultimately he determined upon a pious fraud, and hit upon the plan of presenting himself for instruction at

Martini's Academy, without making himself known. Martini, according to his usual practice, gave him a subject for a fugue, desiring him to work it out, in order to discover what the new pupil could really do. Jomelli at once set to work and developed the subject in a marvellous manner.

"Who are you?" suddenly exclaimed the tutor. "You are playing a trick upon me; you should be the master and I the pupil!"

Jomelli then informed Martini, that he was the young composer engaged to write the opera shortly to be produced at the theatre, and was anxious to receive counsel and advice from so great a master of an art, of which Jomelli had had comparatively little experience. Martini gave the young man every help while he composed this opera, "Ezio," and Jomelli never afterwards failed to acknowledge the great assistance which he had derived from the learned Padre.

151.—*PREJUDICE.*

WHILE we are told that the "bad workman quarrels with his tools," it is as well not to forget that the best workmen are quickest to find out the failings of the weapons of their craft. There is hardly a great score of any master, which does not show the marks of a struggle with difficulties, caused by the imperfections of orchestral instruments. On the whole, however, the composers meet their difficulties bravely with the material at command. Sometimes (as in the score of Mozart's Twelfth Mass) we can trace another influence at work on the composer—the vanity of the performers: florid passages introduced to gratify the executant rather than to satisfy the composer's judgment, and these moreover might often

be spared. It is related that Scarlatti once refused to indulge himself in the luxury of saying 'yes' to please a player. Quantz, the flautist, had begged for a solo passage to be given to him in some composition, but Scarlatti was firm in his refusal, saying privately to Hasse, "My son, you know I detest wind instruments; they are never in tune." Probably the disappointed flautist set down the refusal to prejudice, spite, carelessness, or some other of the hundred motives which disappointed people find it so easy to ascribe. But Scarlatti's "prejudice" was shared by a greater than Scarlatti, for Cherubini was one day heard to exclaim in disgust, "The only thing worse than one flute is two."

152.—*A USEFUL MAN.*

It is a popular fallacy that talent is all that is needed to reach to eminence as a musician. Indomitable perseverance must be there, however, or the genius will soon die out. Was not Handel possessed of genius, yet in his case was genius made an excuse for idleness? and did he not wear the keys of his Rucker harpsichord like the bowl of a spoon with his incessant practising? Again, coolness and self-possession, and unfailing readiness of resource are very necessary qualities, which one's recollections but too painfully declare to be exceptional, rather than general. How many singers, organists, conductors, etc., have lost all chance of success from peculiarities of nervousness, and want of self-control, when emergencies have arisen? The breaking of a string, the loss of a piece of music, the absence of a first hand, the incompetence of a singer, are among the every-day causes of such emergencies; but what can be done against such a plague of accidents and mishaps, by a truly thorough artist, was shown on one

occasion by Mendelssohn. His reserve power was marvellous, and on some occasions underwent tests, which surprised even those most intimate with the master. We have just instanced one such incident—here is another. During the Birmingham Festival of 1846 there was a “miscellaneous selection,” and after the concert had commenced it was discovered that the orchestral parts of a certain recitative were not to be found. The difficulty was serious. A search was made, but all to no purpose. Suddenly Mendelssohn saw a way out of the maze. He snatched up some music paper, ran off to an adjoining room, and there, whilst the band was fast getting through the earlier pieces of the programme, Mendelssohn composed a new recitative, wrote out the band parts and the conductor’s score, just in time for the piece to come in at the place set down in the programme.

The band played it at sight, so well, that the public knew nothing of the threatened *contretemps*.

153.—ACCIDENT OR DESIGN?

Music has its crimes; and not the least of these is plagiarism. A musical plagiarist is a black sheep, and if he once gains such a character, it can never be shaken off. Despite this, however, there have been some notable purloiners—some about whom there can be no mistake, and who do *not* come under the covering of one of Sheridan’s characters—according to whom pillaging is no crime, as “two men may happen to hit on the same thought.” It would be too much to expect, among the army of composers of music, that all should have been perfectly honest and conscientious. Beyond doubt, we repeat, there have been thieves (musically speaking), for there are coincidences too gross to be qualified with the word “undesigned.”

At the same time there is a large number of cases of resemblance which are clearly accidental, and some which must always remain doubtful. Of the accidental ones every one will at once recall the similarity between Haydn's trio in "The Seasons," "With joy the impatient husbandman," and Rossini's "Zitti Zitti" in the "*Barbiere*;" between Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" and the *andante* in Herold's "*Zampa*" overture, both of which agree strongly with a passage of Corelli's, which, in its turn, is said to be a transcript of an old French air. A long list of these "undesigned coincidences" might be made, had we not in mind the patience of the reader. The (happily worn-out) tune "The Ratcatcher's Daughter" was a literal copy from two sacred originals; the first part of the tune being Mozart's well-known hymn-tune "Belmont," the opening phrase of which reappears in the form of "*Languir per una bella*" in "*L'Italiana in Algeri*;" the second being the phrase set to the words "To Thee, cherubin and seraphin continually do cry," in Jackson's *Te Deum* in F. The opening phrase of Molloy's deservedly popular song "The Vagabond" is simply the beginning of Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" travestied in minor key and triple time. The melodious chorus which greets the arrival of the Knight of the Swan in Wagner's "*Lohengrin*," "*Wie fasst uns selig süßes Grauen*," sends the memory back to the tenor solo and chorus at the beginning of Mendelssohn's "*Walpurgis Nacht*;" while the cantabile melody of the march in "*Tannhäuser*" conjures up clear recollections of certain delicious phrases in "*Der Freischütz*." Schumann's popular little "sketch" for the pianoforte known as "The Merry Peasant" corresponds in the most friendly manner with the opening chorus of act ii. in Auber's "*Masaniello*." The melody of the

magnificent prayer which brings act iii. of "*Le Prophète*" to a conclusion is almost identical with one of Beethoven's Romances for violin and piano. The "*Quis est homo*" in Rossini's "*Stabat Mater*," and the solo passage for "Edgardo" in "*Lucia*," "*Sulla tomba che rinsera*," are each suggestive of each other; and a very similar phrase appears in the first tenor solo in "*Il Trovatore*," "*Deserto sulla terra*." "*Don Giovanni*" ("*Se vuol ballare*") has made its way into church under the disguise of a German hymn-tune to the words "Sun of my Soul." And so we might go on and extend a catalogue to a very considerable length. The melody of Mendelssohn's popular "two-voiced *Lied ohne Worte*," No. 6 in book iii., is identical with the first few bars of "With verdure clad." Schumann's "*Schlummerlied*" is "If with all your hearts," key and all. Mendelssohn's lovely "Lord, at all times," from the "*Lauda Sion*," is only a transposed form of Bach's mezzo-soprano "*Et exultant*," from the "Magnificat." The subject of the "*Zauberflöte*" overture may be seen in a less decorated form in Bach's fugue in E flat in "the 48." Croft's "Great is the Holy One of Israel," in the anthem "Cry aloud and shout," is built on the same theme; and this Englishman wrote another well-known theme, "God is gone up," which is very suggestive of the E major fugue of Bach in $\frac{3}{4}$ time in the "Clavecin Preludes and Fugues."

In many of these instances, it is almost impossible that there could have been plagiarism, for neither author was likely to know the work of the other. Again, in fugue writing, the actual identity of a theme does not necessarily constitute the crime of copying. This form of writing is much confined by rules of theory; hence the many striking resemblances in subjects and melodic skips. But

there is a class of "similarities" where the resemblance is evidently intentional, and where the composers have borrowed known phrases or melodies purposely, in order to suggest certain ideas connected with them. To this class belong the prelude to "*Les Huguenots*," in which and elsewhere in the opera Meyerbeer has made such wonderful use of the German chorale "*Ein' feste Burg*;" the *barcarolle* in Carafa's "*Masaniello*," where the melody of the well-known "*Carnaval de Venise*" is cleverly introduced; and Schumann's song, the "*Two Grenadiers*," where a similar use is made of the "*Marseillaise*," etc.

But, beyond these two classes of parallel passages there is another, where the honesty of the composer comes into question; that is to say, where the resemblances are so strong, that if unintentional they are almost miraculous, and if intentional, they prove dishonesty. The greatest sinner in this respect, whom we can introduce to the reader, is George Frederick Handel. It is all very well to say of him that he found a rough diamond and polished it. He did more than this. He stole some very highly polished stones, and the more we extend our musical researches into the works of Handel's contemporaries, and those before him, the more wholesale do we discover the "dear Saxon's" depredations to have been. No man has more coolly adapted wholesale musical phrases and subjects already known, than Handel: and this without any excuse on the score of haste; for it must have been even less trouble for him to write an original movement than to copy one. It may truly be said of him, that, if he saw a theme or movement he liked, he had no scruple in using it.

We have already noticed the similarity between the "Harmonious Blacksmith" and a passage of Corelli's, the "Happy We," in "*Acis and Galatea*," is a Welsh air;

while perhaps the most flagrant instance of his *kleptomania* is the appropriation of nearly the whole of Urrio's "*Te Deum*" into his own Dettingen "*Te Deum*" and the oratorio "*Saul*." It is needless here to go into details; it suffices to say that no less than nine movements in the "*Dettingen Te Deum*" and six in "*Saul*" are taken bodily from, or founded upon themes in, Urrio's celebrated work. Carissimi and Lully were also favourite subjects for Handel's "paste and scissors." For instance the chorus "Hear Jacob's God," in "*Samson*," is none other than "*Plorate filiæ Israel*," from Carissimi's "*Jephtha*." Again, a comparison of the overtures of Handel and Lully will reveal to the student some startling resemblances which we cannot assign to accident. Handel, however, had the art of imparting a certain unmistakable "Handelian" flavour to everything he touched, and we cannot advise the student to imitate Handel's powers of appropriating, until he is quite sure that he can also make as much, in proportion to his borrowings, as the master has done. There are less noble thieves than those we have cited, whom we need not mention, except perhaps to record Charles Bannister's *bon mot* concerning a work by one of them. Being asked his opinion of a contemporary oratorio, he replied, "Well, if another flood was to occur it would be worth while to preserve this oratorio, as affording specimens of the works of all preceding composers."

154.—SOUND ADVICE.

WE have elsewhere spoken of the modesty of Cherubini and his esteem for the works of other composers. Both these qualities are seen in the following exhortation, bestowed upon a pupil who had been describing to the composer of "*Medea*" a certain performance of

one of Beethoven's symphonies, omitting, however, all mention of the merits of the composition itself.

Cherubini became impatient, and broke in with the following rebuke: "Young man, let your sympathies be first turned to the creative, and be less anxious about the executive in art; accept the interpretation, and ponder over the creation, of those wonderful compositions which are written for all time, and for the imitation and criticism of all nations."

Another piece of valuable advice for students comes to them from Dr. Pepusch, the friend and contemporary of Handel. It is a good hint, which makes one feel that whatever may be thought of the merits of Dr. Pepusch as a musician, there can be little doubt of his wisdom, if the counsel given by him to Dr. Burney was original. "Never," said Pepusch to the boy who afterwards became "Doctor," "go to bed till you have learnt something that you did not know in the morning."

Pepusch is chiefly remembered as Handel's predecessor at the organ at Cannons, and as the compiler and arranger of the music to the once famous "Beggar's Opera." If he did nothing better than the "Beggar's Opera" in the line of music, the above-quoted sentence may well outweigh it all!

155.—"SIGHT-READING."

THE rage for execution is superseding all the most useful forms of musical work and practice. Tone, feeling, correctness, transposition, sight-reading, etc., all these are giving way to that formidable monster—execution. Sight-reading especially is a branch of practice to which students of music should devote more time and attention;

and yet this, together with the art of transposition, are now very little thought of, compared with the attention which manual dexterity, or vocal gymnastics, is receiving. At the same time it must be observed, that those who *can* read well at sight, are often tempted to trust too much to luck and their skill. This habit is not a safe one, for in the matter of reading music at sight, even the most skilful may be caught tripping. This assertion is amply proved by an incident which occurred to Bach. We can well suppose that with Bach's vast experience, his great imaginative and creative powers, his well-taxed memory, and equally practised fingers, he was a giant in everything relating to the manipulation of keyed instruments; and apparently the old man himself used to think so, for a friend to whom Bach had more than once expressed his belief that he could without hesitation play any piece of music at first sight, could not rest until he had convinced him that he was in error.

"He," writes Forkel, "invited him one morning to breakfast, and laid upon the desk of his instrument, among other pieces, one which at the first glance appeared to be very trifling. Bach came, and, according to his custom, went immediately to the instrument, partly to play, partly to look over the music that lay on the desk. While he was turning over, and playing them, his friend went into the next room to prepare breakfast. In a few minutes Bach reached the piece which was destined to make him change his opinion, and began to play it. But he had not proceeded far, when he came to a passage at which he stopped. He looked at it, began anew, and again stopped at the same passage. 'No,' he called out to his friend, who was laughing to himself in the next room, at the same time going away from the

instrument, 'one cannot play everything at first sight; it is not possible.'"

Much more, both grave and gay, might be said upon the subject of musical sight-reading. Most of us know Handel's experience with a chorister who replied in the affirmative, when asked if he could sing at "soite!" Being on his way to Ireland in 1741, Handel passed through Chester, where, on account of the weather being unfavourable for his embarking at Parkgate, he was detained for several days. Not being willing that the whole of this time should remain unoccupied, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, to know if there were any choirmen in the cathedral who could sing at sight, as he wished to prove some copies of the "Messiah" choruses, which had been somewhat hastily transcribed.

Among those most likely to be of use, the organist mentioned a Mr. Janson, "who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir." Exactly at the appointed hour, Handel met the singers in his apartments at the Golden Falcon, but, sad to say, on trial of the chorus "And with His stripes we are healed," the chorister failed so egregiously that Handel cried out: "You schountrel! Tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?"

"Yes, sir, and so I can, but not at *first* sight."

A more successful instance of "sight-reading," however, is recorded of Mozart. His D minor pianoforte concerto (which is probably the finest example he has left in that form of composition) was written in the early part of February, 1785; and on the 11th of that month its composer played it at the first of a series of six subscription concerts which he—or rather Mozart *père*—had

arranged. It was a performance remarkable for the self-possession, the marvellous reading and technical powers which it proves Mozart to have possessed, for on that occasion he accomplished what was really a surprising feat, although the elder Mozart seems to make very light of it in communicating the news of the concert to his daughter: "Wolfgang," he says, "played a new and admirable pianoforte concerto on which the copyist was at work yesterday when we arrived, and your brother had not time to play the Rondo once through, because he was obliged to look over the copying."

156.—"*BY HARDSHIP TO GLORY.*"

It is strange that nearly all the world's greatest men have grown out of poverty, and in no case is this more true than in the lives of great musicians. Genius seems like some plant that cannot flourish upon a rich soil, but matures to beauty and perfection in the bleakest air, and when it is least cared for.

Beethoven, it will be remembered, was a drunkard's son, and subject to all the evils which this entails; Mozart was poor—very poor at times, and could get no patronage till he lay on his death-bed; Schubert knew what starving meant—that is, he was frequently without daily bread; Bach's daily wants, too, were sadly disproportionate to his purse, so much so, that we read that once he could not afford to get shoes, and was actually seen out of doors barefooted and bareheaded; Rossini was the son of a strolling horn-player and town-crier combined, and at seven years of age little Gioachino was earning his own living, so that he may be safely acquitted of any share in a "bed of roses;" Haydn kept himself alive, and that is all; Weber, Spohr, and Gluck

were as badly off as the rest. Yet, see what these men have done! Do not such excellent examples point to the theory that stern and dire want is an enormous impelling power to the mind? Some day, perhaps, physiologists will more fully explain this phenomenon, and throw some light upon the causes which conduce to such strength and fertility of minds and bodies un-nourished and uncared for. That the healthy and best qualities of the mind are not destroyed by necessity and want, is clear from the works of the men cited above. Rather is it affluence and ease, which enervate and ultimately kill the mind.

This may be taken as a satisfactory solution to a well-known puzzle in Rossini's career. If critics, instead of speculating further why Rossini hardly wrote a note during the last forty years of his life, will but admit that he had made a European reputation, had accumulated great wealth, and, moreover, intended to enjoy the fruit of his labours, they will not be far out in their conclusion. No one of course will blame Rossini for this piece of judgment; nevertheless, lovers of music will rejoice that this is the only instance where the best half of a great composer's life has been blighted by the influence of wealth. With Rossini such a course was almost inevitable. This easy-going son of the south could not be expected to work very hard when it was unnecessary, if, when the shoe did pinch a little, he was so lazy that upon one occasion he would not get out of bed to recover a sheet of "*L'Italiana in Algeria*" that had fallen down, but wrote another instead.

Still we could have wished a somewhat more glorious ending for the composer of "*Guillaume Tell*" and

"*Semiramide*," and much as we might grieve over the sad lives of others greater than, or as great as he, we scarcely think him so much to be envied as they themselves would probably have thought him. After all, the wisest prayer for a genius might well be, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

Of those musicians who have died poor, their name is legion. Porpora is a striking example. He, with the means of making himself rich upon his universal fame as a singing-master, died in complete indigence. Corri was one of his boarding pupils at the time of his decease, and he related that although his friends paid a considerable sum not alone for his instruction but for his board also, Porpora kept so miserable a table that he was frequently driven out of the house by hunger, to seek a dinner elsewhere.

157.—AN ARDENT ADMIRER.

HOWEVER tardy has been the public recognition of great talent, there are generally one or two persons to be found who have from the first seen and appreciated the value of the hidden treasure, and whose encouragement must have often been a solace and support under the smart of general neglect. Schubert, who suffered as much as any one in the long-deferred appreciation of his work, found an ardent admirer in a pianist named Boclet who always showed the greatest reverence for him.

On one occasion Boclet, with Schuppanzigh the violinist, and Linke the violoncellist, were at the house of Spaun, practising one of Schubert's trios, when of a sudden the zealous Boclet knelt and kissed the composer's hand, at the same time calling out to the com-

pany that they did not know "what a treasure they possessed in Schubert."

One of Schubert's greatest and truest friends is Mr. George Grove, who, not content with admiring his almost unknown music, did not rest till he had succeeded in giving the English public an opportunity of hearing it for themselves.

158.—*A COMPOSER AND HIS CRITICS.*

ARTISTS—musical and otherwise—are generally of one opinion concerning men who call themselves critics. Professing to be grateful for "fair criticism," they are by no means at one with their censors as to what is "fair;" agreeing to despise "anonymous attacks," they are, nevertheless, most unphilosophically excited by "attacks" of which it must be admitted that the ignorance often displayed in them is sufficient to merit any amount of contempt.

It is often wished that there could be a critic of critics, really capable of helping the uninitiated public to decide between the "professionals" and the "papers." But failing the existence of such a tribunal, perhaps the best thing that the artist can do is to assure himself of his aim, be certain of his genius, define accurately for himself the principles of his special branch of art, and then work steadily forward, confident that truth will in the end prevail. But such an ideal artist is a *rara avis*. It is only now and then that Nature kindly dowers a genius with a temper so happy that it enables him to shut his eyes to the critics!

Rossini is a brilliant example of this. He did not care a jot for the verdict of any one. More than this, he would even defy the public, and he has been known

to treat an audience with open contempt. Incredible as it appears to us now, there was an audience who stormed disapproval of "*Il Barbiere*" on its first performance ; but the composer merely shrugged his shoulders, and was so little disturbed by the verdict that very shortly after the performance he was found fast asleep in his house.

So little, indeed, did he accept the opinion of a "first night" audience, that on one occasion, while travelling from Naples to Milan, on the night of the production of "*La Donna del Lago*"—an opera then and there pronounced to be a complete failure—he boldly informed all who spoke of it on the way that it had achieved a signal success. With such an opinion of "the public" (whose verdict, when it is really given by themselves unassisted, is by no means to be despised) it is scarcely surprising that he should have been still more indifferent to the strictures of the critics. When "*La Gazza Ladra*" first appeared, it was very severely handled by these gentlemen, and the composer was accused of having violated the rules of musical grammar.

"Well then," retorted Rossini, "reform your grammar: it must be *that* which is defective!"

We are not all Rossinis, however, and we shall do well to make friends with such mammon of unrighteousness as the critics, even in these impartial times!

159.—MUSICIANS' MONEY.

THE old gleemen and minstrels were men who lived literally from hand to mouth. Generous and careless when in possession of a little money, light-hearted and hopeful when it was all gone, they seemed to have thought that wealth in their pockets was fatal to the inspiration of

their art, which was worth far more to them. This failing (if such it be) seems to have clung to the craft. "Thrift" is a word which never has possessed much charm to the musical artist's ear. It is true that by means of teaching the professor may acquire even wealth, but among artists—that is to say, composers, singers, and players—those who make money by the exercise of their art, and keep it when made, are very few and far between.

The musician has won the reputation of enjoying a sort of chronic poverty, and it is difficult to say with any certainty what may be the reason for it. Unheeding generosity to fellow-artists may have something to do with it: love of good fellowship, or a leaning towards 'Bohemianism,' may be another source of the evil habit of carelessness for the morrow. Certain it is that too many of our most popular and most successful artists seem to have been of the same mind as Giardini, to whom it was once said by a most liberal friend of his, a certain Rev. Mr. Madan: "How happens it, Giardini, that though you are continually receiving such large sums for your professional exertions, yet you are always poor?"

"My good friend, Mr. Madan," replied Giardini, "I'll tell you the plain, honest truth; I candidly confess that I never in my life had five guineas in my pocket but I had a fever till they were gone."

160.—*GREAT EXAMPLES FOR LITTLE MINDS.*

DURING that very profitable time for the "Father of Symphony" when he visited London, the musician interested himself a good deal in London life and society. His great delight was the shops and the shopping, which

were on a somewhat different scale to what he had been used to in and around his home, though these latter even were almost lost to his memory through his thirty years' seclusion at the Esterhazys'. One morning, being out in pursuit of this enjoyment, he came across a music-shop. He went in, and asked to be shown any novelties that the publisher might have for sale.

"Certainly," replied the shopman, who forthwith brought out "some sublime music of Haydn's," as he termed it.

"Oh! I'll have nothing to do with that," said the customer.

"Why not?" quickly retorted the shopman, who happened to be a very warm admirer of Haydn's music. "Have you any fault to find with it?"

"Yes!" said the other; "and if you can show me nothing better than that, I must go without making a purchase."

"Well then, you had better go, for I've nothing that I can supply as suitable for such as you," and Mr. Shopman marched off.

Before, however, Haydn could reach the door, a gentleman entered who was known not only to Haydn, but also to the music-publisher. He greeted the composer by name, and rushed into a congratulatory speech about the latest symphony that Haydn had produced at Salomon's concerts. Upon hearing the name "Haydn" the music-seller turned round: "Ah!" he chimed in, "here's a musician who does not like that composer's music."

The gentleman at once perceived the joke which had proved so practical: he explained the matter, and all three together had a hearty laugh over the incident.

A somewhat similar story is related of the composer of

"*Semiramide*." Rossini was blessed with one of the liveliest dispositions that ever fell to the lot of musician. At all times his propensity for joking and love of fun would sparkle out irrepressibly. One of his absurd freaks shows a curious contrast to those second-rate composers and artists who get furious at any disparagement of their names or their genius!

It is related that once while he (Rossini) was on a journey from Ancona to Reggio, he passed himself off for a musical professor who was well known to be a mortal enemy of Rossini, and amused himself with singing the most execrable music possible to the words of his own best airs, to show his superiority to that pig, Rossini, whom ignorant pretenders to taste had the folly to extol to the skies!

161.—UNDAUNTED.

IN these days, when the name of Handel is "a household word," we are apt to forget the years of neglect and the long catalogue of disappointments to which he had to submit. Yet it is worth while to bear in mind the never-failing courage and spirit which sustained him all that time. A certain grim humour broke out now and then, and showed that he was fully aware of his position; nor did he forget in the years of his success to take revenge on the public for their long neglect. With a 'full house' he used to be sarcastic, and to put on the grand airs which became him so well.

For instance, when the success of the "Messiah" brought many applicants to him begging for tickets, the opportunity was too good to be lost. "Your servant, mein Herren," he would say, "you are tamnaple tainty! you wouldt not co to 'Teodore'—dere vas room enough

to tance dere when dat vas perform"—which was perfectly true, for Handel had been glad to get an audience for "Theodora" by giving tickets away, right and left.

But, in the days of empty houses the grand airs were not there, and the disappointed composer had to summon courage and philosophy to his aid. How successfully he did so may be gathered from his ready reply to some friends who were condoling with him upon the sight of rows of empty benches: "Never mind," said Handel, "de moosic vill soundt de petter."

Handel's most faithful friend and patron was George II. This King was a great admirer of Handel's music; and more than once advanced him sums of a thousand pounds to carry on his unfortunate undertakings.

Lord Chesterfield, in one of his pithy sayings, has presented us with the above state of things in a very few words. An old *habitué* once met his lordship coming out of Covent Garden Theatre one evening in the middle of a performance.

"What, my lord," said the *dilettante*, "is there not an oratorio?"

"Yes!" replied Lord C., "they are now performing, but I thought it best to retire, lest I should disturb the King in his privacy."

162.—AN EXTRA ATTRACTION.

PERHAPS the least appreciated (although one of the most useful) branches of musical art is that of accompanying. It is a separate accomplishment in itself, demanding powers entirely distinct from those of the solo performer. And yet, while the accompanist receives scant recognition at the hands of the public, he is often made the scapegoat for an unsuccessful performance of a singer or solo-player.

Happily, the post of accompanist is now more frequently filled by persons whose standing in their profession would render ridiculous any accusation of having contributed to the failure of a singer by faulty accompaniments, but still a singer who has made a *fasco* is tolerably certain to try and shift the blame on to the shoulders of the pianist. Handel was once in hot water with a singer, named Gordon, who accused the composer of accompanying him badly, and added that, if he did not change his style of accompanying, he (Gordon) would jump upon the harpsichord and smash it.

"Let me know when you vill do dat," said the angry composer, "and I vill adverdise it. I am sure more beoble vill come to see you shump, dan vill come to hear you sing!"

Although this style of repartee is scarcely to be commended among professors of harmony, yet Handel's example might fairly be followed by all accompanists who desire a precedent for "holding their own" under unjust censure! Not, however, because they cannot easily hold their own if they so wish. The accompanist happens to be master of the situation, and can make it what is technically known as "warm" for any singer who chooses to make himself unsociable. The following gives a clue to "how it is done."

Beethoven was very fond of playing practical jokes, nor was he at all thoughtful as to how these little diversions might end; when he was but a youth, and organist of the Electoral Chapel at Bonn, there was engaged in the chapel a coxcomb who was constantly priding himself upon his singing abilities, or upon the inability of any accompanist to disconcert him when singing. Beethoven soon heard of this conceited fellow, and made a

wager with him to the effect that he would bring him to a standstill while he was singing. Accordingly at one of the services in Passion-week, while the singer was warbling in the most approved fashion, Beethoven, by a gradual and adroit modulation, suddenly landed the singer in a region from which he could not move or do anything but leave off his singing. The failure of the singer, and his confusion too, was complete. Choking with rage, he declared he would complain to the Elector of such conduct from a mere organist. And he did so ; but the Elector very wisely heard both sides of the tale, when he warmly reprimanded each of the parties to the suit, adding that if one was more to blame than another, that one was the singer, for his meanness in complaining of his antagonist after having himself been a party to the wager.

163.—*A CHEF D'ŒUVRE.*

It is not often that an author, artist, or composer can be followed in his own views of his works. People as a rule value most highly their weakest points. For instance, excellent comedians feel convinced that their real *forte* lies in tragedy : many good singers pride themselves on knowing how to play, better than how to sing, and *vice versâ*. It is said that Meyerbeer was far more fond of his "*L'Africaine*" than of what will ever be regarded as his masterpieces—" *Les Huguenots*," and "*Le Prophète*," and it would be easy to go on multiplying instances of such curious convictions. Happily, however, such instances are met by some of sounder judgment on the other side, and a notable one is found in the case of Haydn. Of the long list of symphonies which we owe to his genius, the set of twelve composed for

Salomon's concerts will ever be ranked as the first. It was due to the enterprise of J. P. Salomon—a name for that reason, if for no other, to be always honourably associated with the history of music—that Haydn visited England, and there composed the Salomon symphonies—the “twelve grand,” as they are usually called. They may well be regarded as the crowning point of Haydn's efforts in that form of writing. He took infinite pains with them, as, indeed, is well proved by an examination of the scores. More elaborate, more beautiful, and scored for a fuller orchestra than any others of the one hundred and twenty or thereabouts which he composed, the Salomon set also bears marks of the devout and pious spirit in which Haydn ever laboured.

It is interesting to see how, in many of the great works which have won the world's admiration, the religion of the author has gone hand in hand with his energy and his genius, and we find Haydn not ashamed to endorse his score with his prayer and praise, or to offer the fruits of his talents to the Giver of all. Thus, the symphony in D (No. 6) bears on the first page of the score the inscription: “*In Nomine Domini : di me Giuseppe Haydn mpia 791 in London ;*” and on the last page, “*Fine, Laus Deo, 238.*”

That genius may sometimes be trusted to judge of its own work may be gathered from Haydn's own estimate of these great symphonies.

“Sir,” said the well-satisfied Salomon, after a successful performance of one of them, “I am strongly of opinion that you will never surpass these symphonies.”

“No !” replied Haydn ; “I never mean to try.”

164.—AN UNFRIENDLY BIDDER.

CHERUBINI never spared the rod of musical criticism. Friends and foes alike all suffered in their turn from his blunt and unsparing judgment. When therefore Cherubini fell into the hands of critics, it may easily be imagined that any weak point was met in a spirit that quite reciprocated the old contrapuntist's unseasoned justice. Fortunately Cherubini offered his enemies few loopholes for attack, but like all of us he had his weak moments, and according to the Parisian critics of his day, it was at one of these that he 'let go' his last opera—"Ali Baba," concerning which even his friends, and he himself, had great misgivings. At length the day of its first performance came round. Cherubini, more anxious for his reputation in his old than he had ever been in his young days, had not forgotten to paper the pit of the "Grand Opera," which on this occasion was unusually well attended by *Conservatoire* scholars.

Berlioz by some means obtained a ticket for the *début* of "Ali Baba," but he soon found it tedious pleasure, and, what is more, gave evidence of his uneasiness by creating a disturbance.

"Towards the end of the first act" (these are Berlioz's own words), "I was so disappointed at not having heard something new, that I could not restrain myself from muttering loud enough to be heard by those around, 'Twenty francs for an idea!' In the second act I increased my bid—'Forty francs for an idea!' The *finale* began, and the same tame music continued. 'There!' I exclaimed, 'eighty francs for an idea!' The *finale* over, I rose up exclaiming, 'Ah! my faith, I am not rich enough—I give it up.' On the same bench with me were some

young folks—*Conservatoire* scholars who had places there, in order to admire usefully their director. They looked at me fiercely, and on the following day they did not omit to acquaint Cherubini of my insolence. Cherubini was much outraged and annoyed at finding me so horribly ungrateful ; and he ever afterwards avoided me.”

165.—A WILL AND A WAY.

WHATEVER may be the case with the little men in music, it is quite certain that the great ones have not been remarkable for “getting on” with the world ; and the cause of this seems to lie chiefly with the artists themselves. Schubert was an instance of this unfortunate peculiarity. An irritable and susceptible temper like a millstone hung round his neck through life, and baulked him in almost everything that he attempted. Instead of being the poverty-stricken fellow that he was he might have had good and lucrative appointments, had he but exercised a little self-control and some of that consideration which he was ready enough to receive from others. Two years before his death, for instance, he lost a fixed appointment at the Court Opera-house in Vienna, through his persistent refusal to listen to reason. From Coleridge’s translation of the “Life of Schubert,” it appears that, owing to the departure of *Capelmeister* Krebs to Hamburg, the conductorship at the *Karntnerner* Theatre became vacant, and Schubert’s friends (Vogl being in the very front rank) took all possible pains to get Schubert elected. The young composer succeeded also in attracting the attention of Duport, the official manager ; his actual appointment, however, was to be made dependent on a trial of his qualifications in setting to music some operatic

scenes put together and composed for the purpose. This task he accomplished, and the chief part was intended for Frl. Schechner. Whilst attending to pianoforte rehearsals, the lady called Schubert's attention to the impracticable nature of the chief air for the soprano, and begged him, by curtailments and simplifying the accompaniments, to make some alteration in his music—a request pointedly refused by Schubert.

At the first rehearsal with the orchestra it became evident that the singer could not get through the air already mentioned, and Schubert was entreated by his friends and acquaintance to make some alterations; but all to no purpose. He adhered to his first refusal. Then came the general rehearsal, and all went very prosperously until this air, the chief feature of which was an outburst of passion. Here, as had been expected, the singer, in a continual struggle with the orchestra, especially with the wind instruments, was absolutely overpowered by the mass of sound crushing down her colossal voice. She sank exhausted on a chair standing at the side of the proscenium. There was a deep silence throughout the house, and consternation on every face; presently Duport, the manager, was seen advancing now to one group, now to another, as they came on the stage, or talking mysteriously to the *prima donna*, or the *capel-meisters* who were present. As for Schubert, he sat, during a scene painful to every one who witnessed it, like a marble figure, fixed to his chair, with his eyes riveted upon the pages of the score lying open before him. At last, after a long pause, Duport stepped in front of the orchestra, and said, in a very polite tone :

“Herr Schubert, we should like to put off the performance for some days; and I must ask you to make the

necessary alterations in the scene, at all events to make it an easier matter for Fräulein Schechner."

Several of the players in the orchestra now exhorted Schubert to give way. Schubert's wrath, after he had listened to Duport's speech, only grew more intense, and calling out at the top of his voice, "I alter nothing!" he shut up the score with a bang, put it under his arm, and walked off as fast as he could home.

There was an end to all hope of his appointment.

166.—A MUSICAL CONSCRIPT.

LIKE Rossini and some other eminent composers, Adolphe Adam had his troubles with the conscription laws of his country. In 1824 he was drawn to serve as a soldier. Such a prospect disgusted the art-bent student, yet he knew not how to release himself from the military grip. He first thought that his art might save him, and accordingly he applied to Cherubini, the master of the *Conservatoire*, and begged him to write a certificate of his musical aptitude as a cause for exemption from the conscription. Cherubini knew the rigour of his adopted country's laws, and while he loved Adolphe Adam, he had no great wish to bring trouble on his own pate, so that Adam was somewhat disappointed when he read the indefinite *attestation*—"I certify that Adolphe Adam is exactly fitted for the classes of the *Conservatoire*."

It was not to the point, and to present such a plea to the authorities would have been useless. He then thought of his finger which had been operated upon some two years previously.

"Here," said he, "is a safe excuse."

But no! upon applying to the surgeon who had attended him, the doctor proved to have quite as much fear, or

conscience, as the musician, and his certificate was even less satisfactory than that from Cherubini. Adam gave it up. He presented himself before the military authorities, trusting to the Fates for deliverance. Fortune smiled upon him ; when the army surgeon came to examine Adam he was found to be so short, and his eyesight so bad, as to disqualify him for military service. To these physical disqualifications, then, the world owes many compositions of which, at present, the English public are in profound ignorance.

167.—CRITICISM.

THERE is no criticism in which a composer places more faith, or values more, than that which comes from his orchestra and his singers. If he secures the favourable opinion of these upon any new work, the result with the public is pretty sure to be the same. The honest opinion of an orchestra is the safest verdict by which to judge of a new orchestral work. Singers are not fair critics ; their verdict of a work too often depends on their own success or failure therein.

"It is charming music—I made a great success in it," was a certain songstress's criticism on "*La Fille de Madame Angot*," although she was a good musician, and knew that as music it was rubbish. But there is no surer proof that music is genuine, than when it meets with such a reception at rehearsal, as was accorded from such disinterested quarters as the orchestra, to the famous song, "*Non più Andrai*." At the first rehearsal of "*La Nozze di Figaro*," Mozart himself was present in "full rig"—crimson pelisse and gold-laced hat, giving the time to the band. When "*Non più andrai*" was reached, Benuci,

who was to create the rôle of "Figaro," gave the song with great power and animation.

"I was standing," writes Kelly in his "Reminiscences," "close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating 'Bravo, bravo, Benuci;' and when Benuci came to the fine passage, '*Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar,*' which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself; for the whole of the performers on the stage and in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, '*Bravo, bravo, Maestro! Viva, viva, grande Mozart!*' Those in the orchestra I thought never would have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged by repeated obeisance his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him."

168.—INSPIRATIONS.

WE often wonder what must have been the feelings of a great composer, as the strains which were to immortalise him were first whispered in his mind, and gradually swelled with full inspiration to their perfection; but we rarely obtain a glance into the sacred chamber. In many cases, indeed, it would be impossible for the composer himself to describe his feelings, for he can only feel and let himself be carried away, lost in the great art-work which has found birth in his soul. All that he would remember and could tell us would be but a dim recollection of the impressions produced on his mind. But a graphic hint of what such sensations may be, is given by Handel. Among the world's great *repertoire* of music, there probably is not another piece which, for sublimity of conception, power, and grandeur, at all ranks with the

"Hallelujah" chorus from "The Messiah;" and while writers on and lovers of music are talking so much of the inspirations of musicians—of what was in their minds and about them when they penned their immortal strains, it may not be uninteresting to know what were Handel's feelings, for example, as he penned the seemingly undying strains of "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

"Then," once remarked Handel, referring to this moment, "I did think I could see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself."

A glorious exposition, and an assertion easily to be credited by any one, who can recall accurately his own feelings on first hearing the "Hallelujah" chorus. But, we must not mislead the reader, who will probably be aware that much immortal music has been written under far less respectable conditions than those under which Handel was wont to work! Not to put too fine a point to the matter, it may be safely asserted as a fact that far more music has been written in the tavern than the church—music withal that will live.

We have heard that most of Beethoven's sublime music was penned at a favourite coffee-house, or at a tavern hard by; that Schubert's innumerable melodies were mostly written in a tavern amid the clatter of glasses and of tongues talking; that Mozart wrote much of his beautiful music during his intervals of rest when playing at billiards or bowls; that Haydn was never happier in his life than when composing in his sixth story garret, without food or firing; and in this respect we find Rossini no whit behind those other Titans of music. Some of his most delightful melodies were penned not in the tavern only, but after he had been turned out of it;

a fact which may perhaps account for many of the humorous and jovial strains of which the "Pesaro swan" was so lavish. Invariably upon the receipt of a commission to compose a new work would he delay gracing his libretto with a single note until the day of its performance was fast approaching. And even then it took but little to divert him from settling to work. Not unfrequently it occurred that the singers for whom he was writing would call upon him with an invitation to dine with them at some neighbouring tavern, and Rossini never could refuse. The dinner would lead on to a supper of a kind which has been thus described by an eye-witness: "The champagne circulates freely, and as the small hours steal on, the gallant roysterers grow boisterous. At length a compunctious visiting shoots across the mind of the truant composer. He rises abruptly; his friends insist on seeing him home, and they parade the silent streets bareheaded, shouting in chorus whatever comes uppermost, perhaps a portion of a *Miserere*, to the great scandal and annoyance of the good Catholics in their beds. At length he reaches his lodgings, and shutting himself up in his chamber, is at this—to every-day mortals—most ungenial hour, visited by some of his most brilliant inspirations. These he hastily scratches down on scraps of paper, and next morning arranges them, or, in his own phrase, *instruments* them, amid the clatter and conversation of friends and visitors."

169.—*THE WORTH OF CRITICISM.*

WE have elsewhere in this volume made a few remarks concerning musical criticism. Another view presents

itself, and suggests to us that section of critics who claim a species of omniscience—laying down the law with all the authority imaginable, and leading astray a large proportion of the public who take these “critics” at their own valuation. Fortunately, every now and then the veil gets drawn aside, and some amusing revelation is made: an elaborate account of a concert accidentally appears two days before the concert has taken place, and yet the critic goes on writing! Scarcely less provoking to the public, must be their display of cheap knowledge. It is bad enough to be told what to admire, and how to admire it (as is done in the “analytical programme”), but far worse, when a critique of a performance becomes a sort of *olla podrida* of cheap facts, such as the year in which the composer of some piece was born; what is thought of him in Germany (the source of all the ideas which this class of critic appropriates); in what year the piece was composed, and in what keys the several movements are written—all good points in their way, but quite out of place, when an account of any given performance is sought for. A good lesson was once given to writers of this class. Among the many splendid works that Hector Berlioz gave to the world was one entitled the “*Fuite en Egypte*,” which, however, made its way before the public as the composition of one Pierre Ducré, a composer of the seventeenth century (according to the programmes of the concert at which it was first performed). Why Berlioz adopted this course in respect to his score it is hard to tell, unless it was for the purpose of ensuring an amount of attention which posthumous works generally obtain, or else to avoid a possible storm of critical animosity. Suffice it to say that the trap above referred to was laid, and with perfect success. The critics fell into

it, and with their usual faculty of inexhaustible knowledge, or rather inventive genius, they supplied their journals with glowing articles on the antiquated score which Berlioz had unearthed, while many went so far as to give details concerning the life of Pierre Ducré, and to hint at hunting up more compositions from the same pen. While all this was at its height, Berlioz stepped upon the scene and coolly informed all he met that the existence of such a personage as Pierre Ducré was quite imaginary, and that *he* was the sole composer of the new music, the merits of which had been so unanimously acknowledged, a fact for which he begged to tender to his critics his sincerest thanks !

170.—SECRETS OF THE STUDIO.

It is not often that we are allowed a glimpse into the working hours of a great composer. The following account of Mendelssohn at work, extracted from the "Musical World," will therefore be of interest to all lovers of music, and may be especially commended to the attention of "harpsichord knights," as Bach used to call those who could put nothing on paper without the help of an instrument at hand.

"How he composed," writes J. Schubring, "I enjoyed only one opportunity of witnessing. I went one morning into his room, where I found him writing music. I wanted to go away again directly, so as not to disturb him. He asked me to stop, however, remarking: 'I am merely copying out.' I remained in consequence, and we talked of all kinds of subjects, he continuing to write the whole time. But he was not copying, for there was no paper but that on which he was writing. The work whereon he was busy was the grand overture in C major,

which was performed at that period (1825-30) but not published. It was, too, a score for full band. He began with the uppermost stave, slowly drew a bar line, leaving a pretty good amount of room, and then extended the bar line right to the bottom of the page. He next filled in the second, then the third stave, etc., with pauses and partly with notes. On coming to the violins, it was evident why he had left so much space for the bar; there was a figure requiring considerable room. The longer melody at this passage was not in any way distinguished from the rest, but, like the other parts, had its bar given it, and waited at the bar line to be continued when the turn of its stave came round again. During all this, there was no looking forwards or backwards, no comparing, no humming over, or anything of the sort; the pen kept going steadily on, slowly and carefully, it is true, but without pausing, and we never ceased talking. The copying out, therefore, as he called it, meant that the whole composition, to the last note, had been so thought over, and worked out in his mind, that he beheld it there as though it had been actually lying before him."

171.—FRANK CRITICISM.

THERE is no doubt that Handel, with all his genius and learning, wrote a great deal, comparatively speaking, of rubbish, and no one knew this better than Handel himself. Despite the talent of his contemporaries, there were none of them that could keep pace with "the giant" in his marvellous facility; and this fact alone brought him work. Managers would in emergencies rush off to Handel and get, while they waited, whatever they needed in the way of *pièces d'occasions*, which the ready writer threw off with an amazing rapidity. Handel

made a deal of his money in this way ; or else how could he have made his fortunes—for his operatic gains (?) did not produce them ? The fact is, the people and nobility of the period enjoyed Handel's music as much as we do now, provided it was not given to them with Handel's name tacked on to it. To do so would have been courting a sure doom for it from the 'upper ten,' who took anything but interest in "Mr. Handel" and his work.

Jonathan Tyers was one of the most liberal of those managers to whom we have alluded. He was proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, and Handel (incognito) supplied him with nearly all his music. The composer did much the same sort of thing for Marylebone Gardens, furbishing up old and writing new strains, with an ease that well became the urgency of the circumstances. In a "History of the Parish of Marylebone," published in 1833, reference is made to these Marylebone Gardens ; and it is interesting as throwing some light upon Handel's work for the "Gardens."

"My grandfather," says the Rev. J. Fountagne, "as I have been told, was an enthusiast in music, and cultivated most of all the friendship of musical men, especially of Handel, who visited him often, and had a great predilection for his society. This leads me to relate an anecdote which I have on the best authority. While Marylebone Gardens were flourishing, the enchanting music of Handel, and probably of Arne, was often heard from the orchestra there. One evening, as my grandfather and Handel were walking together and alone, a new piece was struck up by the band. 'Come, Mr. Fountagne,' said Handel, 'let us sit down and listen to this piece ; I want to know your opinion about it.' Down

they sat; and after some time the old parson, turning to his companion, said, 'It is not worth listening to: it's very poor stuff.' 'You are right, Mr. Fountagne,' said Handel, 'it is very poor stuff; I thought so myself when I had finished it.' The old gentleman, being taken by surprise, was beginning to apologise; but Handel assured him there was no necessity, that the music was really bad, having been composed hastily, and his time for the production limited; and that the opinion given was as correct as it was honest."

172.—A PROFITABLE CUSTOMER.

WE all know the proverbial saying that a favourite pursuit is "meat and drink" to any one, and possibly some of us may have found ourselves giving literal interpretation to this proverb in those moments of close application and study when we grow so absorbed in our work as to forget or care little for even our meals—a habit by-the-bye much to be guarded against by all students and workers. It has not been our lot, however, to come across a more complete case of abstraction than that recorded of Beethoven, who, when he was occupied with any great work, forgot everything else, and "ate, drank, walked, and talked like a somnambulist." A story is told that at about the time of the composition of that splendid descriptive symphony—the Sixth or "Pastorale," as Beethoven termed it—its composer went into one of the Vienna *restaurants* and ordered dinner. While it was being prepared Beethoven grew absorbed. Before long the waiter came with the food.

"Thank you," said Beethoven, "I have dined," and ere the astonished *kellner* could say a word, the musician placed upon the table the price of the dinner and disappeared.

173.—ANOTHER TALENT.

MOZART'S name is familiar to every one as a musician; but few are aware that he possessed a remarkable taste for drawing—a taste no doubt fostered by his talented brother-in-law, Lange, the portrait painter. Mozart, as we well know, could not have spared much time for his pencil, and followed the art simply as a pastime, but it is interesting to find him engaged in copying a favourite "*Ecce Homo*" at the time that the beautiful symphony in C, "No. 6," must have been in progress. No doubt the little delicate man, from time to time, turned to the soothing subject of his canvas, to rest himself after a long spell of composition. When the copy was completed Mozart sent it to his wife, with the inscription, "Drawn by W. A. Mozart, and dedicated to Madame Mozart, his wife, 13th November, 1783."

Mendelssohn, so much like Mozart in many ways, was also clever with the pencil and the brush. We all know of his fondness for children, and the well-known "Song without Words," the accompaniment of which is said to be due to his playful attempts to elude the little hands which were trying in fun to catch his wrist as he extemporised on the piano. Even at such a busy time as that when the "*Elijah*" was produced, and when one would imagine that all his thoughts would have been of himself and his work, we find him riding to Birmingham with his mind bent on the amusement of the Moscheles children. No sooner does Mendelssohn arrive in Birmingham, than he makes a pen-and-ink sketch of this ware-noted town, with its town-hall, its churches, its big chimneys, and tall steeples—all for the entertainment of the children. Who would not like to see this drawing, not only for the purity and

beauty of the sentiment which suggested it, but also to see what notion so great a master of "tone-painting" had of making a more literal transcript from nature than can be placed on music-paper !

174.—*IRRITATING WORK.*

ALMOST every day brings to light some fresh material concerning the life and times of Beethoven ; but, alas ! little of it tends to brighten the picture of the hard existence which the sensitive composer dragged on ; on the other hand, each additional waif of information only renders it more gloomy. As his works become more familiar to us, and his scores become easier of access, we can realise the sort of feeling which Beethoven must frequently have entertained for his public. That he desired to make himself friendly with, and to instruct his fellow-men, can easily be realised from his commendable patience in the matter of the "Leonore" overtures. Beethoven wrote no less than four of these, and even then failed to satisfy the impatient public. The second of them, too, illustrates the tyranny to which the great man was subjected. The original MS. copies (there are two of them) which have come to light contain several excisions of sometimes ten, fifteen, or even twenty bars' length, evidently made by Beethoven himself, and with no other motive but to appease the Viennese. It is said also that a violin part is in existence which not only confirms the "cuts" referred to, but shows the whole of the first trumpet call, together with the eight bars immediately succeeding it, marked out by Beethoven's own red pencil. Who is there at the present day, and with less genius than Beethoven, that

would thus strive to bring his music within the demands of his critics? Authors and composers do not approve of 'cutting and slashing.' Nevertheless, in spite of their opposition, the cutting has to be made, and as writers will not themselves use the pruning-knife, they must not complain if other people use the axe! This is not the only feature, however, of the "cutting." There is another—that ruthless disfigurement of works, which goes on when their authors are powerless to implore for mercy or to interfere. This deserves both attention and pity. What, for instance, would Meyerbeer say, if he could hear his "*Roberto*" or "*L'Africaine*" as at present given on the English operatic boards? What would Wagner say to the (welcome and unwelcome) excisions in the score of "*Lohengrin*"? How would Haydn approve of the abbreviated versions of "On mighty pens" and "Graceful consort," with which modern custom has acquainted us? or what eccentric ebullition might we hear from Handel, could he be present when, from many of his airs, the whole second part and the repeat are totally ignored, or when certain singers grace them with modern variations, as is the case, for instance, with a certain *artiste* who sings opera music well enough, but who in attempting English songs, or the music of Handel, gains results which are simply detestable burlesques of the originals?

175.—COMPOSITION EXTRAORDINARY.

It is interesting to know the history of any work of art, during its growth. Especially is this the case with music. Gossip and biography furnish us with some interesting particulars, showing us, for instance, Rossini lazily scrawling his score in bed or in a *café*; or Mozart

(as his widow once told a visitor) sitting up all night finishing off his "*Don Giovanni*," and writing the overture thereto. But no one would judge from the easy flow and "spontaneity" of Mozart's music, under what difficulties it was often composed; nor could we believe, were not the fact forced upon us by the composer's short life, and the immense mass of his compositions, that such a collection of works, bearing no trace of effort and no sign of weariness, could have been produced by a young man of delicate constitution, with a sickly family, and in embarrassed circumstances. But no external distractions appear to have interfered with his facility of production. Most of the music to "*Don Giovanni*" was composed whilst Mozart was on a visit to Dussek, whose house, we are told, "was a scene of great resort and revelry while Mozart was his guest; and it is to be remembered that there was often considerable playing of bowls in his grounds. In the midst of all the talk and laughter with which this amusement was attended, the composer pursued his work, but rose from time to time when it came to his turn to take part in the game." Again, his wife has said that he needed no pianoforte when composing, but that he would take music-paper, and, sitting down, would say to her, "Now, my dear, have the goodness to talk to me and tell me all the news;" a proceeding by-the-bye which never interrupted Mozart in his work.

This calls to the writer's mind the case of a well-known organist, whose skill and imagination as a soloist are unrivalled. He is little less skilful and fertile as a theorist, and can compose under the most adverse circumstances. Thus, the writer (being an eye-witness on this and frequent similar occasions) can vouch for the truth of the

statement that in a *café* in Compton Street, Soho, this genius has composed the most beautiful music, for a neighbouring church, despite the exertions outside of two opposition German bands, and a screaming organ ! Such abstractive powers are, to say the least, accommodating. Haydn, it will be remembered, could do nothing here in the way of composing, notwithstanding that he settled down in the comparatively quiet Great Pulteney Street. "The cries of the common people selling their wares," he wrote, "are intolerable." However, it may just be hinted that he managed to put up with "the cries" long enough to enable him to pocket something like twelve thousand florins !

176.—*A FAIR RETORT.*

CONCERNING flattery, one of the greatest philosophers has written, "He does me double wrong that wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue ;" and this appears to be the sentiment entertained by Cimarosa, who, when a certain painter, desirous of flattering the musician, said to him that he admired his music, nay, considered it superior to Mozart's, administered the wholesome, and probably unexpected, check contained in the following reply : "I, sir ? What would you call the man who would seek to assure you that you were superior to Raphael ?"

It is interesting to observe that Cimarosa's sentiment has been reflected in many other musicians. Cherubini, for instance, however merciless he was in his criticism of others, used still greater severity with himself and works ; nor when his compositions had passed his own and his judges' scathing criticism did he entertain any very high-flown notions concerning their merits as art-works ; but, on the contrary, he was fully sensible of the existence

of more precious scores than those he wrote for the world's great *repertoire*; a fact which, from many of his remarks, seems to have been continually on his mind. The following little incident illustrates this. He (Cherubini) being present at a concert in the programme of which was inserted, sandwich-like, one of his own overtures—that to “*L'Hôtellerie Portugaise*”—between two pieces by Beethoven, observed the dangerous proximity, and with an anxious face said to the friend that accompanied him, “See here, what they have done. I'm going to appear a very small boy.”

177.—A TURBULENT COUPLE.

MENDELSSOHN has somewhere characterised Cherubini as “a burnt-out volcano, all covered with stones and ashes,” and Berlioz (himself of a fiery temperament) gives an amusing account of an eruption of the said volcano, which he once witnessed, and which he himself provoked.

Cherubini had assumed the directorship of the Paris *Conservatoire* in 1822. The new broom swept clean, and many abuses tolerated under the rule of his predecessor Perne were rigorously reformed. Among other things it was forbidden for students of both sexes to enter the school by the same door. Berlioz (who entered the *Conservatoire* four years later than Cherubini) bore a terrible character for turbulency, and determined that he would set the regulation at naught. Going one morning to the library and pretending ignorance of this rule, he (Berlioz) entered by the door in the Rue Bergère, assigned to the lady pupils. He had scarcely reached the library-door, before he was stopped by a servant, who told him to go out and return to the same spot by another entrance. This was ridiculous, and Berlioz refused to comply. The *serviteur* made

his way to Cherubini's room and acquainted him with the matter. Berlioz meanwhile had secured a score of Gluck's "*Alceste*," and was absorbed in it, little dreaming that any further notice would be taken of his innovation, when Cherubini entered the library looking more cadaverous than ever. "After passing several students at the table," says Berlioz, "the servant lighted before me and cried '*Le voilà !*' On recognising me, Cherubini snorted with rage. 'It's you, is it? *c'est vous qui entrez par la porte, qué—qué—qué zé ne veut pas qu'on passe !*' he continued with his comical Italian accent. 'Sir,' I replied, 'I did not know of your order; another time I will take care to conform to it.' '*Une autre fois ! une autre fois ! Qué—qué—qué venez-vous faire ici ?*' 'You see my reason for being here,' replied Berlioz as he pointed to the volume before him, 'I come here to study Gluck's scores, and I have no need of any one's permission so to do. The library is public from ten till three. I have a right to make use of it.' 'Th—th—th—the right?' 'Yes!' 'You shall not come here again. *Comment vous appelez-vous ?*' cried Cherubini, trembling with rage; and I in my turn answered, 'You shan't know it!' '*Arrête, a—a—arrête le, Hottin,*' shouted Cherubini; '*qué—qué zé lé fasse zeter en prison !*' whereupon the two gave chase round the table, upsetting stools, books, and desks, without succeeding in catching me. I put an end to the scene by taking flight, shouting as I went that the intolerable Cherubini should neither have me nor my name, and that I would soon return to study the scores."

This was Berlioz's first meeting with Cherubini, and it grew into a lifelong hatred between the two gifted artists.

Yet we must not give Cherubini a bad name solely on

the strength of his squabble with Berlioz. He was indeed turbulent, but he was manageable. The screwed-up little man with the dry satirical look, known in Parisian circles as the composer of "*Medée*," "*Le Deux Journées*," etc., was not so unsociable as he has been painted by many pens, or as he at first sight appeared. Cherubini and his habits improved upon acquaintance, and those who knew him best state that with a little tact they could manage him quite easily. His servants, for instance, have observed that he was only rough outwardly, and they knew that a little coaxing and judicious treatment achieved wonders with the old man. They used to watch their master closely, and if he gave signs of turbulence or uneasiness they said among themselves, "Let him alone; don't say anything to him. When he has played the bad man long enough he will become good again." Beyond doubt, this is the best policy with all such characters.

178.—*TRUE INSPIRATION.*

THE creative faculty in music is a very delicate quality, and needs to be understood. To overtax it will sometimes extinguish it for ever. Haydn is known to have done this. After severely taxing his invention for the "Creation" oratorio he sat down, and this without any breathing-time, to write the "Seasons." We all know the result. Haydn never recovered himself, and he stands a noble beacon, to warn the musical student from the dangerous habit of forcing the imaginative faculties. Most composers have acquired the habit of jotting down, in a small pocket-book, any musical ideas that may cross their minds; just in the same manner as Leonardo da Vinci used to sketch all the characteristic faces that came

in his way. Artistic ideas come at all hours and under all circumstances, and to record them immediately is not only to secure to oneself a sort of stock-in-trade to which recourse may be had when the mind has been over-worked and ideas will not come, but such a practice is beneficial in developing the creative faculty, and may prevent the loss, perhaps for ever, of some snatch of melody which might live for ages. This was a great custom with Schubert, certainly not the least voluminous of composers. Yet he never seemed to be seriously engaged upon anything (unless, indeed, it was wine-bibbing). The truth is, Schubert was always at work, and the country road, the tavern parlour, or the beer-garden, served him equally well to jot down his fancies. He wrote little at home; many of his compositions, the songs especially, were the result of outdoor work. The following tale is told in Mr. Coleridge's translation of Schubert's life:

"One Sunday, during the summer of 1826, Schubert, with several friends, was returning from Pötzleinsdorf to the city, and, on strolling along through Währing, he saw his friend Tieze sitting at a table in the garden of the 'Zum Biersack.' The whole party determined on a halt in their journey. Tieze had a book lying before him, and Schubert soon began to turn over the leaves. Suddenly he stopped, and pointing to a poem exclaimed, 'Such a delicious melody has just come into my head, if I but had a sheet of music-paper with me!' Herr Doppler drew a few music lines on the back of the bill-of-fare, and in the midst of a genuine Sunday hubbub, with fiddlers, skittle-players, and waiters running about in different directions with orders, Schubert wrote that lovely song (the 'Ständchen'—one of the most beautiful of Schubert's vocal pieces)."

179.—AN EXCITING PERFORMANCE.

JOHN WORGAN, Doctor of Music, is a name that deserves to be remembered by all who are proud of English music and English musicians. He was one of those who must not be judged by the amount of notoriety or reputation which they have gained, for although his work upon musical history is slight, yet he was in reality one of the most gifted and accomplished men whom music can claim as her own.

Worgan's compositions possessed the true English ring, and we are told that they were "enriched with science and illumined with genius." Worgan's *forte*, however, was his organ and harpsichord playing. All of us have some notion of what were Handel's powers as an executant, and Worgan has the reputation of having surpassed even the "Saxon giant." We can well realise this, for though Handel would not admit it, less interested authorities than he gave the English doctor the preference. Handel spoke thus on being asked whether Worgan might sit by and see him perform his concertos :

"Oh yes ; Mister Vorgan shall come, for he plays my music very vell at Vauxhall !"

Other folks had louder praise than this. Battishill, for instance, heard of Worgan's delight with Handel's playing, and his statement "that he had no words to express what he thought of it ;" whereupon Battishill exclaimed, "That may be, but in my opinion Worgan is the greater performer of the two."

Issuing from such a source this was no faint praise ; though it was perhaps surpassed by the forcible expres-

sion of his feelings which that captivating singer Manzoli is reported to have given on hearing Worgan perform.

"Manzoli," we are told, "was invited to a musical meeting, where several eminent performers displayed their powers at the harpsichord. Manzoli listened to them with polite attention, and complimented them on their exertions. It so happened that Dr. Worgan, who was present, was the last person requested to go to the harpsichord. He had scarcely touched the instrument when Manzoli, who sat by the fire at some distance, turned towards him with a look expressive of surprise and delight. As the doctor proceeded in his performance, the Italian drew nearer and nearer the harpsichord, and at length, unable to restrain his feelings, threw himself into the enchanter's arms."

Many amusing tales are told in respect to Worgan's playing, which was all the more wonderful in that he possessed very small hands; he drilled himself into playing tenths with surprising ease, and his octave passages were as clean and brilliant as if they had been strings of single notes. The minister at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, where Worgan was organist, used to say, "Dr. Worgan has so touched the organ that I have been turning backward and forward over the Prayer-book for the first lesson in Isaiah, and wondered that I could not find Isaiah there!"

Little less amusing was the remark once made by an astonished observer of Worgan's playing: "Zounds! the man has three hands!"

180.—*CHARACTERISTIC COURTESY.*

THE following story told of Cherubini is very characteristic, and it gives us a glimpse of that kind and even

humorous disposition which was his, but which was seldom seen on the surface, or was even suggested by his rough and unpolished exterior.

"A child of great talent," writes one of Cherubini's biographers, "handsome in person, of a gentle disposition, and the son of a musician, wished very much to be a pupil at the *Conservatoire*. On the day appointed for applications his father took him to the institution. The two attracted attention, as the father was six feet high, and the son but a little fellow. After a friendly interview with an official, they were placed in a passage where those applying for admittance would meet the director, who passed through at twelve o'clock on his way to the class-rooms. At that hour, in came Cherubini, evidently astonished at encountering a tall man, who awkwardly held out one hand to him and had hold of his little son in the other. Confused at the contrast which the two presented, and not knowing which was the applicant—for the father seemed too old, and the son too young—Cherubini put on a stern face, and said, rather severely: 'What do you want here?' adding, 'I do not put infants out to nurse;' and he passed on. The poor father was intensely chagrined at such a reception, but was told to keep up his courage. As a final chance for the son, he was taken, accompanied by the father, to the class-room, placed before a piano, and told to play anything he could think of, and not to stop in case any one should enter the room. Cherubini soon came in, and was struck by the extempore playing of the child; stopped, sat down and listened attentively. The age, the beauty, the talent of the performer astonished him. When the playing was over, Cherubini caressed and encouraged the child. He asked him some questions on the principles of his

art, which were answered. At last, unable to contain his admiration, he exclaimed: 'Bravo, my little friend! but why are you here, and what can I do for you?' 'A thing that is very easy,' was the reply, 'and which would make me very happy: put me into the *Conservatoire*.' 'It is a thing done,' said Cherubini; 'you are one of us.' After this he left the hall, telling the story good-humouredly to his friends, saying, 'I had to be careful about pushing the questions too far, for the baby was beginning to prove to me that he knew more about music than I do myself.' "

181.—CRUEL SATIRE.

It was during one of those fierce pen-and-ink warfares for which Frenchmen are notorious, that Rousseau, in espousing the cause of Italian music, told the partisans of the French school that it was impossible to compose music to French words; that the language was radically unmusical; that the French never had had music, and never could—eloquence, by the way, too extravagant and too bitter to be reasonable. Besides, Gluck's appearance overthrew it all, and Rousseau even observed that Gluck seemed to have come to France, in order to give the lie to his proposition that good music could never be set to French words. Again, in allusion to the gratification which Gluck's French opera "*Orphée*" had afforded him, Rousseau remarked that "after all there was something in life worth living for, since in two hours so much genuine pleasure could be obtained."

But the national pride had been hurt, and it was not to be soon appeased, even by such a recantation as an opera of French music to French words, from the very pen which had written the offending lines. Therefore, when

Rousseau produced the "*Devin du Village*," the opera management refused to have it at any figure. Ultimately, however, it gained a hearing, and—the public hooted it off the stage. Nor was this all, for the gentlemen of the band, in return for the many hard things said and written of them, showed their appreciation of Rousseau and his music, by hanging him in effigy at the door of the theatre. On being told of this, the composer added oil to an already fierce fire.

"Well," said he, "I don't wonder that they should hang me now, after having so long tortured me."

182.—A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

FIFTY years' sojourn in the capital of France was not without its effect upon the composer of "*Les Deux Journées*." True, it did not improve his French accent or cure him of speaking his mind, but from his constant intercourse in the highest circles of Parisian society, he learned much of its ways, its characteristic wit, and its mode of dealing with friends and foes. Here is a pretty compliment of Cherubini's latter years. One day a friend presented himself before the master with a score, said to be Mehul's. After examining it, Cherubini remarked:

"It is not Mehul's; it is too bad to be his!"

"Will you believe me, M. Cherubini, if I tell you it is mine?" said the visitor.

"No! It is too good to be yours!" replied Cherubini.

183.—A SMOKING DEAN.

DR. ALDRICH the good dean, but better musician, was an inveterate smoker, and many stories were current in the university to the effect that the dean did more smoking than preaching. A young student of Christ Church, once

finding some difficulty in persuading an associate to believe that the dean really had so violent a propensity for the 'fragrant weed,' laid him a wager that he was smoking at that instant. About ten o'clock in the morning the two repaired to the deanery, and being admitted to the dean's study, the object of the visit was related to the divine; on hearing which, he replied in the best humour possible :

"You see you have lost your wager, for I am not smoking, but *filling* my pipe."

"Good ! good ! indeed !" the 'amusing "smoking catch," as it is called, was composed by Dean Aldrich, that he and some others might sing it at their convivial meetings. The passage "I prithee, Sam, fill," referred to one Sampson Estwick, then of Christ Church, afterwards of St. Paul's Cathedral, and a familiar face at the dean's smoking club.

184.—EXCEPTIONAL CONSIDERATION.

WE respectfully commend the following story for the consideration of contemporary professors, without much fear that the action will be so often emulated as to stultify the above heading ; and for this reason. Were a man of as high position as Cherubini to be as generously inclined as that master showed himself, it would still be necessary to find another man worthy to be treated as he treated his colleagues. Bellasis tells the story that "When, on the death of Martini, in 1816, the post of musician and superintendent of the King's chapel was offered by the King, through his first gentleman-in-waiting, to Cherubini, the latter, seeing that his acceptance of it would naturally entail the dismissal of Lesueur, who had held it with Martini under the former *régime*, replied :

“ ‘ Monseigneur, Lesueur, my friend, is more worthy than I am of this high position. If I had not a young family to bring up, if I were rich, I should refuse it altogether; but if his Majesty is willing to allow me to share with Lesueur the superintendence of his music, I will accept it with thankfulness.’ ”

So Cherubini shared the office with Lesueur at a salary for himself of three thousand francs.

185.—*ONE ADVANTAGE OF TOWN LIFE !*

OF all the nuisances to which flesh (in large cities) is heir perhaps the street music is the greatest. It is true there are some excellent bands even in London, where anything that looks like a band is tolerated; and it is also a fact that we have an improved musical instrument in the shape of the street pianoforte, which, so long as it keeps in tune, and does not come nearer than the next street, is not actually unpleasant. But our old enemy—the street organ—is still unsuppressed. The million still continue to be educated by it; it still goes on murdering the best operatic airs and maundering out the best ballads, in spite of the National School for Music, and the cheap and “popular” concerts. But another phase of the organ-grinding nuisance presents itself to us. It would be interesting to know why it is that the street organ has such a peculiarly lowering effect on the spirits, at the same time that it excites the temper without fail. We may hear a street piano or a harp and fiddle unweariedly repeating the request that ‘Tommy will make room for his uncle,’ without going further than to wish that “Tommy” had some better notion of the word “obedience,” but directly the organ-grinder begins to signify his wishes upon the subject, we are sorely tempted to

devote Tommy, his uncle, and the organ-grinder, to regions where—well—where nobody wishes to be made room for.

The peculiar hardship of the street organ is that there is no remedy. Mr. Babbage tried severity—with what results to his comfort—if not his life!—we all know. Those who try kindness meet with the same result: the nuisance is aggravated, and each penny bestowed tends only to increase the visits of the smiling, greasy-faced son of the south. Perhaps the most original mode of proceeding was that adopted once by Rossini: though it would require some courage to follow it out.

“When Rossini lived in the Rue de la Chaussée d’Antin, he found one day in front of his house a poor old fellow who was grinding out ‘*Di tanti palpiti*’ on a barrel-organ. The passers-by stopped. All at once a voice from their midst cried, ‘Quicker, quicker!’ ‘How so, sir?’ ‘Turn your handle quicker, it is *allegro*.’ ‘But, sir, I don’t know——’ ‘Do it so—so!’ and Rossini, recognised by no one, steps up to the organ, and grinds away at the pace he wished. ‘Thank you, sir; I’ll remember the lesson.’ Next day the organ stops again and plays ‘*Di tanti palpiti*,’ this time in the manner taught the day before. ‘Bravo!’ cries a voice from the opposite house. ‘Bravo, bravo, bravo!’ and a *louis-d’or* falls at the feet of the itinerant artist. It was Rossini again. Of course the organ-grinder was delighted, and for his own comfort Rossini was, beyond doubt, unwise.”

Perhaps if every one who is tormented with this phase of “our street music” would follow the first part of Rossini’s plan, and insist on giving the “grinder” a lesson, the inconvenience arising from the perpetual instruction might induce the culprit to abandon the neighbourhood; but the *louis-d’or* would be a fatal mistake!

Undoubtedly the musician is the greatest sufferer from the barrel-organ nuisance, and those other combinations which make up our street music. He needs and sighs for a pure atmosphere, untainted with such vile and detestable sounds as result from the efforts of barrel-organs, niggers, German bands, tom-tom men, bell performers, and that terrible solo cornet who dins his 'pistoned' melodies in with a pressure that is dangerous even to ordinary brick-walls. But all this quietness is incompatible with a residence in town, which is a *sine quâ non* with the musician. He teaches, he plays, he composes, he does everything in town, and he must therefore remain therein. However, there is the old consolation—the London professor is not alone in his trouble. Much the same sort of thing prevails, in some shape or form, in other large cities. Mehul found this so—and having to finish an opera by a certain time, and finding such a thing impossible with the various interruptions of visitors and the distracting noise of the Parisian streets, he paid a visit to M. Noir, superintendent of police, with whom he was on terms of friendship, and on being admitted, addressed him as follows :

"I am come to solicit a favour at your hands."

"What is it?" said M. Noir.

"Oh, that you would shut me up for two or three weeks in the Bastille."

"In the Bastille! For what purpose?"

"To finish an opera," said Mehul, "which must be ready within a short time. Can you oblige me?"

"I really can not."

"Well, then," muttered Mehul as he turned to leave, "I must be my own gaoler, and make the best arrangements I can for getting out of reach of sound."

186.—MUSICIANS' PANEGYRICS.

EPITAPHS as a rule are amusing things. Musicians' graves afford no exception in the common failing, for music in life and death is a theme that admits of the most extraordinary variations. Thus, when Dr. Child died in 1697, and was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, his generous friends cut the following eulogy on his grave-stone :

"Go, happy soul, and in thy seat above
Sing endless hymns of thy great Maker's love.
How fit in heav'nly songs to bear a part !
Before well-practis'd in the sacred art :
Whilst hearing us, sometimes the choir divine
Will sure descend, and in our *consort* join :
So much the music thou to us hast given,
Has made our earth to represent their heaven !"

The author of the above has happily resisted any attempt to introduce a pun on the name of "Child," which might have occurred to the ingenious author, who inscribed on the tomb of Orlando di Lasso this delicate combination of flattery and wit :

"He who refreshed the weary (*lasso*) world lies here."

There is a touch of the comical in the epitaph inscribed over the grave of our musical countryman, Robert Parsons (or rather "Bob" Parsons, as English-like he was called), and who was organist of Westminster Abbey before he was drowned in 1569. It reads as follows :

"Death, passing by and hearing Parsons play,
Stood much amazed at his depth of skill,
And said, 'This artist must with me away,
For death bereaves us of the better still.
But let the choir, while he leaves time, sing on,
For Parsons rests, his service being done."

Perhaps the most elegant of the compositions of this kind which we possess is the one which Dr. Johnson wrote on Claude Phillips, an itinerant musician :

“ Phillips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guiltless power and hapless love,
Rest here, distressed by poverty no more,
Find here the calm thou gav’st so oft before.
Sleep, undisturbed, within the peaceful shrine
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.”

Claude Phillips was a fiddler who trudged up and down Wales, and was much noted for his skill.

As a long-winded specimen of gravestone oratory, that inscribed to our glorious musician Tallis is worth remembering. It was engraved some three hundred years ago, on a plate over the remains of the venerable musician in old Greenwich church. It reads :

1.

“ Entered here doth ly a worthy wyght,
Who for long tyme in music bore the bell :
His name to shew was Thomas Tallis hyght,
In honest vertuous lyff he did excell.

2.

“ He serv’d long tyme in chappel with grete prayse
Fower sovereynes’ reignes (a thing not often seene).
I mean King Henry, and Prince Edwardes dayes,
Queene Marie, and Elizabeth, our Queene.

3.

“ He maryed was, though children he had none,
And lyv’d in love full three and thirty yeres,
With loyal spowse, who’s name yclept was Jone,
Who here entomb’d, him company now bears.

4.

"As he dyd lyve, so also dyd he dy :
 In myld and quyet sort, O happy man !
 To God ful oft for mercy dyd he cry,
 Wherefore he lyves, let Deth do what he can."

187.—SPIRITUAL ANTAGONISTS.

STRUNCK, a German composer of some celebrity, who flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century, was also an excellent violinist, and a contemporary of Angelo Corelli. They made the acquaintance of each other in the following interesting manner. Strunck, while travelling in Italy, paid a visit to Corelli at Rome. Corelli, not knowing him personally, but finding from his conversation that he was a musical performer, inquired what instrument he played. Strunck said that he played a little on the violin, and begged the favour that the great Italian master would let him hear his performance. Corelli readily complied, and exerted his abilities for the gratification of the unknown amateur. On laying down the violin, he requested Strunck to play something in his turn. Strunck began to play rather carelessly, but yet in such a style as to obtain a compliment on the freedom of his bow, and a remark that he promised, with practice, to become an excellent player. Strunck, with a quiet smile, put all the strings out of tune, and then began to play with amazing execution, correcting with his fingers the false tuning of the instrument; till at last Corelli, in utter amazement, exclaimed, "They call me *Archangelo*, but by Heaven, sir, you must be an *Archdiavolo* !"

A somewhat similar story is told of the composer of the "Messiah." Handel's power as an organist and harpsichord player was only second to his strength as a

composer. The mastery which he displayed over the largest instruments, his command of the pedals, his splendid execution (despite his somewhat unwieldy figure and his round fat hands), left him for many years of his life unrivalled. Even at the early age of twenty-one he found but one man in Italy—the land of music—worthy to be called his rival. This was Scarlatti; and when ‘the dear Saxon,’ as the Venetians named Handel, visited their city, much excitement was caused by the friendly competition between the two players. In the end the Venetians awarded to Scarlatti the palm for playing the harpsichord, but decided that Handel was far his superior in organ-playing. This rivalry, happily, was thoroughly amicable; indeed, on the part of Scarlatti it resulted in a genuine feeling of regard and admiration; he never spoke of Handel but with the greatest respect, and used to cross himself whenever he pronounced the Saxon’s name. Venice was enjoying her carnival while Handel was there, and at a masked ball given by some nobleman the young German musician was present in masquerade. Sitting down at the harpsichord, he astonished the company with his playing, but no one around the instrument could distinguish the person who was playing. Presently, however, another masquerader came into the room, and walking quickly up to the instrument, called out, “It is either the devil or the Saxon.” It was afterwards discovered that it was none other than Scarlatti, who had uttered this exclamation.

188.—*A CURE FOR DEAFNESS.*

SPONTINI was a composer whom a distinguished critic says “may be made to stand midway between Gluck and Meyerbeer, without possessing the genius of either.

Spontini wrote a great deal for the lyric stage, and perhaps his most successful effort was "*Olympie*," brought out at the Berlin Opera-house with unprecedented success, notwithstanding the somewhat obstreperous character of some parts of the score. The following anecdote, well known as it is, may possibly require to be taken *cum grano salis*, but at all events it contains a charming touch of satire on a certain style of music which, judging from the critiques on some recently heard specimens of the "music of the Future," seems likely to come into fashion again.

While "*Olympie*" was enjoying a long run in the Prussian capital, there lived there a rich gentleman, well known as a musical amateur. For some time past he had become affected with deafness to such an extent that he was obliged to give up his favourite pleasure of attending the operas, for he could not hear a note. Physician after physician was tried, but all in vain. At length another doctor was introduced to the deaf man, and this one was just going to give his patient over as incurable, when he suddenly thought of an expedient. "Come with me to the opera this evening," wrote down the doctor. "What's the use? I can't hear a note," was the impatient reply. "Never mind," rejoined the physician; "come, and you will see something even if you cannot hear!" This was agreed upon, and the two accordingly went to the theatre where the doctor well knew Spontini's "*Olympie*" was to be played. All went well till one of the finales, more terrific and overwhelming than the rest, which on this evening happened to be played with more power than usual. At the uproarious reception which followed the patient turned round, and, beaming with delight, exclaimed, "Doctor, I can hear." There was no

reply. "Doctor, doctor, I can hear ; you have cured me !" continued the patient in still louder tones. Alas ! the old proverb, that "one man's meat is another man's poison," had come true :—the patient indeed was cured, but the cure had been too much for the doctor. He was as deaf as a post !

That this was a wonderful cure, no one will doubt. We however can introduce the reader to a still greater instance of the power of music. Halévy, like many other French composers, was extremely fond of noise ; that is to say, his scores betrayed an unconquerable leaning towards the *fortissimo*. Not content with marking passages *f* and *ff*, which generally has satisfied composers (unless indeed we except Gounod, who has a strong yearning for the *fff* of music), Halévy used to work up the enthusiasm of his orchestra with *ffff*, or even *fffff* and *ffffff*, to ensure a sufficient noise. "On a certain occasion," says the "Punch" of Vienna, "even this was not enough. Halévy made 'the brass' play so loudly that the French horn was actually blown quite straight !" For our own part we have not much to say to the Vienna 'Charivari,' but we feel that if it looked nearer home instead of to France, it would find in a certain modern school of music a far more deserving target for its satirical shots, as well as for its pity.

189.—A GOOD TEST.

THERE is, of course, no reason why composers, any more than other people, should be the best judges of their own work, yet it is not uninteresting to know what their own favourite scores have been. The principle upon which this selection is made is hardly clear to outsiders. We can only draw our conclusions. We may, for instance,

perhaps account for Meyerbeer's fondness for "*L'Africaine*," upon the same principle that parents are fondest of the child which gives them most trouble, for it is well known that Meyerbeer touched and retouched the score of this opera for seventeen years, or upon the principle (adverted to elsewhere) entertained by some folks of admiring their weakest points!

Haydn's favourite work we all know was the "Creation." "That," said he, "will live. In it angels sing, but in the 'Seasons,' only peasants."

Handel hesitated whether to prefer the "Messiah," or "Samson," to his other works. In neither of these cases has the world's verdict quite coincided with the composer's. "*L'Africaine*" is not ranked above "*Le Prophète*" or "*Les Huguenots*," and nobody would speak of "Samson" as seriously rivalling the "Messiah." The world and Bellini, however, have agreed on this point. Naturally modest and reserved, he would probably never have expressed an opinion on his compositions, had it not been for the importunate curiosity of one of his lady admirers, who was anxious to gain this point from him. After a deal of questioning on one part, and hesitation on the other, the lady said:

"Supposing you were at sea, and you had all your scores with you, and the ship were sinking, which——"

Before she could say another word, Bellini cried,

"*Mademoiselle*, I would risk all to save the '*Norma*!'"

190.—A RASH VOW.

IN the foremost rank of operatic composers stands Meyerbeer. All that is good in the now much-talked-of theories of Wagner, Meyerbeer—following in the steps of Gluck, and hand in hand with Weber—carried out in

practice. Having found in Scribe the prince of librettists, Meyerbeer clothed his dramas in music, the scientific skill and gorgeous orchestration of which are employed in the treatment of melodies quite worthy of the same. The student will not find in "*Dinorah*," "*Les Huguenots*," "*L'Africaine*," "*Le Prophète*," "*L'Etoile du Nord*," or "*Robert le Diable*," that science is made an excuse for lack of invention, or that clever scoring is made to cloak ugliness and want of tune.

Widely different in many respects as the two men were, we yet find that one of Meyerbeer's warmest admirers was Rossini, many of whose own operas had been displaced by Meyerbeer's. But Rossini was far more than a "tune-maker," as the Germans call him. The composer of "*Guillaume Tell*" and "*Cenerentola*" cannot be set down as ignorant of the higher mysteries of his art, and nobody knew better than the 'Swan of Pesaro' how to enjoy and appreciate music of the highest class. We cannot be surprised then, that Meyerbeer and Rossini were intimate friends. On one occasion they were together in a box at the Paris Opéra, listening to a performance of "*Robert the Devil*," when Rossini was so delighted with one particular piece, that he started up, and said to its composer :

"If you can write anything to surpass this, I will undertake to dance upon my head."

"Well, then," said Meyerbeer, "you had better soon commence practising, for I have just composed the fourth act of '*Les Huguenots*.'"

191.—COMPOSING AT THE INSTRUMENT.

BACH would apply the epithet 'harpsichord knights' to those who could not invent, or compose, without having recourse to the "clavecin;" and nowadays it is a term

of reproach to say that a composition "smacks of the keyboard," implying of course that the composer's knowledge was eked out by haphazard experiments among the keys. Truly there are many such heroes now : but let us consider the philosophy of the thing. There can be no safe rule made as to the extent to which it is desirable for a composer to use an instrument. Meyerbeer, we believe, constantly wrote at the pianoforte, while other men infinitely inferior to him in imaginative power have composed successfully without having reference to any instrument whereon to try their "effects." No doubt the keyboard is a good servant but a bad master.

A propos. It is difficult to ascertain the motive of a question once put to Dr. Arne in reference to his opera of "Artaxerxes," whether it implied simple ignorance, or carried with it any satirical imputation? The question was asked by Fisher, leader and composer to the Covent Garden Theatre :

"Pray, Doctor Arne, when you composed your fine opera of 'Artaxerxes,' did you write it with the lid of your harpsichord up or down?"

An interesting instance of writing *at* the instrument is told of no less an one than Haydn. The first opera that he composed was the "Devil on Two Sticks," for a Viennese clown named Curtz ; and a very successful piece it was (till the authorities stopped it), in spite of Haydn's unwillingness to undertake a task for which he felt and said he was unsuited.

The clown, however, would not hear of such an excuse. "Sit down at your piano and play an accompaniment to my antics." So speaking Curtz laid himself on a chair, and had it moved about the room, during which he threw out his hands and feet, imitating

a swimmer. Suddenly the clown called out: "I am sinking! save me! I shall be drowned!" Whereupon Haydn supplied an accompaniment suitable to a scene of a struggling swimmer which so pleased Curtz that he was soon upon *terra firma*, congratulating the composer upon the manner in which he had expressed his idea, and assuring him that he was the very man and no other who must compose the desired opera; to which proposal Haydn at last consented.

192.—GOOD FEELING AMONG MUSICIANS.

THERE are so many stories of enthusiastic praise, bestowed by men in the first rank of composers on the works of others, that the hierarchy of art might easily be charged with having formed a sort of 'mutual admiration society.' But this is not the case. The secret of this good-feeling among the members of the musical craft lies more in the fact that it is more prominently marked in the greatest men of the art—those who have gone far enough along the road to see good in the works of others. Beethoven possessed this generosity largely. He was very sincere in his admiration of Handel, concerning whom he once wrote to Moscheles:

"He was the greatest composer that ever lived. I would go bareheaded and kneel before his tomb."

Nor did he change his opinion even to the last. When on his death-bed, a friend at a distance (little dreaming that the end for Beethoven was so near) had sent him a complete set of the Handel scores. The arrival of the present was made known to Beethoven, when he instantly desired that the volumes should be brought into his room, and then—

"*There*," said the dying man pointing to the scores, "*there* is the truth!"

Haydn and Mozart were perfectly in accord, and each thought and did well towards the other. Mozart, we know, was born when Haydn had just reached manhood, so that when Mozart became old enough to study composition the earlier works of Haydn's chamber music had been written; and these undoubtedly formed the studies of the boy Mozart, and greatly influenced his style; so that Haydn was the model, and, in a sense, the instructor of Mozart. Strange is it then to find, in after years, the master borrowing (perhaps with interest!) from the pupil. Such, however, was the fact, as every amateur knows. At this we can hardly wonder, for Haydn possessed unbounded admiration not only for Mozart, but also for his music, which the following shows. Being asked by a friend at Prague to send him an opera, he replied:

"With all my heart, if you desire to have it for yourself alone, but if you wish to perform it in public, I must be excused; for being written specially for my company at the Esterhazy Palace, it would not produce the proper effect elsewhere. I would do a new score for your theatre, but what a hazardous step it would be to stand in comparison with Mozart. Oh, Mozart! If I could instil into the soul of every lover of music the admiration I have for his matchless works, all countries would seek to be possessed of so great a treasure. Let Prague keep him, ah! and well reward him, for without that the history of geniuses is bad; alas! we see so many noble minds crushed beneath adversity. Mozart is incomparable, and I am annoyed that he is unable to obtain any court ap-

pointment. Forgive me if I get excited when speaking of him, I am so fond of him."

Of Mozart's fondness for Haydn we have several proofs. There is the account of the sorrowful parting—the last—between these two men, previous to Haydn's visit to England in 1791. "Oh, papa!" said Mozart, "you have had no training for the wide, wide world." And those sadly prophetic words after the last day's companionship, "We shall now, no doubt, take our last farewell in this world."

Mozart's admiration for Haydn's music, too, was very marked. He and Herr Kozeluch were one day listening to a composition of Haydn's which contained some bold modulations. Kozeluch thought them strange, and asked Mozart whether he would have written them. "I think not," smartly replied Mozart, "and for this reason: because they would not have occurred either to you or me!"

On another occasion we find Mozart taking to task a Viennese professor of some celebrity, who used to experience great delight in turning to Haydn's compositions to find therein any evidence of the master's want of sound theoretical training—a quest in which the pedant occasionally succeeded. One day he came to Mozart with a great crime to unfold. Mozart as usual endeavoured to turn the conversation, but the learned professor still went chattering on, till at last Mozart shut his mouth with the following pill: "Sir, if you and I were both melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn."

Meyerbeer's regard for Mozart and his music was very marked. A story is told to the effect that Meyerbeer was once dining with some friends, when a discussion arose

respecting Mozart's position in the temple of music. A lively discussion was going on, when of a sudden one of the guests ventured the suggestion "that certain beauties in Mozart's music had become stale with age."

"I defy you," he continued, "to listen to '*Don Giovanni*' after the fourth act of the '*Huguenots*!'"

"So much the worse, then, for the fourth act of the '*Huguenots*,'" cried out Meyerbeer, furious at the clumsy compliment paid to his own work, at the expense of his idol.

Auber and Halévy, we shall see, thoroughly understood and appreciated each other. One evening they, with other celebrities, were in a grand Parisian *salon* when the conversation turned upon a new opera which Auber had in rehearsal, and from which they begged him to play a particular march. The request was willingly complied with, and all were enchanted. The gossip was resumed, but before long a Parisian beauty besought Halévy to favour the company with a *morceau* from his "Charles VI." Halévy at once rose, and seating himself at the pianoforte, astonished the circle with the march which they had heard but a few moments before from its composer's fingers, and which Halévy had remembered "note for note without a single omission," as one of the guests put it.

"Not quite," replied Auber to this enthusiast, "our talented Halévy made several changes, but they were very happy ones, so much so that I shall certainly adopt them."

193.—OVER-EXERTION.

THE habit, at one time so prevalent among composers, of writing their music down with slight indications to the singer, soon had its natural consequence in the fashion for over-elaboration, and singing for mere display of skill. Happily the rage for vocal fireworks is passing away, and the 'fritterers' or 'embroidery-workers' find little opportunity for display, save in a few operas like "*Il Barbière*," "*Semiramide*," "*Lucia*," "*La Sonnambula*," or "*I Puritani*," in which the singers are allowed to play what tricks they like, if they will but sing only what is set down for them, when they attack "*Don Giovanni*," "*Figaro*," "*Robert*," or "*Guillaume Tell*." Weber was an especial enemy to the "fashionable" style, and he would prefer an inferior artist to one in the highest rank, if he or she would but keep to the notes given by the composer.

The following is one of the many known instances of Weber's firm, yet gentle, protests against what he held to be a musical abomination. On one occasion he was present at a rehearsal, when one of the principal singers was indulging his decorative propensity. Quietly looking at him, Weber said: "I am very sorry you are giving yourself so much trouble."

"Oh! not at all," was the cheerful reply.

"But you are taking great pains," he said, "or why do you sing so many notes besides those in the book?"

194.—TRUE ART.

It is interesting to observe how very little attention is paid by ordinary folks who are "fond of music" to the evidences of skill and careful study in singers or players.

The public, and we may add a great many press critics too, are led away by noise, dash, and brilliancy. The singer's style may reek of the music-hall, and his pronunciation may be anything but that set down by Dr. Johnson and other authorities, but if he will bellow the regulation ballads, or "dash" the famous "potter's vessel" "in pieces" with the final howl on a high A (which, by the way, Handel never wrote), the public accept such a singer, and the press "write him up." But good taste, cultivation of voice, and conscientious study of the music to be performed, win slight appreciation except at the hands of the select few who maintain, and rightly, that it is foolishness to accept a singer simply for the sake of a good voice.

We had far better take a hint from the following anecdote. Handel's singing voice was very limited both in quantity and quality; nevertheless he possessed so perfect a conception of the true object and method of singing that once, it is related, when he was prevailed upon to sing a song at one of Lady Rich's concerts, he infused so much pathos and true feeling into a slow movement which he rendered, that Farinelli was quite ashamed of himself, and was with much difficulty persuaded to sing after him.

195.—*HEROES OF MUSIC.*

JACQUES MANDUIT's name deserves to live, for more than once he risked his life in the cause of music. He it was who saved Claude le Jeune's life after he had been arrested as a Huguenot, by securing the assistance of an officer of his acquaintance who allowed Claude to escape. At the same critical time, he with great difficulty and danger saved this composer's manuscripts from destruc-

tion by seizing the arm of a sergeant who was in the very act of consigning them to the flames, and by persuading the soldiers that these papers were perfectly harmless, and "free from Calvinistical poison or any other kind of treason against the league."

On another similar occasion he saved all the manuscripts of his friend Baïf at the risk of his own life.

Another hero of whom we have to speak—François Gossec, an ornament of the French school—did not exactly risk his life for the cause, but he was a vigorous old worker and enthusiast in music to the day of his death. Even in his seventy-eighth year it is said of him that he possessed all the freshness of youth, not only in his manners, but also in the music which he composed. To show how tenaciously he held on to life there is his curious reply which he made when asked to attend the funeral of his friend and fellow-worker, Mehul, in 1817. "No! excuse me," whispered Gossec; "I should be giving Death a hint to think of me."

For a long time after the veteran had reached four-score years he continued to hobble daily to the Opéra Comique. On one occasion he fainted in the street, but on "coming to," he quickly recovered his wonted animation.

"Where do you wish to be taken?" asked the kind friends around.

Gossec opened his eyes. "To the Opéra Comique."

196.—THE "DECORATED" STYLE.

OVER-elaboration, and a passion for excessive ornament, is a bad sign in musical art. In saying this, however, it must not be overlooked that many composers have written extremely florid music without at all incurring

the charge of bad taste or inferior art; for there is a great difference between music which is florid and elaborate in itself, and that in which simple and straightforward phrases are overloaded with ornaments and *fioriture* quite unnecessary to the main subject. Handel has written some very florid and "sensational" songs, but there is a reason for every note, and no respectably-trained singer would dream of altering a single passage. Imagine the feelings of an audience if a soprano were to take the same liberties with "Rejoice greatly," which are taken with "*Ah, non giunge*" or "*Una voce!*"

But one of Handel's rivals, Porpora, a musician of great reputation not so much as a composer as a singing master, seems to have turned out music of the over-adorned rather than of the strictly florid kind. Shakes, turns, and embellishments of every sort overlaid the subjects of his compositions, and so far did he carry this that it used to be said of the air "*Contrasto assai*" in his opera "*Témistocle*," that the composer must have been in a shivering fit when he wrote it.

An anecdote is also told that the Emperor Charles VI. took great objection to this composer's music on account of its many shakes and ornaments. Nevertheless, the monarch was one day prevailed upon to hear an oratorio by Porpora: the composer having in the meanwhile purposely composed it without a single shake. It pleased the Emperor mightily. "Why," he kept exclaiming, "this is quite a different thing—there is not a single shake!"

At last, however, came the concluding movement. It was a fugue, and its subject set out with four trilled notes, so that, as the fugue advanced and voice after

voice took up their parts, the whole thing became a pell-mell of trills ; until at last, in the middle of the fugue, the effect became so absurd that the Emperor was constrained to behave as few people like to behave at an oratorio—he burst out laughing. Indeed, no better illustration could well be given of the fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous than a shaking fugue.

197.—*A PAUPER FUNERAL.*

THAT Germany is the musician's paradise, is perhaps one of the most widely spread of popular delusions. There is no country in the world in which musicians have fared worse, both in life and death, than in Germany ; while the stories of the last end of some of these sons of art show a state of things as humiliating and painful as could possibly be conceived. Bach, after his life of devotion to music, was buried without any stone or cross to mark his resting-place ; a simple stone with "Beethoven" cut on it was all that was thought necessary for the greatest of composers ; eighteen years elapsed before Weber's ashes were laid in their last home at Dresden ; Schubert, after being starved to death, was a little better cared for, when it was too late ; while the last scene in Mozart's life is as disgraceful as it must have been painful and bitter to the poor widowed Constance.

The annotator ("G.") of the Crystal Palace programmes thus relates the sad tale : "Mozart died in the night between the 4th and 5th December, 1791 ; the house was in the Rauhenstein-Gasse—or Roughstone Lane, as we might say—No. 790. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th, the poor dying man was sitting up in his bed propped forward on pillows, trying between the fits of his cough to join with Süßmayer and another

friend or two in the choruses of his unfinished 'Requiem.' Before the morning dawned all was over; his bright eyes for ever closed, his genial mouth for ever silent, his nimble fingers for ever still. The next day is a blank; but early in the forenoon of the 6th appeared a well-known character in Vienna, Count Dehm, usually known as 'Müller,' the owner of an Art Collection kept at the 'Red Tower.' His object was to take a cast of Mozart's face; and this accomplished he went his way. Another Viennese of position who came to tender help and counsel was Gottfried van Swieten, adopted son of the old Gerhard van Swieten (or 'Suiten' as Mozart writes it, with a slight weakness in spelling pardonable in a musician familiar with 'Suites'), prefect of the Court Library, and a staunch friend both of Haydn and Mozart. Many a Sunday had Mozart passed at his house playing Bach and Handel, and extemporising fugues in their old style as well as in his new style; and no less than four large works of Handel had Mozart arranged for the modern orchestra for him.

"And now his successor, like a gentleman as he was, remembered the debt, and came to pay his last respects. Van Swieten undertook to arrange for the hearse and coffin—it would have been more to the purpose if he had also volunteered to pay for them. The undertaker's charge was eight florins thirty-six kreutzers, and the hearse three florins, in all but some five and twenty shillings—the mere price of an opera-box at one of the performances of 'Don Juan' at Vienna, but a heavy charge on a widow's purse.

"And these two were the only visitors. Schickaneder, the manager for whom Mozart had written his '*Zauberflöte*,' and who had made enough money by that and

Mozart's other pieces to rebuild the largest theatre in the city—he, irredeemable snob as he must have been, never came near the house, but contented himself with running about the town in tears, saying that Mozart's ghost was pursuing him, and leaving the poor widowed Constance in her penniless misery and trouble.

“For that they were very poor there can be no doubt. It was an entirely different case with that of Beethoven, who, with all his complaints and dread of poverty, died worth thousands of florins. Mozart never made more than a pittance by his most successful work. Whatever his wife may have done, he had certainly more turn for spending than for saving money; and after his long illness it appears that they were almost destitute. The ready money in the house was only sixty florins (about five pounds), and the furniture, books, and music were valued at some thirty pounds more; while the doctor's bill alone came to more than twenty pounds. No wonder, therefore, that it was late in the day before the arrangements for the funeral of such a pauper could be made. It was three in the afternoon of the 6th before the coffin was deposited in one of the chapels on the north side of St. Stephen's. Van Swieten, Salieri, Süßmayer, and two other musicians named Roser and Orsler, appear to have been the only persons present besides the officiating priest and the bearers of the coffin.

“It was a terribly inclement day; rain and sleet came down fast; and an eye-witness describes how the little band of mourners stood shivering in the blast, with their umbrellas up, round the hearse, as it left the door of the church. It was then far on in the dark cold December afternoon, and the evening was fast closing in before the

solitary hearse had passed the Stubenthor, and reached the distant graveyard of St. Marx, in which, amongst the 'third class,' the great composer of the 'G minor symphony' and the 'Requiem' found his resting-place. By this time the weather had proved too much for all the mourners; they had dropped off one by one, and Mozart's body was accompanied only by the driver of the carriage. There had been already two pauper funerals that day—one of them a midwife—and Mozart was to be the third in the grave and the uppermost.

"When the hearse drew up in the slush and sleet at the gate of the graveyard it was welcomed by a strange pair, Franz Harruschka, the assistant grave-digger, and his mother Katharina, known as 'Frau Katha,' who filled the quaint office of official mendicant (*privilegierte Bettlerin*) to the place.

"The old woman was the first to speak: 'Any coaches or mourners coming?'

"A shrug from the driver of the hearse was the only response.

"'Who have you got there, then?' continued she.

"'A band-master,' replied the other.

"'A musician? they're a poor lot; then I've no more money to look for to-day. It is to be hoped we shall have better luck in the morning.'

"To which the driver said, with a laugh: 'I'm devilish thirsty, too—not a kreutzer of drink-money have I had.'

"After this curious colloquy the coffin was dismounted and shoved into the top of the grave already occupied by the two paupers of the morning, and such was Mozart's last appearance on earth."

Such accounts and sights as these can never be wiped out of the book of German musical history, nor atoned

for by any number of imperial pilgrimages to Bayreuth, and the shrine of the virtuoso of "the Future!"

While on the subject of Mozart's funeral it may be well to say a few words on the events which followed it. When he was buried in the cemetery of St. Mark (as we should call it in English), it will be remembered that he found his resting-place in that section of the cemetery known as the common grave, and that his coffin was the third of the first layer. Those were bone-grubbing days, when the old sextons used to get far more for "fetching up" bones than ever they received for putting them down, and Mozart's head was not lowered without a sigh from a "collector" and a "tip" to the sexton to "keep his eye upon it."

After the lapse of some years the grave was, according to custom, opened for the reception of fresh coffins, and the sexton, remembering well enough who was the third tenant on the first layer, stole the skull which had once belonged to the composer of "*Don Giovanni*," and sold it to one Hyrtl, an Aulic Councillor, who, when he died, bequeathed the osseous treasure to his brother, whose family have lately startled the world with the fact that they possess the head which most of us thought was peacefully resting out of sight and sound.

Another version of the same story reads thus: "Professor Hyrtl of Vienna inherited the skull from his brother, and the latter had obtained it from a grave-digger at St. Marx's cemetery. In the year 1830 Hyrtl's parents died in Vienna, and were buried at St. Marx's cemetery. Their son, a brother of the professor, an engraver by trade, had always loved his parents very tenderly, and was accustomed to visit their graves frequently, and usually at an hour when the

cemetery was deserted. This circumstance was noticed by the grave-digger of the cemetery, and occasioned him considerable surprise. He ingratiated himself into the good graces of the pious young man, and they became warm friends.

“The friendship lasted many years, until finally the grave-digger one day became very sick, and his young friend Hyrtl, the engraver, came to see him. The grave-digger, feeling that the end of his life was fast approaching, related the following story : He was once present, when a boy, many, many years ago, at a Mass sung at St. Stephen’s Cathedral, which was composed by a certain man named Mozart. The music affected him so much that tears came in his eyes, and the name of Mozart was inscribed indelibly in his memory. Again many years passed by, when one day a very modest funeral took place at St. Marx’s cemetery. The name of the person buried was Wolfgang Mozart, and he was a composer of music. They placed the coffin in a common grave, and covered it with earth—at which proceeding the grave-digger assisted : but few persons visited the grave in the next few years, and later no one at all visited it, or troubled themselves about the distinguished dead. But the grave-digger, upon whom the music in St. Stephen’s Cathedral had made such a deep impression, after many years, when the bodies were exhumed, went to the grave, and stole from the coffin (in which lay the last remains of Mozart) the skull of that distinguished composer ; and this he had preserved until that moment as a most precious relic.”

198.—GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

THE old school of composers scarcely realised the truth of the old saying, that "if you want a thing done properly you must do it yourself," or they would not have left so much to the mercy of their future interpreters! How many pieces might be named in which the directions as to time and expression are of the very scantiest, and some even in which there are none whatever; while in all it was an understood thing that "cadenzas" should be left entirely to the taste of the executant. The evil effects came, however; and composers set themselves to remedy it by writing cadenzas for the older works which should at least have the stamp of musicianly skill. It is only necessary to cite those written by Clementi for Mozart's concertos. But unfortunately the faults of instrumentalists, when left to their own devices, were far more evident in singers. A certain school of vocalists believed themselves at liberty to overlay the composers' songs with the most elaborate *fioriture*, till the luckless melody was utterly crushed under the weight of ornaments. This fault is not entirely corrected yet, but it is well-nigh confined to certain songs which, having survived the first onslaught of the "decorators" and maintained their place in public favour, are now regarded as fair game, and presented to us by every new singer in new "trimmings." The first blow, however, to the singers' licence was struck by Rossini. Irritated by the unwarrantable tricks played with his songs, it is said that his annoyance was brought to a climax by the performance of an air in "*L'Aureliano in Palmyra*," by Velluti. A dispute took place between the composer and the singer, and the former, finding that remonstrance was in vain, deter-

mined henceforward to write music of such a character, that the stupidest of singers could not suppose that he was intended to add anything thereto in the shape of adornment. From that time Rossini wrote down every trill and turn which he considered sufficient for his airs, and all that the greatest ingenuity can now do with them is to alter the passages, a process which is still frequently attempted, but without much success. So came the florid brilliant airs which characterise the Rossini school.

199.—*PROFITABLE SERVANTS!*

SERVANTS are very well in their way, but who has not at times been driven well-nigh mad through—let us call them the good intentions—of some housemaid or maid-of-all-work, who, in her “clearing up” and “putting things straight,” as she is pleased to term her labours, either consigns some precious treasure to a place where it is beyond discovery, or else stores it in some “safe” place; where indeed it is so “safe” that it can hardly be found, either by her or by its owner? Such servants, alas! are far from few, and such a state suggests the necessity of some sort of house or institution in which servants shall be made thoroughly *au fait* with their duties, for they were apparently never much better in this respect than they now are: at any rate we know that the unfortunate Beethoven was troubled with a slattern who certainly did not belie the general reputation attached to servants of modern times. This ‘little lady’ formed a part of Beethoven’s household during the time that the master was working at the Mass in D, that stupendous work which Beethoven commenced in 1819 for the celebration of the appointment of his friend, the Archduke Rudolph, as Archbishop of Olmutz, and which should

have been completed by the following year. Beethoven, however, became so engrossed with his work and increased its proportions so much, that it was not finished until some two years after the event which it was intended to celebrate. While Beethoven was engaged upon this score, he one day woke up to the fact that some of his pages were missing. "Where on earth could they be?" he asked himself and the servant too; but the problem remained unsolved. Beethoven, beside himself, spent hours and hours in searching, and so did the servant, but it was all in vain. At last they gave up the task as a useless one, and Beethoven, mad with despair, and pouring the very opposite to blessings upon the head of her whom he believed was the author of the mischief, sat down with the consolation that he must re-write the missing part. He had no sooner commenced a new Kyrie—for this was the movement that was not to be found—than some loose sheets of score paper were discovered in the kitchen! Upon examination they proved to be the identical pages that Beethoven so much desired, and which the woman, in her anxiety to be "tidy" and to "keep things straight," had appropriated at some time or other for wrapping up, not only old boots and clothes, but also some superannuated pots and pans that were greasy and black!

But there is a little history of another of Beethoven's servants that is worth knowing. As a rule, musicians are very slightly troubled with the business of stables, horses, and grooms; and therefore when Fortune does throw a horse in their way, any eccentricities in respect to it are more or less excusable. Now, Beethoven once had a horse, a very beautiful animal, presented to him by an admirer. For the first few days after its arrival its new

owner did what most mortals would. He mounted it and took an airing round the suburbs. Then his strange nature showed itself in respect to the steed. Having ridden it a few times, he completely forgot its existence, making his journeys on foot, or by coach, as if a horse was completely beyond his means. The animal soon found an owner. Beethoven at this period had a sharp-witted inan-servant, who had been with him for some time (rather a matter for surprise, as Beethoven was a marked man among the menials and lodging-keepers of Vienna, who would not put up with his temper and peculiarities). This servant, finding that his master neither inquired for, nor used, the horse, took it into his own possession; paid the livery bills, instead of allowing them to go to Beethoven, for fear they should jog his memory about the horse, and as a set-off against all this, used to let out the animal to any one who cared to hire it.

Were it not for our knowledge of Beethoven's utter carelessness in the affairs of every-day life it would be hard to realise the truth of such a story as this, for admitting the wonderful propensities which articles (in both large and small establishments) seem to possess for disappearing, it is very difficult to imagine how a horse could disappear without being missed, that not being the kind of mishap which could exactly be accounted for by the usual reference to the mischievous propensities of "the cat."

200.—AN AUDIENCE.

WHEN Lully's "*Armide*" was first produced in 1686, the reception accorded to it was anything but favourable; notwithstanding the composer had taken great pains with the music, and had made the poet write the last act five

times over, before he set it to music. Lully, however, was so delighted with his own music that he used to swear that he would kill any one who said it was bad, and actually had "*Armide*" performed for his own pleasure, he alone forming the audience. This affair getting noised abroad, the King expressed a wish to hear the opera. It quite charmed him, and the public, always ready to "take a lead" when they can get it, endorsed the King's opinion, and the reputation of the opera was made.

"The story shows" (as *Æsop* says), that in music and the drama, no less than in politics and religion, it is an important thing to "educate your party."

201.—*A COSTLY REHEARSAL.*

MORE folks have probably read Colman's "*Iron Chest*" (the failure of which, by the way, led him to designate himself "the younger," that his father's reputation should not suffer through him), than have heard the beautiful music which Storace married to it when it was brought out at "*Old Drury*" in 1795. Though nearly a century old, the music would charm listeners of to-day. It is as light and graceful as music well-nigh could be, and thoroughly Italian in its character. The opera will always be memorable for many reasons; but especially because its production cost poor Storace his life. He was ill in bed when the time of its rehearsal came round; nevertheless the composer, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of his family, insisted upon being wrapped up in flannels and carried to the theatre to give instructions. It was a fatal step. He was carried home, and shortly afterwards taken from thence to his grave.

The last few bars of music he ever wrote were the

subject (and a beautiful subject it is) of the song "When the robber his victim has noted," "which," says Kelly, "I sang in the character of Captain Armstrong. I called upon him the night of the day in which he had been at the rehearsal, and he said, 'My dear Mic, I have tried to finish your song, but find myself unable to accomplish it. I must be ill indeed, when I can't write for you, who have given so much energy to my compositions. I leave you the subject of your song, and beg you will finish it yourself: no one can do it better, and my last request is that you will let no one else meddle with it.'"

The only number at all familiar nowadays is the quintet "Five times by the taper's light," published in various collections of part songs.

202.—*DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.*

THE tyranny exercised by singers over their composers and conductors is proverbial, and as singers are "necessary evils," and are perfectly well aware thereof, they wield their power with magnificent *sang froid*. It would be curious to inquire how far certain schools of music owe their development in certain directions to the caprices of singers, how far the florid adornments of Italian airs were due, as with Rossini, to the united vanity and cleverness of those by whom they were to be executed, and how far the unvocal character of German music is to be ascribed to the fact of their having no real method of singing at all. Occasionally, however, a Samson or Jephtha has arisen, and triumphantly vindicates the cause of conductor, orchestra, or composer, quite regardless of any risk to his own music by the defeated vocalists. Such a deliverer was Handel,

and hence arose many amusing scenes. "*Verdi prati*," a favourite air in "*Alcina*" which was constantly *encored*, was at first sent back to Handel by Carestini as too trivial for him to sing; upon which Handel, fuming with rage, rushed to the singer's lodgings, and, in his usual four or five language style, exclaimed :

"You tog! don't I know better, as yours'lf, *vaat* it pest for you to sing? If you vill not sing all de song *vaat* I give you, I vill not pay you ein stiver."

Nor was he at all more easily to be bullied by the weaker sex. Cuzzoni used to give him endless trouble by her insolence and her freaks, which at times were unbearable. Once she insolently refused to sing the admirable air "*Falsa imagine*" in "*Otho*," whereupon he burst out :

"I always knew you was a very divil, but I vill show you dat I am Beelzebub de Prince of Divils;" and taking her up by the waist, he swore that if she did not immediately obey his orders, he would throw her out of the window.

Without exactly wishing that modern conductors would emulate either the language or the violence of the irritable German, it is possible to think of cases where a little more deference on the part of singers of to-day to the will of the conductor, would be advantageous to society and to all concerned; especially as we have conductors whose skill and reputation warrant them in exacting implicit obedience. We commend our remarks to some of the capricious ladies and gentlemen who choose to ignore the respect due to opinions which result from the experience and thought of years of hard work.

203.—A NOTABLE ENCORE.

ENCORES are a positive nuisance, and one which concert conductors ought to put down, or at least lessen. Upon the strength of an advertised programme, a seat at a concert is taken, but instead of the programme being carried out, through this intolerable *encore* system a third of it is not unfrequently omitted. This is especially the case in benefit concerts and the fashionable miscellaneous concerts which begin at two o'clock in the afternoon and end at about six with the programme anything but exhausted. From the singers' point of view, too, the habit is as unreasonable as it is cruel. No singers of established reputation desire to be told that they know how to, or that they do sing; nor is it reasonable to suppose that when they are paid for singing certain songs, or for sustaining a part in an oratorio or opera, that they, any more than a "hewer of wood," care to do the work twice over for the same remuneration; a consideration quite apart from the one of wear and tear to the voice. To turn to another branch; why, we ask, should Herr Joachim be compelled to submit to a repetition of say a Chaconne of Bach's or Tartini's "*Trillo del Diavolo*" after he has once performed either composition faultlessly, and as no other living being can play it? Does he need no more consideration than an express locomotive that can go on so long as the steam is up? We hope that the public will soon grow more considerate and more artistic; that it will learn to accept a simple bow as a sufficient acknowledgment for whatever applause it has to bestow; that it will learn to restrain its applause till the right moment, and not come crashing in upon some touching refrain of a song, or at those cherished points which a violinist loves

to finish — the cadences. Then again, why should boisterous outbreaks, such, alas ! as one too often meets with, be allowed to mar the grand and religious impression which a performance of such an oratorio as the "Messiah" should inspire within every listener. To give an instance, there is that sublime contralto melody "He was despised." What can be more inappropriate than a burst of applause after the rendering of those words !

Audiences should be more discriminative, or some day we shall have Beethoven's symphonies or complete operas repeated. There was once an *encore* of a whole opera, but let us hope that, bad as our present system is, it will never drift into this sort of thing. The incident referred to occurred to Cimarosa's "*Il Matrimonio Segreto*," when it was first performed before the Emperor Joseph of Austria. The monarch was delighted with the opera, and for their excellent performance rewarded the singers with a magnificent banquet. When it was over, the Emperor's admiration was as enthusiastic as ever. The liberal wines, too, had pleased the singers, and eventually one and all went back with the Emperor to the theatre and performed the entire opera again. Fatiguing no doubt, but really far more rational than to call for a repetition of pieces in the middle of an opera : thus spoiling the stage illusion, fatiguing the singer, lengthening the performance, or breaking the thread of the composer's ideas. When, we repeat, will the British public grow more artistic, and learn, in respect to musical applause, that "enough is as good as a feast" ? Let us have hope. The National Training School is now open to a select few at South Kensington !

204.—IRRECONCILABLES.

NAPOLÉON I. was no less courageous upon musical matters in the drawing-room, than he was in other respects on the battle-field, and it is amusing to find him frequently at issue with such an antagonist as the composer of "*Les Deux Journées*." In musical matters Napoleon and Cherubini were constantly at war, and in courageously expressing and maintaining his own theories in the face of the great composer, Napoleon set a commendable example to many patrons of art who, to avoid the trouble of thinking for themselves, coolly swallow whole whatever theories their latest musical *protégé* thinks fit to give them. How many wretched drawing-room pieces and ballads should we be spared if the patrons of the "fashionable" composers thereof (not Cherubinis) had enough of Napoleon's courage to say, "My good sir, your song is simply rubbish; write a quarter as much as you are now doing, and there will be some chance of your being called a composer by others than yourself." In a recently published "*Life of Cherubini*" by Mr. Bellasis, is a sketch of the two men exchanging their sentiments as they were wont to do. Cherubini, with several other distinguished men, had been to a banquet at the Tuileries.

"After a frugal repast," says the writer, "the company adjourned to the salon, where the First Consul entered into conversation with Cherubini, both of them walking up and down the room. 'Well,' said Napoleon, 'the French are in Italy.' 'Where would they not go,' rejoined Cherubini, 'led by such a hero as you!' Napoleon seemed pleased, but talked now in Italian, now

in French, which so confused Cherubini that he could scarcely make out what the Consul was saying. At length the latter began on the old topic: 'I tell you,' he said, 'I like Paisiello's music immensely; it is soft and tranquil. You have much talent, but there is too much accompaniment,' and he instanced the celebrated air of Zingarelli, '*Ombra adorata*,' as being the sort of thing he liked. Cherubini quietly rejoined: 'Citizen Consul, I conform myself to French taste; *Paese che vai usanza che trovi*, says the Italian proverb.' 'Your music,' continued Napoleon, 'makes too much noise; speak to me in that of Paisiello, that is what lulls me gently.' 'I understand,' replied Cherubini, 'you like music which does not stop you from thinking of state affairs.' At this witty answer Napoleon frowned, and the talk ended."

205.—A CRUEL FEST.

NEVER since the days of the Gluck and Piccini wars, was the musical arena of Europe so disturbed, as when Rossini marched from Italy and took possession of the whole of musical Europe in the early half of this century. The struggle was very fierce, and some of the literary shots that were fired were excessively cruel in their way. A sample of these is found in the following anti-Rossinian query:

"What points of comparison can be found between Rossini and Napoleon?"

"Nothing," answers an admirer of the German school; "nothing, except it be, that in the noise which they made in Europe they were both fond of employing the drum."

206.—AN INTERESTING DEDICATION.

THAT vainest of queens, Queen Elizabeth, who towards the close of her long life did not disdain, but accepted with pleasure, the classic names of Diana, Cynthia, and the like, had a subject who was an adept at singing her praises. This was Thomas Morley, the madrigal writer. He was a great favourite with Elizabeth, who rewarded him with "faire golde chaines" and royal smiles. There can be little doubt that it was in grateful acknowledgment of these court favours that Morley wrote his "Oriana," which, to tell the truth, is a work in which Elizabeth, under the guise of "faire Oriana," is lauded to the skies. The title of the work is "The Triumphs of Oriana," and it consists of twenty-five madrigals in praise of Queen Elizabeth, composed by "divers severall aucthors," edited by Thomas Morley, one of the gentlemen of "hir Magesties honorable Chappell." Morley inscribed his work to the Earl of Nottingham; and the form of dedication being interesting, not only as a curiosity, but also as a literary effort of one of England's greatest musicians, little apology is needed for inserting it *in extenso* in such a volume as this:

"RIGHT HONORABLE,

"I have adventured to dedicate these few discordant tunes to be censured by the ingenious disposition of your Lordship's Honorable rare perfection, persuading myselfe that these labours, composed by me and others (as in the survey hereof your Lordship may well perceive), may not by any meanes passe, without the malignitie of some malicious *Momus*, whose malice (being as toothsome as the adder's sting) couched in the progres of a way-

faring man's passage, might make him retire, though almost at his journeyes end. Two speciall motives have imbouldened me (Right Honorable) in this my proceeding. First, for that I consider, that as the body cannot bee without the shadow, so Homer (the Prince of Poets) may not be without a Zoilist. The second and last is (the most forcible motive), I know, not onely by report, but also by experiment, your Lordship to bee not onely *Philomusus*, a lover of the *Muses*, and of learning; but *Philomathes*, a personage always desirous (though in all arts sufficiently skilfull) to come to a more high perfection or *Summum bonum*. I will not trouble your Lordship with to to (*sic*) tedious circumstances, onely I humbly intreat your Lordship (in the name of many) to patronage this work with no lesse acceptance, then I with a willing and kinde hart dedicate it. So shall I think the *initium* of this worke not onely happely begun, but to be *finited* with a more happie period.

"Your Honour's devoted in all dutie,

"THOMAS MORLEY."

207.—REVENGE.

IN the "Orpheus Britannicus" is Queen Mary's birthday ode for the year 1692, in which occur the words, "May her bright example chace vice in troops out of the land," set to appropriate music, the bass of which, however, is nothing more nor less than an old Scottish ballad—"Cold and Raw." It was translated to its exalted position under the following circumstances: One day the Queen took it into her head to have some music. Accordingly she sent for Mr. Purcell, the master of her chapel, Gostling, one of the 'gentlemen,' and Mrs. Arabella Hunt, a leading singer of the day. The singers sung, while Purcell

accompanied on the harpsichord. This was all very well, but suddenly her Majesty wished to know whether Mrs. Hunt could not sing her the beautiful (?) Scotch ballad, "Cold and Raw;" she did so, and accompanied it with the lute, which she could handle in an admirable manner. Purcell took umbrage at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music, and seeing how much it pleased her he determined that she should have enough of it on another occasion, and accordingly he introduced it into the very next birthday ode that he composed for her Majesty. Doubtless the Queen took it as a delicate compliment that the composer should have remembered her preference for the air, but there is a spice of sarcastic humour about the selection of a tune with such a title for a birthday ode, though of course Purcell would have disclaimed any reference either to her Majesty's character or musical taste.

208.—*ROYAL WIT.*

THOMAS GREATOREX, Fellow of the Royal and Linnæan Societies, lived in the latter half of the eighteenth century. He was a musician of whom English art may well be proud; and one of the very few examples of musicians who have been gentlemen in the best sense of the term. In all points he was fitted for and capable of enjoying the pursuits of the highest circles of society. The best proof of this is contained in the fact that Greatorex was a constant companion of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), who bestowed upon him many marks of personal esteem and attachment. The Prince was constantly paying him verbal compliments, as well as the more substantial marks of his favour.

One of these former has been preserved, and this not

undeservedly, for there is some wit in the remark. Greatorex had been dining with the prince on an evening when he had also to be in his post as conductor at a State concert, at which the King and Queen were to be present. Greatorex pleaded the necessity of being punctual, on account of their Majesties.

"Oh! never mind them," said the prince jocularly; "my father is *Rex*, I confess, but you are a *Greater Rex*."

209.—*A ROYAL CRITIC.*

It is interesting to notice how, in every age of culture and civilisation, musical art has been nurtured and encouraged by royalty. The artistic temperament is frequently careless in the necessary matters connected with business, and musical composers have frequently been thriftless, poor, and even starving men. It is easy to preach and to find fault with them; but alas! not so easy to win the ear of Art's votaries by any amount of preaching, as it is for them to charm us to forgetfulness of their shortcomings by the sweetness of their music. The world finds itself lured to forget and forgive, and cannot but confess that it owes a debt of gratitude to the princely patrons, the Esterhazys, Metternichs, Dudleys, and Wellesleys, who, when the public at large could not or would not recognise the artists' genius, have taken in, fed, and housed Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, and many others; not to mention that royal patron in our own day, who has done so much for Reichardt Wagner! Nor has this been merely a pecuniary debt. In many cases the kind patron and the discriminating critic were one and the same.

To give one instance among many. When Mozart's

"*Il Seraglio*" (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*) was first produced it went down remarkably well with the public, but hardly so well with the Emperor (Joseph II.), who said to the composer: "My dear Mozart, this is too fine for our ears: there are too many notes."

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," said Mozart sharply, "there are just sufficient notes;" a rejoinder, however, which Mozart afterwards apologised for, acknowledging the justness of the criticism, and excusing himself with the remark that when at work upon "*Die Entführung*" he took great delight in what he was doing, and never thought anything too long.

Modern hearers and students of the opera would easily see the truth of the Emperor's criticism if the opera were performed now as Mozart wrote it!

210.—COMMENDABLE—IF TRUE.

WE give the following story for what it is worth. The same thing has been told of many people. Paesiello was a great favourite with the Empress Catherine of Russia. She was his scholar, and we can well imagine that the composer was well paid for his instruction. But her Majesty used to show her esteem for her favourite by little acts of kindness which gratified the old man more than all the ducats and dinners he received at the imperial court.

For instance, on one occasion, while Paesiello was accompanying the Empress in a song, she observed that he shuddered with the cold (for it was a bitterly cold morning); whereupon her Majesty took off her beautiful ermine cloak, decorated with gorgeous clasps of brilliants, and fastened it round her tutor's shoulders. But, on another occasion, her Majesty interested herself in even

a more marked manner in Paesiello. The composer and Marshal Beloselsky quarrelled, and Catherine heard thereof: the circumstances being laid before her by the chief offender!

Kelly tells us these particulars: "The marshal, agitated, it is believed, by the 'green-eyed monster,' forgot himself so far as to give Paesiello a blow; Paesiello, who was a powerful athletic man, gave him a sound drubbing. In return the marshal laid his complaint before the Empress, and demanded from her Majesty the immediate dismissal of Paesiello from the court, for having had the audacity to return a blow upon a marshal of the Russian Empire.

"Catherine's reply was: 'I neither can nor will attend to your request; you forgot your dignity when you gave an unoffending man and a great artist a blow; are you surprised that he should have forgotten it too? and as to rank, it is in my power, sir, to make fifty marshals, but not one Paesiello.'"

211.—AN ACCOMMODATING COMPOSER.

It would be interesting to know how much of the enormous collection of vocal music now brought within the reach of almost every one owes its origin to certain singers' voices rather than to the promptings of inspiration. Certainly many of the passages of extraordinary compass and difficulty present every appearance of having been written for special voices; so, too, was that most eccentric part, written for Louis XII., who, though fond of music, had so weak and unmusical a voice as to convince his hearers at once that Nature had not intended him for a singer. One day, however, the King defied Josquin, his *maître de chapelle*, to compose a

piece of music in which it would be possible for him to take part.

Josquin accepted the challenge, and composed a canon for two voices, to which he added two other parts, one of which had nothing more to do than to sustain a single sound, and the other only the key-note, and its fifth or dominant to be sung alternately. The *maestro* gave his Majesty the choice of these two parts, and beginning with the long note, after some practice the royal scholar was enabled to continue it as a drone to the canon.

212.—*A QUEEN AND HER MUSICIAN.*

IN Anthony à Wood's "Brief Notes and Memoirs of Famous Musicians" is the following interesting memorandum concerning Dr. Christopher Tye: Dr. Tye was a peevish and humoursome man, especially in his latter days; and sometimes playing on the organ in the chapel of Queen Elizabeth, which contained much music, but little delight to the ear, she would send the verger to tell him that he played out of tune, whereupon he would send word that her Majesty's ears were out of tune; a reply which, if given to her Majesty, and tolerated by her, shows that in all things she was not the imperious virago she is sometimes thought to have been: and that her own skill as a musician had at least enabled her to interest herself in the art, and to overlook the faults and susceptibility of its professors.

BOOK II.
SINGERS.

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SINGERS.

213.—AN ANTIQUATED NUISANCE.

ON the 28th March, 1802, Mrs. Billington performed "*Merope*" at the Opera-house for Banti's benefit. The worthy Signor Banti, to be sure of the money, had the pit-door barricaded, and posted himself there with some of his friends with the money-boxes. On the door being opened the rush was so great that Banti, barricade, boxes and all were carried away by the excited crowd to the extremity of the pit. Banti, getting on his legs, exclaimed, "Oh! Santa Maria! de pit full—de gallery full—all full and no money in de box. Oh! dear me! what will my Brigida, my angel-wife, say when I shall have nothing in my box for her?"

Kelly in his "Reminiscences" also tells a twin story to the above. It occurred at one of his own 'benefits,' when Catalani sang for him. He says, "The rush was so great that the doors were broken down and the pit crammed to excess. The return in money was only twenty-five pounds. Though an appeal was made, and a request that those who had got in without paying would send the prices of their admission to the box-office the following

day, not a single person sent. They seemed to be all of Falstaff's way of thinking, 'They did not like that paying back.'"

The nuisance of Kelly's day is still with us in all its force; though the same catastrophes do not now occur, the public having grown more considerate towards managers, these latter have done very little within the last two hundred years in the matter of increasing the accommodation for theatre and opera goers. There is still the single-handed money-taker who can attend to but "one at a time," while behind is a weary public who have been kept waiting hours and hours for admittance, and having at length had the doors opened to them, must now undergo the irritating operation of getting their tickets at the hands of an official who as a rule is not remarkable for either facility or civility. Is booking in advance only possible for stalls and boxes?

214.—A BAD BARGAIN.

Poggi, the most celebrated buffo singer of his day, had a great dread of the Roman audience; for in Rome the critics pride themselves on their severity. The most cruel of all these were the *abbés*, who, sitting in the first row of the pit, each with a book of the opera in his hand, exclaimed with no bated breath at every error. Poggi, having been tempted by high terms and smooth words to accept an engagement at the Teatro de la Valle, took care to obtain introductions to some of these gentry. One *abbé* he selected as confidant: fed him, clothed him, gave him money, and in return was assured that he had nothing to fear, as the whole bench of critics followed the lead of the particular man whom he had so fortunately secured as a friend. In the first act all went well: the

abbé cried "Bravo," and the others followed him. In the second act the singer was hoarse: a gentle hiss from the house frightened him, and he continued to sing badly. Suddenly his *friend* stood up on his chair in the pit, put out his wax-light, closed his book, looked Poggi in the face and said, "Signor Poggi, I am the mouth of truth, and thus declare that you are decidedly the worst singer that ever appeared in Rome! I also declare that you ought to be hooted off the stage for your impudence in imposing on my good-nature as you have done." Poor Poggi retired amidst derisive hoots and roars of laughter.

It must be remembered that in those days journalism (as we understand the word) was not. Whether *vivâ voce* and impromptu judgment were better for the interests of art than our own procrastinating method may be doubted, but of one thing we are sure, it certainly demanded more courage on the part of the critics.

215.—AN HISTORICAL SONG.

On the 10th June, 1811, an historical play called the "Royal Oak" was produced at the Haymarket. In the second act was a ballad for *contralto* (composed by Kelly and sung by Miss Wheatley), descriptive of a hero who had fallen in battle. At about the fifth performance of the play Lady Hamilton appeared with a party of friends in one of the stage-boxes, "all gaiety and animation," says Kelly. But at this ballad she became agitated, and at its conclusion was withdrawn from the box in a fainting condition and taken home. Some time afterwards she invited the singer to her house, explained how powerfully the ballad had affected her, and then requested her visitor to sing the ballad to her, which Miss Wheatley

did again and again; and finally left the stage to become resident musical governess to young Horatio Nelson.

The song was afterwards published by Kelly under the title of "Rest, Warrior, Rest," and found much favour with the public from Miss M. Tree's judicious rendering thereof.

216.—EXTRAVAGANT COMPLIMENTS.

It has been the custom at all times to pay extravagant compliments to women distinguished for either beauty, wealth, or talent; and there are a few stock expressions of the kind which every *prima donna* considers her due.

Of these, Jenny Lind received her share; and there is a tale told how, on first hearing her, Lablache could think of nothing more original than to declare that her "every note was a pearl."

Shortly after this, at rehearsal, the young lady approaching Lablache politely asked him to lend her his hat. He readily complied without being rude enough to ask a lady for her reason. She retired to a distant part of the stage and sang a French air with her lips to the edge of the broad-brimmed hat, and then returned to Lablache and ordered him to fall on bended knee as she had a valuable present for him, returning him his hat with the declaration that she had made him exceedingly rich, inasmuch as, according to his own showing, she was giving him a hatful of "pearls."

217.—SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

IN spite of the immense success of Malibran's career, and the determination of her spirit and temper, she enjoyed through her life little liberty. She was never undisputed

mistress of the large sums of money which she earned, for it is well known that her father had it during his guardianship; that M. Malibran took care of it while she was under his tutelage; and that when she ran away from him and took refuge in Madame Naldi's house, the pecuniary results of Malibran's labours were jealously taken care of by this imperious old lady, and not a penny did Malibran receive except in cases where it was absolutely necessary. The Countess de Merlin thus refers to this business.

"It was really touching," says she, "to see Malibran yield to the advice, to the petty sacrifices inflicted and exacted by her friend."

To show, too, how far this sort of thing went, there is the little incident concerning Malibran and a cashmere shawl. One day she was showing to a friend a shawl, somewhat worn and faded.

"I use this shawl," said she, "in preference to any other. It was the first cashmere that I ever possessed, and I shall never forget the trouble and coaxing there was before Madame Naldi would allow me to buy it."

218.—*FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.*

It is not every man who has the temperament of "Mark Tapley," but of all people in the world none so much as actors stand in need of that faculty of looking 'jolly' under all circumstances. It is an old story that Grimaldi, the most amusing of all men, was affected with constitutional melancholy; nor is he alone in this respect. A story comes to us from Paris where the actor failed to forget his troubles and look his part—which happened to be a "jolly" one—on the stage. Some time ago, at St. Quentin, "*La Dame aux Camellias*" was being performed

there, with Mdle. Duverger as *Marguerite*; but the opera had not far proceeded before *Marguerite* took *Gaston* to task for not looking "jolly" as became the first guest in the supper-table scene. He said nothing. When the curtain fell on the first act, however, the first persons whom the artists saw behind the scenes were two *gendarmes*, who quickly pounced upon *Gaston* and carried him off as a condemned communist. Knowing that the warrant was out, it is not to be wondered at that the toast and water of the supper-table failed either to exhilarate his spirits or to drive away dull care from poor *Gaston*.

219.—*THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.*

Few educated English people are so ignorant of Latin and French that they cannot make some guess at the meaning of an Italian song. In fact, alongside a musical education it is almost impossible to avoid picking up a smattering of that language by means of which opera has become naturalised in this country. Besides, there is the translated libretto, while the scene and stage business contribute so much that even the most stupid must have some trouble in not guessing at what is going on during an opera.

But for all this we can most of us understand how completely a foreigner must be "at sea" in hearing a concert in England when none of the appliances mentioned come to his aid, and we can sympathise with the bewilderment of (Sir) Michael Costa when, as a young man new to this country, he heard Braham for the first time. It was on the 6th October, 1829, at Birmingham. Braham was singing "Deeper and Deeper still," as only he could render it; and at the words, "I can no more," the effect

upon the immense audience of his wonderful declamation of the passage was so manifest in their countenances, that Costa asked Malibran (in Italian) what the man had said. Malibran was near enough to whisper a reply which could scarcely have enlightened Costa, for being interpreted it was simply this: "Poor devil—it's all up with him!"

220.—VULGARITY REWARDED!

THIS is a world in which appearances go a very long way, and a man would be insane to oppose such an order of things. But criticism ceases to be criticism, when it is aimed at disadvantages and shortcomings which are irremediable. Personal disadvantages are not, as a rule, redeemed by the finest and rarest of talents. Fanny Persiani's father laboured under such a shortcoming, and being perfectly conscious of his unsightly figure he used every means by which the public might hear him first and see him afterwards. Thus, if possible, he would get a song behind the scenes before appearing on the stage. Failing this, he always feared a reception like that he met with on his first appearance on the boards of the *Odéon*—a most insulting outburst of laughter, with derisive cries of "See the hunchback!" "Why, here's a hunchback!" Annoyed at such treatment, Tacchinardi walked to the footlights, and with a graceful bow, said:

"Gentlemen, I come here not to exhibit my person but to sing. I ask the favour of a hearing."

There was no more laughter, and Tacchinardi proceeded to display one of the finest and purest tenor voices ever born into a man's throat.

221.—UNDESIRABLE ESTEEM.

THERE are two, if not more, ways of showing regard for those we admire and esteem—one which is agreeable and another which is disagreeable. Unfortunately, of these two the former has by far the most patrons. In their zeal to show respect, three out of every four persons are obtrusive, not to say offensive. Thus the British public have a weakness for *encores* which at times almost approaches lunacy. They insist upon a concert singer singing three or four songs when he is paid for but two—apart from the questions of the singer's own feelings in the matter, and the state of his voice. Then again, the *prima donna* is vociferously applauded in the most touching and thrilling scenes. She must acknowledge it all: so that not unfrequently we see such absurd sights as a mad lady suddenly becoming herself again for a few bouquets and some applause; only as quickly to be transformed again to her distracted state.

Instrumentalists, too, suffer the same fate. After a magnificent performance of some *finale*—dashed off at a surprising speed and at *some* cost to the performer—three-fourths of every audience have the 'nerve' to demand (as a rule, successfully) a repetition of it! If the popular enthusiasm does not take this form in the acknowledgment of an artist's merit, there are others equally offensive; as for instance, when Jenny Lind was making her American tour, it was marked by the following unprofitable incident. It occurred at Baltimore, in which place the people were in such ecstasies about the singer that they met under her windows and serenaded her. Upon Mdlle. Lind's appearance at a balcony to acknowledge this compliment, there was a loud and enthusiastic shout from the multi-

tude below. In the midst of this she dropped a valuable shawl, which, in less than a minute, was torn into pieces, and these greedily snatched up and borne away by the crowd as trophies of the singer's popularity, and, we might add, of her admirers' vulgarity.

222.—*CREDULITY.*

INCLEDON, the leading tenor of a hundred years ago, knew but little of music scientifically, but his ear was so good and his memory so retentive that when a piece had been once played to him he remembered it for ever afterwards. He was outrageously ignorant outside his own immediate sphere—a failing often charged upon his profession at all times. Of this and of his gross credulity, the following is an amusing instance. Being about to have a "benefit" night, he not unnaturally, as it drew near, grew anxious about the sale of tickets, and consequently made frequent visits to the box-office to ascertain the state of the poll, so to speak. Seven days before the concert was to take place, Incledon dropped in one morning upon Brandon, the book-keeper. Looking at the subscription list and observing but few names except those of his own private friends, Incledon said, "Confound it, Jem, if the swells don't come forward soon I shall cut a very poor figure." "Don't be alarmed," said Brandon, "to-day may work wonders." "I hope it will," said the singer, "and as I pass at dinner-time I will again call in." On returning in the afternoon and again referring to the book, Incledon came across the following 'titles': "The Bishop of Gravesend, Lord Highgate, the Marquis of Mayfair, the Archbishop of London, and—good heavens! one of the Royal Family—the Duke of Windsor!" Utterly unconscious that these were fictitious, and quite elated,

Mr. Incledon said to Brandon, "Jem, if we go on like this to-morrow I shall have some 'title' present, eh?"

223.—*ELDERLY SUCKLINGS.*

BROTHERS, and very frequently sisters, unlike Dr. Watts' famous birds, do not always "in their little nests agree." However, Dignum (the pride of the vocal world a century ago) and his brother had an almost ludicrous attachment to each other. One never spoke of himself without referring to the other and including him in his joys or troubles as the case might be. On one occasion the singer, being asked by Charles Bannister "how he was," replied, "I am not much better, neither is my brother." The reply, though not unexpected, tickled Bannister's curiosity. "What ails you?" he asked; "and what has been prescribed you?" "Oh! the doctor thinks both I and my brother are consumptive," replied Dignum; "and he says I must take ass's milk, and my brother too." "Does he!" exclaimed Bannister; "couldn't you suck one another?"

224.—*A WHOLESOME LESSON.*

"A THING that is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is a piece of sound advice which will be found of service to any young artist. Let such an one never be discouraged by the smallness, or unpretentious character, of a part allotted to his or her share, or consider it beneath notice. The true artist will lift up, and give so careful a rendering to a small part, that not unfrequently it becomes the gem of the performance and the admiration of the critic. Malibran was an artist whose principle was to do with all her heart whatever her hand found to do. Nor

would she tolerate any half-hearted work on the part of those engaged with her. Templeton, in the secondary rôle of Elvino was so inanimate, so completely "a stick," that Malibran lost all patience with him, and at rehearsal seized his hand, saying, "Don't you know that you're my lover? Can't you throw *some* force into your acting? Can't you make some show of passion in the first act—and in the second tear me to bits if you will?" "But would you like that?" said the stolid Elvino. "That's my business," replied Malibran: "if you don't do what I have said, by ——! I'll kill you!" and the black-eyed beauty dashed off with all that determination and spirit which her papa so strangely prophesied would ultimately ruin her!

225.—TERROR TO THE RESCUE.

THERE have been some wonderful impersonations of the heroine in Beethoven's only opera "*Fidelio*," but for the true perception of the character, and for both pathos and power, few, if any, representations have surpassed those when Madame Schröder-Devrient filled the Leonora rôle. Her feelings on first essaying this great character are not altogether unknown, as she herself made them public, and we introduce her account thereof as not being altogether out of place here. "When I was studying the character at Vienna," says the songstress, "I could not attain that which appeared to me to be the desired and natural expression at the moment when Leonora, throwing herself before her husband, holds out a pistol to the governor, with the words 'Kill first his wife!' I studied and studied in vain, though I did all I could to place myself mentally in the situation of Leonora. I had pictured to myself the situation, but I felt

that it was incomplete, without knowing why or wherefore. Well, the evening arrived ; the audience knows not with what feelings an *artiste* who enters seriously into a part, dresses for the representation. The nearer the moment approached, the greater was my alarm. When it did arrive, and as I ought to have sung the ominous words and pointed the pistol at the governor, I fell into such utter tremor at the thought of not being perfect in my character, that my whole form trembled, and I thought I should have fallen. Now, only fancy how I felt when the whole house broke forth into enthusiastic shouts of applause, and what I thought when, after the curtain fell, I was told that this moment was the most effective and powerful of my whole representation. So that which I could not attain with every effort of mind and imagination was produced at this decisive moment by my unaffected terror and anxiety. This result, and the effect it had upon the public, taught me how to seize and comprehend the incident, so that which at the first representation I had hit upon unconsciously I adopted in full consciousness ever afterwards in this part."

226.—*A STRETCH OF THE LAW.*

LUCKY Miss Stephens (daughter of a carver and gilder), afterwards Countess of Essex, was as prudent as she was fortunate, and in all her engagements secured the highest possible terms that could be screwed out of "heartless managers." No one will blame her for this, or for her care in stipulating precisely the extent of her duties ; in spite of which precautions, however, she was once victimised by Elliston of Drury Lane. It appears that one of the conditions in her agreement with Elliston was that she should not be required to appear in pantomimes. Yet

on the production of "Harlequin, and the Flying Chest" the manager called all his singers to take part in the music. "Kitty Stephens," however, did not obey the call. The consequence was that she was heavily fined next treasury day. Indignant, she went at once to Elliston's room and said, "I never agreed to go on in a pantomime." "No! no!" said the cute manager, "I don't wish you to. I only want you to join in the chorus off the wings." The fine was not remitted!

227.—A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

AN injudicious defender is the most unprofitable of all partisans, and not a few such are to be seen and heard in the world of music. Madame Ferlendis was the unfortunate victim of such a defender. A personage once remarked in the hearing of others that Ferlendis sang dreadfully out of tune.

"Out of tune!" exclaimed an admirer. "No; she is not out of tune. She is singing in one key while the orchestra plays in another."

228.—A FREAK OF THE TIMES.

THE fanaticism of the public in favour of Farinelli took several shapes and forms, but none could have been more peculiar, perhaps, than the manner in which a certain young lady's enthusiasm showed itself. She having been betrothed to a gentleman, suddenly broke off the match: whereupon her luckless swain sued her in a court of equity for refusing to perform a promise of marriage. The lady's defence was this: "The gentleman had declared himself no admirer of Farinelli, and disapproved of balls, masquerades, and late hours. She

doubted not that the court would think she had a fortunate escape."

Whether the gentleman was non-suited or not, we cannot tell; but the story affords another instance of how attentively an evil star seems to preside over the conjugal tendencies of the artist-world and all mixed up with it.

229.—NO GREAT PUNISHMENT.

MARA, Germany's great songstress, did not, curiously enough, first display her talent for music by singing, but by a marvellous facility upon the violin. Her father, it appears, used to supplement the income he earned as a singing-master by repairing musical instruments. His little girl would "seat herself on a high stool, and watch him attentively while at work. One day, he had just finished mending a violin, and then going from home, left it on his work-bench. The curiosity of a child led her to examine the instrument; she was pleased with the sounds she drew from it, but, in a rather too violent *pizzicato* movement, broke one of the strings.

"Her father returned; he scolded the presumptuous *virtuosa*, and threatened to punish her if ever she touched the instrument again. For some days the threat had its effect; but her desire of hearing the pleasing sounds soon prevailed over the sense of duty, and again the delinquent was caught in the act.

"The father approached her in a menacing attitude, as she stood trembling in a corner. 'So,' said he, 'you have again disobeyed me; now, as a punishment, I will make you learn to play that instrument.'

"But what was his astonishment when he saw her

run, and, seizing it with eagerness, draw from it tones of a soft and pleasing kind !”

“It’s an ill-wind that blows nobody good.” Little Gertrude soon became famous ; and her father by means of her talent grew rich enough to give up “tinkering” either voices or instruments.

230.—A DOUBTFUL DISCIPLE.

“QUEENS OF SONG” have in our own time been sufficiently paid and petted both by the general public and that portion of it called “society.” We seem, however, to have survived the time when any individual singer of either sex could be the subject of such stories as are told of Caffarelli. Among these the following comes from Michael Kelly. The young and beautiful daughter of the Duke de ———, the richest nobleman in Naples, was destined by her family to take the veil.

She consented without a murmur to quit the world, provided the ceremony of her profession was performed with splendour, and a *sine quâ non* was that Caffarelli, the great soprano singer, should perform at it. It was represented to the lady that he had retired with a fine fortune to his estate in the interior of Calabria, and had declared his determination never to sing again.

“Then,” said the reasonable young lady, “I declare *my* determination never to take the veil unless he does. He sang six years ago when my cousin was professed, and I would rather die than it should be said that she had the first singer in the world to sing for her and I had not.”

The fair girl was firm, and her glorious obstinacy was such that her father was obliged to take a journey into Calabria, when with much entreaty and many very

weighty arguments he prevailed on Caffarelli to return with him to Naples. He sang a *Salve regina* at the ceremony: and the signora, having gained her point, cheerfully submitted to be led, like a lamb to the sacrifice, to eternal seclusion from the gay and wicked world.

231.—A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

BEGREZ was certainly not a Rubini, but he was a tenor of sufficient calibre to sustain the leading rôles for that voice at Her Majesty's Opera in the early part of this century. Strangely enough this was not, so far as music is concerned, Begrez's original predilection. He was brought up to be a fiddler, or, to speak more politely, a violinist: and although Nature had gifted him with an exquisite voice, Begrez paid but little attention to its welfare or to the study of singing. Unconsciously, however, his violin-playing was training him for two branches of art at one and the same time; so that when the lucky accident happened which brought Begrez so favourably to notice as a vocalist, he was found to possess not only a sensitive ear, but also a finished style of phrasing that was not common among singers.

Begrez's conversion took place under the following circumstances. Cherubini had written some new pieces of church music for a grand religious festival, and on the eve of their performance the leading tenor who was to sing in them was taken ill. To look far for a substitute at this juncture was out of the question, and all eyes turned upon "the Belgian," Begrez, who soon received the music of the tenor's part, with a request that he would learn it so as to sing the same on the following day. Begrez, while appreciating the compliment that

was paid him, begged to be excused, urging that at most he was only an 'amateur' singer.

Cherubini would not hear this, and finally prevailed upon Begrez to take the task to heart; which he did, and on the following day sang the music so well as to gain the admiration of all who heard him. Cherubini gave vent to his feelings in a much more emphatic manner. At the close of the service he hurried towards the vestry, and meeting Begrez, embraced him; which, together with Cherubini's earnest solicitations, so affected Begrez that he resolved to quit his old study, and to get on to the new as soon as possible.

232.—"LA BOMBA DI MARCHESI."

Few readers probably will understand the sense of the above bombastic title, and but for the fact that a good anecdote hangs upon it, the writer has great doubts as to whether he would add his mite towards disseminating a knowledge of it, lest some venturesome singer should adopt it, and so add another to the many graces and embellishments with which melodies are and have been spoiled. Marchesi was a great singer of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and a contemporary of Anna Storace. In one of the operas in which these two singers were engaged, occurred a cavatina which in its day was very popular—"Sembianza amabile del mio bel sole." Marchesi used to sing this air in magnificent style. In one passage it was his wont to run up two or three octaves of semitones, increasing in intensity as he progressed, till at last he would alight upon his note with such tremendous force and effect that the title "*La bomba di Marchesi*" was given to such a terrific piece of vocalisation. Marchesi's "bomba" had gone off but

few times before another singer took to the sport, and let one off before the inventor's face—one, too, so brilliant that it quite eclipsed all previous exhibitions of this kind of sport. The offender was Nancy Storace, and Marchesi was furious with her. He rushed to the manager's room, demanded an explanation and an order to the end that "the second woman" should discontinue taking such liberties. All this was granted, but Nancy would not submit.

"I shall not," said she. "Haven't I as much right to show off my 'bomba' as anybody else?"

This brought matters to a crisis.

"She or I will have to leave," declared Marchesi, and as he continued his threat, and would not sing again till something was settled, the poor manager had to decide the quarrel.

A *rara avis* such as Marchesi was not to be had every day—so rightly or wrongly the manager sided with him, and poor Nancy was sent about her business.

233.—AN IRRITATING PURSUIT.

DONZELLI was not only one of the best of tenors, but one of the best tempered of men. There was one person in the world, however, with whom he could not get on, and that was Malibran. Whenever he acted and sung with her, a disagreement was inevitable. This arose from Malibran's uncontrollable habit of always considering that she was really in the various situations she was acting. She had no favourite character.

"The character I happen to be acting, whatever it may be," she used to say, was the *rôle* she preferred. She made the most of anything and everything, nor would

she be a party to any preconceived plans and arrangements.

Thus in acting Desdemona with Donzelli as *Otello*, Malibran would not determine beforehand when he was to seize her. This greatly annoyed Donzelli, as her imagination carried her away to such an extent that she often gave Donzelli a long chase before she would give in. This sort of thing on a hot night was somewhat *mal à propos*, but it became serious when one evening in his long pursuit after her Donzelli stumbled and slightly cut himself with his unsheathed dagger! It put the tenor in a towering passion, and he swore he would never play the part again with Malibran if she continued such a course.

234.—ARTISTIC CHARITY.

THERE is no class of people more generous, benevolent, and ready to assist in times of need, than those connected with the stage. It is especially pleasing to notice the interest which actors and singers take in the welfare of the needy or unfortunate of their own craft. A volume might easily be made of such tales as the following :

One day a poor Italian artist besought Lablache for help to enable him to return to his native soil. Lablache was touched with the tale of the *émigré*, and next day at rehearsal laid the case as well as he could before his fellow-artists. Without any to-do each of the leading voices contributed fifty francs. Malibran was among these. Early the next day, however, she called upon Lablache with two hundred and fifty more, which she explained she did not give the day before, not liking to appear to be more generous than the rest. As soon as possible Lablache hastened to the poor Italian's lodgings, but,

behold ! he had gone that morning to the steamer in high spirits at the goodness and liberality of his talented compatriots. Lablache, good-hearted soul that he was, did not stop here. He hurried to the Thames and found the boat just ready for starting. With some assistance Lablache got aboard, and after a little trouble found the Italian. Lablache handed him the money, and was soon on his way home rejoicing.

235.—A CONVENIENT SHOT.

MARGARITA DE L'EPINE was the rage of the singing world in the early part of the eighteenth century. Her voice did not of course promise to last for ever, and when she and her singing began to decline, it became the duty of Aaron Hill—the Mapleson of the day—to communicate the unpleasant fact to her. He was sore pushed for a loophole through which he might introduce his harsh communication. Finding no more favourable opportunity, the ingenious *impresario* hit upon the following device. He knew that Mdle. de l'Epine had a parrot—an exceedingly talkative one—which, when her ladyship was at home, she used to place at the open window of her lodgings in Boswell Court, where it was constantly edifying the passers-by with a line from Handel's "Julius Cæsar," and Hill, when he next wrote to her, addressed his epistle "Mdle. de l'Epine, at the sign of the Italian Parrot, Boswell Court." *Mademoiselle* walked into this trap in an exquisite manner. She wrote back to Hill saying that it was a scandalous insult, and wound up by threatening to resign her engagement. The *impresario* promptly replied to this in a most insolent style, and informed de l'Epine that "he could very well spare her,

in spite of her attractions, if she would but send her feathered pupil."

After this she sang little more for Mr. Aaron Hill.

236.—SPIRITUALISTIC.

THERE were at times extraordinary points of resemblance between the sisters Garcia—Pauline and Maria—the latter better known as Malibran. After the untimely death of Maria, Pauline, though only a woman of eighteen, rose high in the estimation of the public, for everything connected with her singing forcibly roused the memory to thoughts of the dead sister. *À propos* of this likeness is the following tale.

"One day a young lady was taking a lesson from Lablache, who lodged in the same house with Mdlle. Garcia. The great basso was explaining to her the manner in which Malibran gave the air from '*Norma*,' which she was about to try; when, at the moment the pupil seated herself at the piano, a voice was heard in an adjoining room singing this cavatina: it was Mdlle. Pauline; but the young girl, struck with superstitious terror, imagined that a phantom had come to give her a lesson, and she fainted."

237.—AN UNEXPECTED REPLY.

ONE of the penalties—if it should be called a penalty—of society is this: its *etiquette* must be observed. Thus compliments are paid, and services proffered, which it would be a mark of either ignorance or insolence to accept. Anna Selina Storace was once guilty of such a mistake, while she was in Vienna in 1784. Storace being admitted to a *fête* at which 'the Court' was present

his Majesty the Emperor Joseph walked up to her, and in the politest manner possible expressed a hope that she was being amused. This was succeeded by an inquiry as to whether he could do anything for her. "Yes, your Majesty," said the singer, much to the alarm of those around, "I am quite thirsty. Will your Majesty procure for me a glass of water?" Though rather astonished at being taken so literally at his word, the Emperor ordered an attendant to bring the desired beverage, and then good-humouredly passed on.

238.—*A BENEVOLENT JACK-TAR.*

Mrs. CROUCH, who nearly a century ago used to delight the audiences of all the fashionable places of amusement in England with her face and her voice, was once performing her favourite character of Margaretta in "No Song, no Supper," at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, when she found herself interrupted, though not unpleasantly. In such a seaport as Plymouth the pit flavoured strongly of the sailor element. On this occasion a pretty ballad entitled "Poor little Gipsy," which Mrs. Crouch sang, met with a hearty response from one of these bluff tars. The singer had held his attention very well, till at the line "Spare poor little Gipsy a halfpenny," Jack could no longer contain himself. "That I will, my darling," he shouted out, at the same time flinging the first piece of money he could draw from his pocket on to the stage.

239.—*A WILLING PRISONER!*

ALL who have seen Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, and have heard her warble, will testify that her stature is anything but suggestive of her great talents. She is one of the

tiest ladies at present on the lyric stage, but one of the most gifted; and, moreover, if report speaks truly, the small frame encloses a marvellous strength of will and force of character. She came before the musical world as suddenly as a meteor, and though for some time 'lost to sight' in England, she is none the less 'to memory dear.' It is to be hoped that the connecting link betwixt her and the Covent Garden stage is such that to sever it some more substantial excuse must be assigned than one which she gave upon a sudden departure a few years back—that "the Thames did not agree with her." Dr. Cox, in his "Musical Recollections," relates an instance of the little lady's determination to maintain her right and her cause. "Having been insulted by a female *artiste* of the same theatre," says the talented critic, "she at once informed the manager that unless she received an ample apology, nothing should induce her to appear again at Olmütz. That gentleman having threatened her with imprisonment upon the terms of his contract, if she persisted in her resolution, she deliberately walked to the citadel, gave herself up, and remained in durance for four and twenty hours. The commotion this conduct occasioned, induced the manager to use his influence with the offending lady to submit to Mdlle. Lucca's demand."

240.—A MUCH-NEEDED KEY.

"MRS. BILLINGTON came one night to Drury Lane Theatre," says a critic in Cocks's "Musical Miscellany," "to perform Mandane in 'Artaxerxes,' so hoarse as to render it a question whether it would be possible for her to appear before the audience. To add to her perplexity, her maid had mislaid the key of her jewel-box, but persisted that her mistress must have got it with her.

‘What can I have done with it?’ said the siren; ‘I suppose I must have swallowed it without knowing it.’ ‘And a lucky thing, too,’ said Weivitzer, ‘it may perhaps serve to open your chest!’”

241.—A HOST AND HOSTESS.

INCLEDON, whose credulity has been touched upon elsewhere, had also a character for gluttony. Thus, when at the houses of his friends he frequently broke all bounds of *etiquette* if the soup happened to please his palate, or the fish was at all rare; and what was worse, even when playing the host he would sacrifice all decency of behaviour to his appetite; at least so it seems from the following anecdote related by an acquaintance of his: “Incledon, who was rather a *gourmand*, came to me during the rehearsal of the ‘Two Faces under a Hood,’ and particularly requested that I would dine with him on that day, adding, ‘Don’t be later than four, or you will spoil the John-Dory.’ I went to his house at the time appointed, where I met a party of ladies and gentlemen from Manchester, who were his particular friends. Soon afterwards we sat down to the table, at the head of which was a large dish of fresh herrings; but no John-Dory was to be seen. The whole party, except Incledon and his wife, partook of the herrings; and some of the gentlemen being helped a second time, the bottom of the dish was discovered, on which a lady suddenly exclaimed, ‘Bless me! Mrs. Incledon, what fish do you call that?’ Mrs. Incledon, evidently in the secret, said to her husband awkwardly, ‘What fish is that, Mr. Incledon?’ ‘Oh, my dear!’ replied he, ‘that’s a John-Dory.’ The company were invited, of course, to partake of ugly John;

but having already eaten fish, they declined, on which Incledon and his wife devoured the whole of it with great avidity!"

242.—*A HUMMING MOUNTAIN.*

MRS. MOUNTAIN was an impudent singer at Covent Garden Theatre about a century ago, and if ever any woman merited Mr. Pope's description, "Freakish when well and fretful when she's sick," it was this lady. One morning at a rehearsal Madame Mountain brought out a favourite song which she wished to introduce in the opera in the place of another. No sooner did the manager hear the first line or two than he interrupted the performance with the words, "That song will not do; I don't like it; bring another with you to-morrow." When to-morrow came, however, the same song came with it; Mrs. Mountain having in the meanwhile instructed her husband (who, by the way, was leader of the band) to have it transposed a note higher. It was accordingly played in the new key. Immediately it was concluded, Harris, the manager, exclaimed, "Ah! that is quite another thing; it's worth ten of the other, and will do very well." So the vain Mrs. Mountain had her way, and published the fact, too, all round the green-room; informing everybody she met that she had "hummed" the manager over nicely! But, alas! she began shouting before she was well out of the wood. Mr. Harris discovered her trick, and for their pains Madame Mountain and her spouse received notice to quit the theatre.

All her entreaties were of no avail: Harris remained "as firm as rocky mountain."

243.—*MISTRESS OF THE SITUATION.*

THE First Napoleon's ambitious greed did not confine itself to military glory. If he set his heart upon either people or things, he scarcely rested till they were within his iron grasp. Once he attempted this imperious treatment with Catalani, ignorant, perhaps, that she had a will of her own. Napoleon, whose musical ability historians have passed over, once heard Catalani at the Paris Opera. He made up his mind that Paris should keep possession of her. Accordingly he commanded her to attend upon him at the Tuileries. Catalani was thunderstruck. She had never anticipated such an uncomfortable position; so with a trembling step she presented herself before him who, at the time, was terrifying all Europe.

"Where are you going, madam?" inquired the Consul.

"To London, sire," replied the singer.

"But you must remain here," retorted Napoleon; "you shall have a hundred thousand francs a year, and two months' vacation. That is settled. *Bon jour, madame!*"

Catalani hurried away, and more dead than alive reached her apartments, without having dared to acquaint the Emperor that an engagement in Portugal would prevent her from complying with his wishes. In the meanwhile the Emperor quickly gave action to his word, and a document recording the arrangement was left at Catalani's house. This fired her: she resolved to escape the bondage at any cost. Accordingly she disguised herself as a nun, and, under the pretence of a pious errand, reached Marlaix, where was a war-vessel exchanging prisoners. To the captain of this ship she

offered £150, and strict silence, if he would take her on board. This was agreed to, and so the cantatrice made her escape. Luckily for her, affairs at Paris grew urgent. Apollo gave way to Mars; otherwise Catalani might have had cause to repent her evasion of the Emperor's commands.

244.—*PASSING THE BOUNDS!*

MALIBRAN seems to have been a most excellent instructor, judging from the advance made by one of her singing pupils—Mr. Templeton. Because she had not already enough to exhaust her, she undertook this gentleman's tuition, with a result that we venture to say surpassed her expectations. His great fault was a total want of dramatic power. He was literally as "cool as a cucumber" in the most tragic scenes and situations. Malibran used to remonstrate thus:

"Are you a man? Have you a wife? Do you love her?"

"Yes!" placidly replied Mr. Templeton.

"Well, then," continued Malibran, "if she were in the trouble I am supposed to be in, would you stand by and look on in such an inanimate and silly manner? Come closer, don't be afraid of me, I shall not bite you."

After a few such rehearsals, Mr. Templeton began to amend, and finally even exceeded his instructions. It appears that at a rehearsal of a famous love-scene, he had received a more than ordinarily impressive injunction from Malibran to "act up" to her. He took the hint, and threw himself so completely into the scene as to embrace Malibran warmly, and to kiss her neck!

"Sir!" instantly remarked Malibran, "that is not

necessary! You may affect to love me as much as you please, but I desire that you never again take such a liberty with me as you have to-day!"

In spite of her genuine annoyance, Malibran became as friendly as ever with Templeton, after he had properly apologised for his indiscretion.

245.—*A DANGEROUS WOMAN.*

THE "fire" and "spirit" which we admire so much upon the stage, in the persons of the Leonoras and Elviras of the operatic *repertoire*, would be rather appalling to encounter in the drawing-room or in the person of "Susan Jane"; and if Messrs. Gye and Mapleson's "first ladies" were in the habit of carrying the passions of their heroines into private life, it might be as well if the opera-houses were speedily shut up. The kind of consequences which would result may perhaps be inferred from an incident in the career of Madame La Maupin. This lady appears to have been quite unable to distinguish between her public and private capacities. Being on one occasion invited to a ball at the Palais Royale given by the brother of Louis XIV., her ladyship thought fit to go in male attire. Not content with this breach of decorum, she proceeded to behave very impertinently to a lady present, which being observed by three of her friends (they supposing of course that La Maupin was a man) challenged her to step outside. It need hardly be said she could have avoided the combat by disclosing her sex, but this she did not do. Instantly drawing a revolver she killed the three, then coolly returned to the ball-room, and related the affair to the host, who obtained her pardon. After a few more adventures

she went to Brussels, and there became the mistress of the Elector of Bavaria. This prince, however, soon eased himself of his charge, and sent her—by the husband of his new mistress—a purse of 40,000 livres, and an order to quit the place. La Maupin was not pleased at this; she took the purse and threw it at the messenger's head!

246.—A *CLAQUE* OUTWITTED!

"FIRST appearances" are not in the musical world very trustworthy things, and the general public scarcely ever know how much their judgment on new artists and new works is influenced by under-currents of interest. Without hinting that here in England we have anything like an organised *claque*, yet any one who is at all acquainted with the musical profession must admit that both applause and disapproval manifested in public are often due to any motives but the legitimate one. But whatever the influence is, whether for praise or blame, its effect on the performer is always bad, if any motives but those of honest judgment on the merits of the performance be at work to cause it. It would not be difficult to point to an instance in the case of at least one eminent singer on whom indiscriminate applause emanating from a powerful 'set' in society, and taken up by press notices, has had the most disastrous effect as an artist. Gross faults of style have not only been left uncorrected, but have even been extolled to the skies as merits: failures (easily foreseen) in styles of music utterly unsuited to her have been "passed off" as glorious successes; until at last the honest musical public is called on not only to tolerate, but to admire, a

rendering of some of Handel's sublimest music by a lady who cannot be said to reckon among her accomplishments the capacity of pronouncing two words of English correctly, or to have mastered any single tradition of the style necessary for rendering Handel's music. But for one artist who suffers from over-praise, it would not be difficult to find two or three who are or have been kept back in their profession by unfair blame, or underhand opposition. Nor is it, even yet, common for new artists to be judged upon their merits. Unless they come heralded by some high-sounding trumpet, or are backed up by a strong party, it too often happens that they have to face not only the inevitable ordeal on a first appearance—a brilliant and crowded house of *habitues* and critics—but also much that is illegitimate. A singer who is to succeed, if she has not friends and interest, must have the strength of a Hercules, as well as the patience and long-suffering of a Job. Madame Alboni possessed these qualities in a more or less marked degree, and with them she once fought and conquered single-handed a *claque* of determined opponents. Having arrived at Trieste to fulfil an operatic engagement, Madame Alboni very soon discovered that a cabal was being organised against her. Disguising herself as a man (not a very difficult thing for her to do, with her short locks, masculine figure, and free and easy manner) she found out the head-quarters of the conspirators, and tendered her services.

"I'm quite unknown to all of you," said she to the leader of the cabal; "but if there's fun on hand, count on me."

"Agreed," was the reply, "we are preparing to hiss off a new cantatrice this evening."

"Why?" inquired the stranger, "has she done anything wrong?"

"We know nothing of her save that she comes from Rome, and we wish to have no singer here whose reputation has not been gained amongst us."

"That is quite fair and feasible. Now what part can I take in the affair?"

"Each of us," said the leader, "carries a whistle similar to this"—at the same time withdrawing a pretty black whistle fastened to a red ribbon from his pocket. "Take this, and at a signal which will be given after the air of Rosina, in Rossini's opera to-night, you have but to add to the uproar which will be raised."

"*Très bien!*" said the *dégagé* stranger, who then departed.

That evening the theatre was filled to overflowing, for Rossini's "*Il Barbiere*" was to be played. The curtain rose, and Almaviva and Figaro, two native favourites, were listened to with great attention; but no sooner had Rosina appeared than six or seven whistles were heard from different parts of the house, without waiting for the leader's signal. Alboni advanced to the front of the stage, and taking the little whistle from her neck, said:

"Gentlemen, *we* must not hiss *me*, but the cavatina. You have commenced too soon."

The whole house at once saw through the affair, and burst out into applause. Alboni that night was called before the curtain nearly a dozen times, amid showers of flowers.

"I had no idea that you were aware of this cabal," said the manager, after the performance.

"My dear sir," replied Alboni, "it is here as in politics—you must lead the movement or else be swept away."

247.—A QUICK RECOVERY!

THE troubles of an *impresario* are legion, and about as varied as they are numerous. Some evils, however, predominate over others, and among these must be placed the 'cold' and 'illness' system—a great stronghold of singers who are (in one sense quite truly) "indisposed!" The following anecdote from Lumley's "Reminiscences of the Opera," charmingly illustrates how much the singer troubles himself or herself (for the women are even worse than the men) about the peace of mind of the manager:

"Ronconi," we are told, "was continually afflicted with an *abbassamento di voce* by superior command, when his female counsellor fretted under the mortification of not being allowed to sing. One afternoon, not long before the performance, when Ronconi had written to say that one of these *abbassamenti* prevented his singing, I visited him with the physician. The singer expressed his regret in a hollow whisper. But Ronconi's consummate powers as an actor were not unknown to me, and I naturally doubted the reality of this whispering performance. Affecting to be its dupe, however, I proceeded to talk upon a topic which I knew would greatly interest the supposed invalid. In a moment Ronconi warmed up; the feigned voice was forgotten; and the wonted tones burst forth in the animation of the discourse. Caught in the fact, the singer ascribed his marvellous recovery to the mere presence of the doctor. He sang that night, and with more than usual vigour. The *abbassamenti*, it was found, generally occurred when Ronconi was cast to sing with Frezzolini, whom his wife detested."

248.—A MUSICAL FARCE.

NEGLECTED geniuses may talk and grumble, but they will never alter the fact that a man of talent seldom travels far down the road of life before he is taken notice of. Not so, however, thought the Countess of Cannazaro's cook. This worthy man—and probably far better *chef*—could not free himself from the impression that he was a singer of the highest order, and that he only needed a patron to enable him to gain high distinction in the musical world. Rubini, the prince of tenors, heard of this, and, assisted by Lablache, arranged a meeting so that the cook's singing powers might be fairly tested. No stone was left unturned which might conduce to the *chef's* success. For accompanists the leaders in the opera band were secured, and Costa even gave his services as conductor. It was a comical scene. There stood the neglected vocalist (!) full of confidence, and in real earnest, but totally unconscious of the feelings of those around him, some of whom, like Lablache, were evidently suffering from their suppressed humour. The result was just what was expected—a ridiculous failure; whereupon *M. le Chef-de-cuisine* was sent back to his kitchen with the advice to give up the idea of becoming a singer, and to devote himself instead to the greatest and most mysterious of all the arts—the art of cookery! Happy man to have received the advice once for all, and to have profited by it! Do we not sometimes even now hear singers, who, if they have not really left the kitchen for the stage, perform in such a manner that we can only wish they would desert the stage for the kitchen, where a “good hash” might win them fame!

249.—*A NIGHTINGALE'S NEST.*

YEARS ago an old widow woman, known as Sarah, lived in one of the almshouses in Stockholm, and in her charge was a little orphan girl whose name was Johanne. A fearfully hot-tempered woman was Sarah, and though little Johanne was of much service to her in making the hair-plaits which she sold at the market, the little charge was frequently the object of her cross and passionate threats, besides being kept a prisoner all day; for when the widow went to market, she used to lock the door, and Johanne was caged in—sometimes without any food—till ‘Mrs. Guardian’ came home in the evening.

Sad times were these for the little girl—only six years old. But there were plenty of plaits to make, and little Johanne tried to forget her troubles by working more diligently than ever. It was of no use, however; the tears *would* come, and as she sat there at work one fine May day she could not help crying aloud at the thought that no one loved or cared for her. A good cry brought relief, and looking round the room she saw poor pussy, perched up and looking as hungry and miserable as she felt herself.

“Poor Pearl! you are unhappy too:” and taking her up in her arms, Johanne nursed her till she fell asleep in her lap. Glancing upwards, Johanne saw the beautiful sky; indeed, it was filling her room with its golden hues. But this only reminded her that it would soon be evening, and Sarah would scold her for doing so little work: so she threw up the window to catch the summer air, and went busily to her plaiting, singing as she worked.

While thus engaged a lady of high rank happened to

be passing by, and so struck was she by the purity and brilliancy of the child's voice that she stopped her carriage to listen. Little Johanne went on singing, quite unconscious that she had an audience till she heard a knock at the door. Before she knew what to do, the neighbours had informed the lady of the girl's position. Through the lady's kindness it was not long before Johanne was in a school, and in course of time the same lady got her admitted as a pupil into the Royal Theatre.

Time passed, and little Johanne became the admiration and worship of the world, under the name of Jenny Lind!

250.—SELF-ESTIMATION.

WHATEVER may be the case in other directions, that of music is not one in which diffidence either asserts or develops itself in any marked degree. In fact, the rarest quality among its workers is a fair and just estimation of their own powers—to know wherein they really excel, and to perceive what is really beyond their reach. It is sad to hear a singer who might 'do well' in ballad or opera music, under the delusion that he or she is to be the rising star of the oratorio, or *vice versâ*. It is equally distressing to hear "light" tenors trying to be Brahams, or heavy *mezzo-soprani* gurgling hopelessly through the music of "*La Sonnambula*."

If each would recognise and adhere to his or her own line, the task would be easier and the result more satisfactory in every way. Probably everybody has some one excellence which others might covet, and the success of one by no means argues the failure of another in a different style. A good illustration of this may be found in a story told of two great singers whose fame has lived,

utterly different though they were. Of Gabrielli it is said that such was her perfection in singing that it was with difficulty that any one could be induced to appear upon the same stage with her. Brydone, in his "Tour through Sicily and Malta," does not omit to note this, and relates a curious anecdote of Pacchierotti, who gave himself up for lost when he first heard Gabrielli's wonderful singing.

"It happened," he says, "to be an air of execution, exactly adapted to her voice, in which she exerted herself in so astonishing a manner, that, before it was half done, poor Pacchierotti burst out a-crying, and ran in behind the scenes, lamenting that he had dared to appear on the same stage with so wonderful a singer, where his small talents must not only be lost, but where he must ever be accused of presumption, which he hoped was foreign to his character. It was with some difficulty they could prevail upon him to appear again; but from an applause well merited, both from his talents and modesty, he soon began to pluck up a little courage; and in the singing of a tender air even she (Gabrielli) herself, as well as the audience, is said to have been moved."

251.—*GENEROSITY.*

UNLIKE most great singers, Guadagni amassed a large fortune, which he was in the habit of lending out in large and small sums to nobles and gentlemen who had run short or ruined themselves. One day there came a modest request for the loan of a hundred sequins.

"I only want it as a loan," said the impoverished client. "I shall repay you."

"That is not my intention," replied Guadagni; "if I

wanted to have it back I should not lend it to *you*:" a speech which, if it did not relieve him for ever of applications from that source, was an imprudent one, for it probably doubled the number of them !

* 252.—*AN AFFAIR OF LOVE.*

CHASSÉ, a barytone of the French opera, was adored among the women of France, who frequently went great lengths rather than lose his affection. One day the Bois de Boulogne was the scene of a duel with pistols between a Polish and a French lady, prompted by no other cause than jealousy for Chassé, who, by-the-bye, was at home at the time reclining on his sofa in the most delicate fashion, enjoying his cigarette !

The French lady was seriously wounded in the affray, and upon recovery was imprisoned in a convent; while the other was banished from French soil. As for the Adonis, he continued to admire, and be admired.

253.—*A MISAPPLIED ORGAN.*

To English ears there is a peculiarity about French singers and singing which will always mar the popularity of either in England. Whether this is the fault of the language, or of the French school of singing, cannot be discussed here: but it is certain that to English ears every French singer sings more or less through the nose. Feeling this so strongly, it is hard to guess what we should have thought of a certain French singer whom even his own countrymen condemned for nasal singing. Such was the charge brought against Larivée, and historians of the French opera all mention as a very remarkable fact that on *one* occasion he did *not* commit

this fault—the occasion being the night of the production of Gluck's "*Iphigénie en Aulide*," when Larivée took the part of "Agamemnon." On all other occasions the "twang" was so marked that the occupants of the pit, although they would applaud his efforts, were in the habit of qualifying their praise, with the remark, "That nose has really a magnificent voice."

Happily, singing noses have no charm for the English public, who rather would rank such misapplications of that organ with the painting of pictures by foot, and the playing of fiddles in every position but the right one.

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